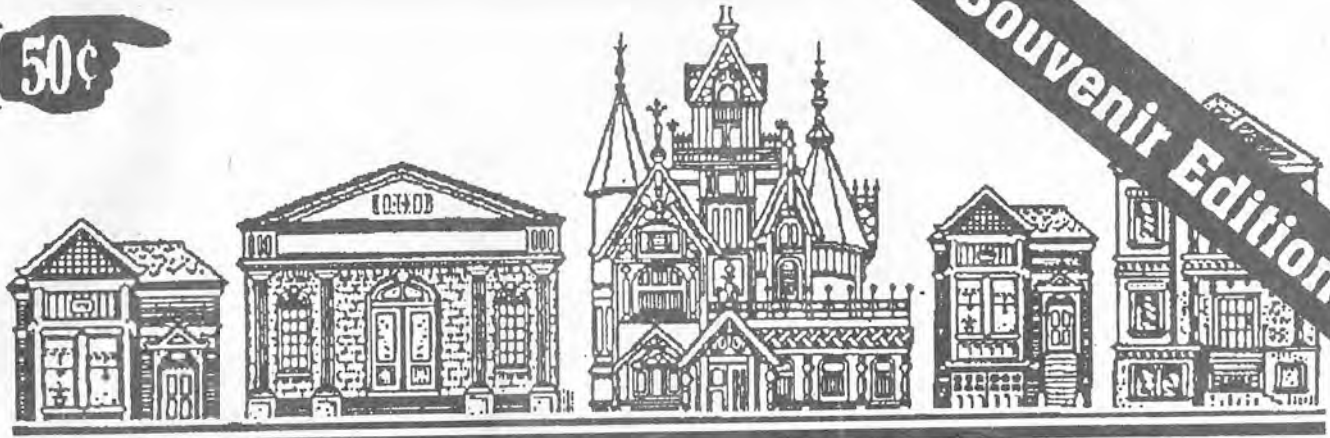


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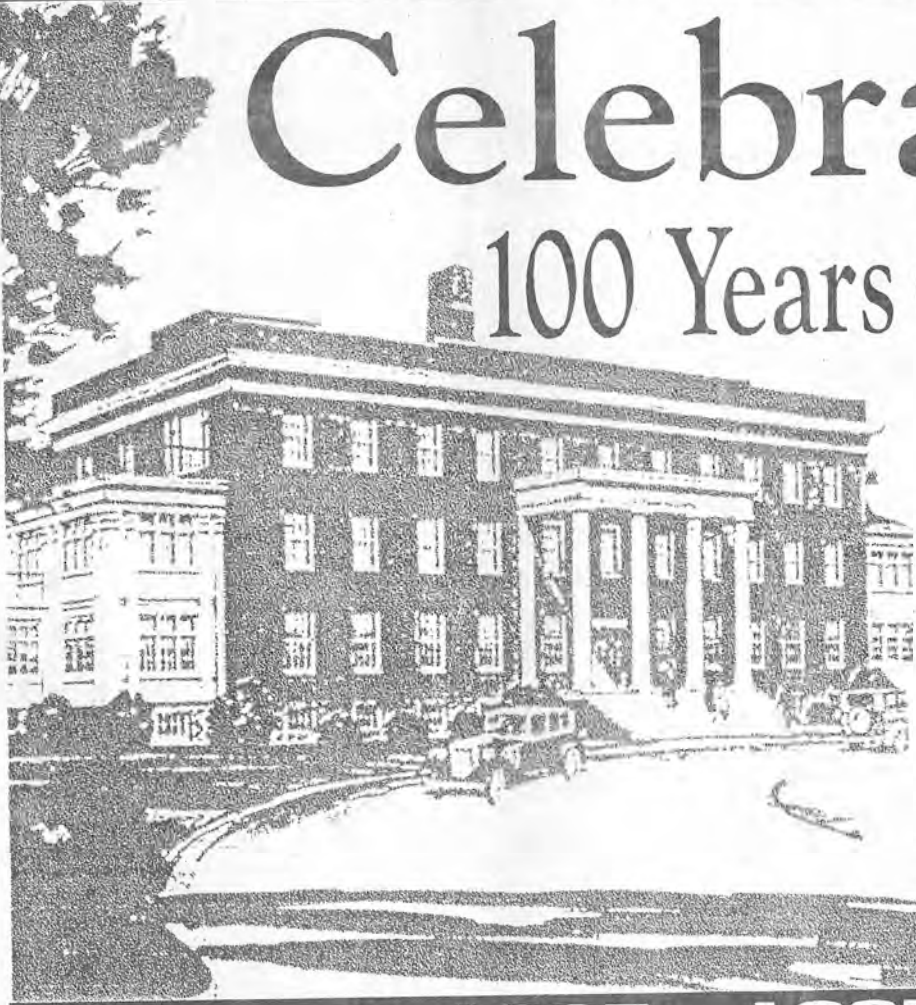
Souvenir Edition



Old Huntsville

The Story Of Huntsville Hospital

Celebrating 100 Years Of Caring



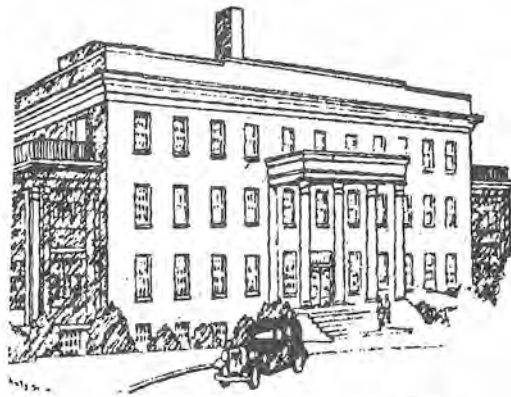
One hundred years ago, in 1895, a group of Huntsville ladies had a dream. To build a hospital, provide medical care and help alleviate pain and suffering.

This is the story of the men and women who have kept this dream alive.

1895 - 1995

adies

Celebrating 100 Years Of Caring



The Story of Huntsville Hospital

No history of Huntsville can be written without including Huntsville Hospital, for probably no institution in our city's history has touched the lives of so many people.

The story of Huntsville Hospital can be traced back to the financial panic of 1893. While many businesses were forced into receivership and wealthy individuals lost fortunes, it was the poor working class who suffered the most.

As the panic worsened and businesses closed, many of the people in Huntsville also lost their jobs. With no income, and even fewer prospects of a job, they were often forced to live in conditions that were considered appalling even by the standards of the last century.

Church groups and various aid societies tried to do what they could to alleviate the situation but it was not enough. In an effort to provide more aid, a group of ladies formed the United Charities here in Huntsville. This was to serve as the coordinator for the various groups and to also assist in raising contributions.

Huntsville's history might have turned out differently if the ladies had stayed with their original purpose. But this was the era

of the beginning of the women's suffrage movement, and our Huntsville ladies, like ladies elsewhere were just beginning to flex their muscles by "meddling" in men's affairs.

Soon after forming the United Charities, several of the women took upon themselves to investigate conditions in the "poor" parts of town. For many of these cultured and refined gentlewomen, it was their first glimpse of abject poverty.

One article tells of the members going to a house and discovering, "the mother dead three days, on a quilt on the floor, with eight children and a father too sick to go for help."

The city fathers were appalled; not at their findings, but at the group for daring to publicize them. "It was bad publicity for the city," they claimed.

Not only did the ladies ignore the officials, they came up with a "preposterous" plan to open a hospital!

Needless to say, the idea was met with skepticism at City Hall.

Fortunately, the ladies were not to be put off. With a cunning worthy of a General planning a major campaign, they laid siege to City Hall, cornering the mayor, city aldermen, and everyone else they thought might be useful in



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opening the hospital.

It would be interesting to know how many husbands missed their suppers until they agreed to support the idea!

A small frame house on Mill Street, known as the Sullivan house, was selected to become the hospital. The rent was \$12.50 a month. The city officials reluctantly, and probably hungry too, agreed to pay \$6.00 of the rent if United Charities would pay the balance.

The house was small, containing only four rooms that could be used as wards, and having only seven beds for patients.

With no funds to purchase furnishings or equipment, the ladies furnished much of the house with items from their own homes.

An early newspaper article, dated June 12, 1895, appealed to the public for contributions of "odd articles of furniture as are around every house and of no value," but stated that "the ladies will not put anything in the house that can not be washed!"

The Infirmary, as it was known, opened in July of 1895, and Huntsville finally had a hospital.

A trained nurse by the name of Miss Rosa Tweed, who had earlier worked at hospitals in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and Louisville, Kentucky, was hired to oversee the facility. With the addition of an assistant nurse and a housekeeper, the little Infirmary was truly something to boast of in 1895.

The ladies of United Charities were serious in their devotion to the Infirmary. A board of directors was appointed to oversee the daily operation, and a house-committee was appointed to visit the Infirmary every day

(except the Sabbath) to inspect the premises.

Imagine a board of directors doing that today!

The little hospital got off to an auspicious start, with the head nurse reporting a total of 17 patients treated in the first three months. Out of this number, 10 were cured, 3 were "relieved," and 4 were still under treatment.

In a foretaste of things to come in the next hundred years, only \$35.00, out of a total operating expense of \$390.30, was collected from patients.

The rest had to be made up from donations.

Ironically, after all the battles the ladies had fought to get the Infirmary, it was only open a few months before local businessmen decided it was too small!

The new location was a larger house on the corner of

Randolph and Green, purchased by an "unidentified group" of ten men. It is the present day location of the YMCA.

The new quarters allowed for more patients to be treated and also provided more room for the nursing staff.

With its wide front porch, and white picket fence, it must have offered a comforting appearance to the patients, most of whom had never even seen a hospital.

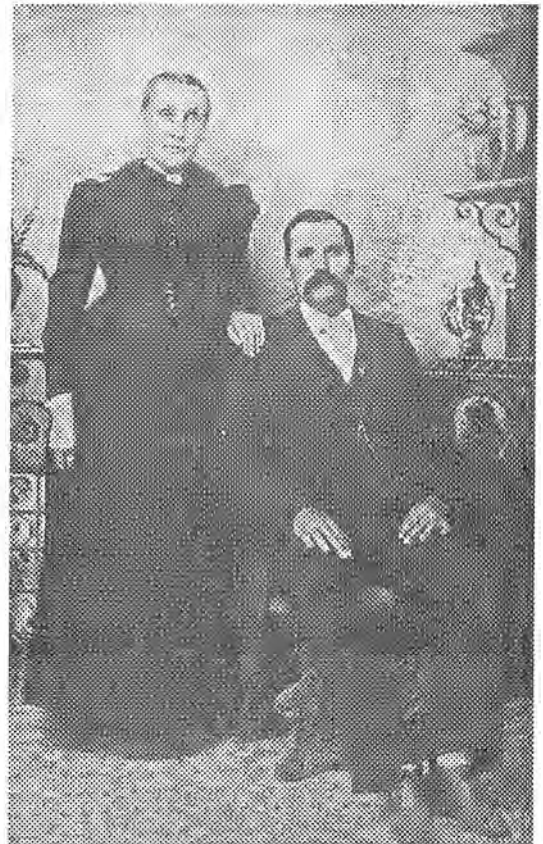
While the Infirmary was gaining support among certain segments of Huntsville's society, its strongest opposition came from the poor working class, the very people it was designed to help.

Most of these people had never even visited a doctor and the idea of leaving home, while sick, to check into a hospital was repugnant to most. The prevailing wisdom of the day was that a

William David Pettus

Dr. William David Pettus and his wife Ann Dew Brown Pettus. Dr. Pettus was born in 1843 in Limestone County. During the Civil War he served in the 35th Alabama Volunteer Infantry.

Dr. Pettus was a devoted medical practitioner and was honored many times by the Madison County Medical Society. He died on August 13, 1905.



patient was better off at home surrounded by family who took care of him or her.

Often times, a doctor would only be called after all the "folk remedies" had been tried and the patient was in critical shape. Even then, there was often a distrust of "newfangled" medical practices.

One story is told of an early doctor who was summoned to treat a patient in the rural part of the county. After riding his horse all day, wading through numerous creeks and fighting his way through dense underbrush, the doctor arrived at the patient's cabin.

The ill person was lying in bed, covered by heavy quilts and surrounded by his large and distrusting family.

After hurriedly examining the patient, the doctor announced that he needed to be in the hospital.

Immediately, the patient's son, a large bewiskerd mountaineer type spoke up asking, "How much is it going to cost?"

"Nothing, if you can't afford it," the doctor replied. "And you can see him whenever you want."

Suddenly, a big smile broke out across the son's face as he turned around to the assembled family. "Get y'all's things together," he whooped. "We're going to town and live in a hospital."

Fortunately, the doctor was able to explain himself, and whether the story is true or not, the Infirmary soon instituted a policy of visiting hours.

Strangely enough, it appeared as if many doctors might have also been against the idea of the Infirmary, or at the least, not even aware of it. A newspaper article from 1897 states,

"that when physicians of our city learn of the great benefits of the hospital they will take advantage of it and send their patients there." This was a full two years after the Infirmary was founded.

Nevertheless, the Infirmary soon came to be accepted and Huntsville's citizens began taking great pride in it. For years, local newspapers published lists of donors and their contributions. Most of the contributions consisted of foodstuffs, such as butter, sugar, meat and sometimes a barrel of flour. These donations were vital for the continuing operation of the Infirmary, as many people could not afford to pay for their medical care.

In 1904, the little Infirmary was able to move to more spacious quarters when a local Madam died and left her "establishment" to the city to be used as a hospital. The house contained ten rooms and a bath, an almost unheard of luxury. An additional benefit, according to a local old-timer, was the fact that the house was laid out in a way to insure privacy, a fact the pa-

tients probably appreciated as much as the previous customers of the house.

Again the community rallied to the hospital's support by holding a fund raiser to purchase furnishings. Major contributors, some of whom had most likely visited the "establishment" before, were honored with memorial plaques on the doors. At the end of the first year in its new location, the hospital was able to boast of having treated 112 patients, with a total revenue of \$1870.20.

As Huntsville continued to grow, so did the need for medical care. The frame house was enlarged to include facilities for physicians, a sterilizing room, operating room and most important, another three rooms for patients.

A small cottage across the street was purchased, through the generosity of Miss Virginia McCormick, to be used for "colored" patients. Much of the cottage was furnished by her servants. One room was decorated in the memory of "Mammy," an ex-slave made famous by the paintings of Howard Weeden.

Although the South still maintained strict color barriers between the races, black doctors



Mrs. Moody, Infirmary housekeeper in 1910.

The house she is standing in front of had been willed to the city by Mollie Teal, a highly popular local madam.

Mollie Teal reportedly took great pride in the landscaping around her home. Afterwards, it was a common sight to see nurses tending the shrubs and flowers.

in Huntsville began to be accepted as more and more people began to seek medical care. One such doctor was Burgess E. Scruggs, an ex-slave who had worked his way through medical school and, according to *The Morning Mercury* of 1904, was "one of the most successful physicians in the South." Strange as it may seem, considering the racial climate of the times, many of Scruggs' patients were white, many of whom were referred by other physicians.

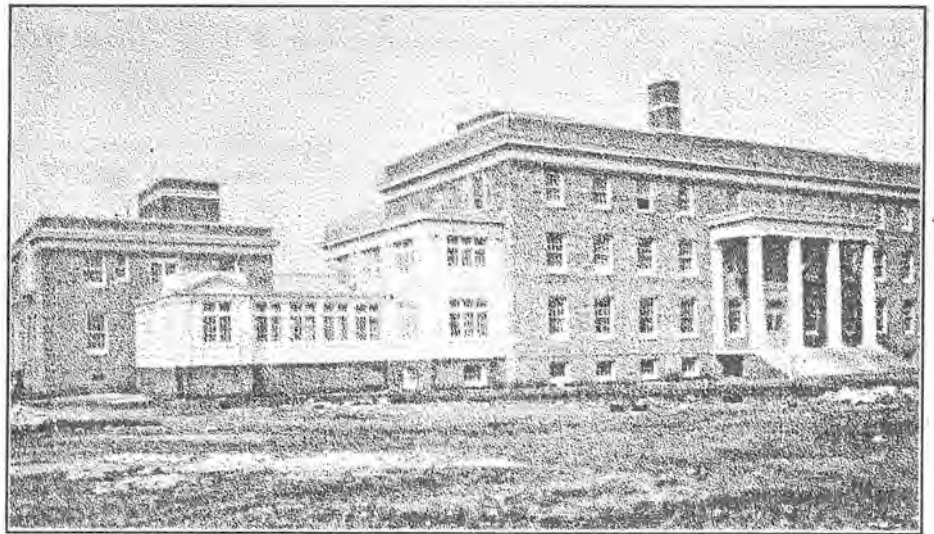
Although Dr. Scruggs was highly regarded by the community, having also served as an alderman for four terms, he was typical of early physicians in the fact that he made very little money in practicing medicine. Early records show that the city paid him \$37.75 for treating smallpox patients over a two year period.

Attitudes toward public health care had undergone a radical change since the beginning of the 20th century and now more and more people were clamoring to use the services of the hospital. Where a stay in the hospital had once been akin to a stay in the "poor house," now it was becoming highly acceptable.

Many people were even going to the hospital to have babies, something unheard of only a few years before!

By the time the "Roaring Twenties" arrived, the Infirmary was once again drastically overcrowded. Patient's beds lined the hallways leaving the staff little room to work. At times the hospital was so crowded that patients were only admitted under a "dire emergency" policy.

Once again the community came forward to help its hospital. The Chamber of Commerce



A 1926 photograph of Huntsville Hospital before completion. For several years mud would be a constant problem until local volunteer groups provided landscaping.

sponsored a mass meeting, where the idea of a new hospital was strongly endorsed by the citizens of Huntsville. A construction estimate of \$100,000.00 was received, and in a mass outpouring of support, all but \$25,000.00 was raised by public contributions. Miss Virginia McCormick, who had earlier helped finance the black infirmary, once again stepped forward and pledged \$50,000 toward the construction of a black annex.

The land for the hospital was donated by Harry Rhett, a local businessman. This land had originally been owned by Dr. David Moore, one of Mr. Rhett's ancestors who had also been one of the first doctors in Madison County.

In a speed that would be impossible today, in this age of committees, land was broken only six months after the original proposal. One year later, on June 8, 1926, Huntsville Hospital, as it was now known, opened its doors to its first patients.

So proud was Huntsville of its new hospital that engraved

invitations were sent out, encouraging people to attend the grand opening and the open house immediately following.

With beds for fifty patients, the new hospital was easily the largest and best equipped medical facility in North Alabama. Especially intriguing to the visitors were the series of flashing lights above the doors allowing patients to summon a nurse. "This was," as *The Huntsville Times* reported, "the same system used by the Mayo Clinic."

Visitors to the open house were given a grand tour of the building. Besides the operating room and the modern laboratory many people were especially fascinated by the huge modern kitchen. With its two large cast iron coal stoves, the kitchen was capable of preparing over two hundred meals a day, making it larger than any restaurant in town. Besides preparing meals, the cook was also responsible for keeping an ample supply of boiling water available for the doctors and patients.

Probably ignored by most of the curious visitors, were the

chickens in the backyard that supplied fresh eggs.

The biggest point of pride, however, was the fact that the hospital had been designed in a way that should the city continue to grow, its medical needs could be taken care of by adding small additions. Evidently, the same firm that originally designed the hospital also designed many of our other public buildings!

Another innovation for the hospital was the construction of six rooms for nurses' quarters. The nursing profession at that time was considered to be a calling, and therefore nurses were expected to live on premises and follow strict guidelines set by the Board of Control. Even criticizing the food could bring about a reprimand as one hapless nurse discovered when she complained about the monotony of the meals. The complaint must have had some merit however, as the menu was changed.

Nurses were also expected to be of a high moral character,

a fact which the ladies governing the hospital took great pains to insure.

Records from that period show that much discussion at board meetings was given to such subjects as, "the proper reading material" for nurses when they were off duty. Another point that was the cause of much consternation was the often "salty language" used by the doctors. One member of the board, in an attempt to shield the young nurses under her charge, was actually reported to have stationed herself in the operating room where she could make notes on any offending doctor.

There were no ambulances in Huntsville at the time. Emergencies were handled by the local taxi cab companies, who though not receiving any pay, nevertheless considered it their civic duty. Many of the taxis carried a rubber sheet, furnished by the hospital, with which they would cover the back seat when transporting emergency patients. One benefit to the taxi drivers

however, especially in the years of the Depression, were the free meals and hot coffee they received after delivering a patient.

The tranquil period of the 1920s was soon to end as Huntsville became trapped in the throes of the Great Depression. With more and more people out of work and forced to live in cramped quarters, often living on a substandard diet, medical care became even more important.

Huntsville Hospital responded in the same caring manner as had the citizens of Huntsville in the years past when their help was needed. Salaries were cut and the staff was asked to take their vacations without pay. Often times the staff waited for their pay until some past due bills could be collected. Many of the doctors purchased coal for the cellar and medical supplies with their own money. In an effort to cut cost even more a vegetable garden was planted in back of the hospital.

The situation grew so bad that the past due bills would be divided between the Board members. Each member was then asked to call on the former patients and collect what they could. Most of the time there was no money to be had.

The hospital, through perseverance, hard work, and luck, survived the Depression, but a valuable lesson had been learned. Since its very inception, in 1895, the hospital had been controlled by an all-women governing staff. Though hard working and dedicated, the Board realized that in order for the hospital to continue serving the needs of the community, a more professional approach must be used.



During the past decade Huntsville Hospital's campus has expanded to include Huntsville Hospital East, top of photo.

In 1934, the volunteer ladies serving on the Board resigned, asking that professional businessmen be appointed. Two men and a woman were appointed to the new Board, making it the first time in Huntsville Hospital's history that a man had ever served on its Board.

The recession eventually began to recede, but no one had any idea that an even bigger crisis was looming just over the horizon.

As the world edged closer to war, Huntsville's economy began to boom. With the opening of the Arsenal, people who had not worked in years were all of a sudden finding employers begging for their services.

Unfortunately, as employers began competing for labor, the hospital began losing many long time employees, tempted by the high paying defense jobs. Also competing against the hospital for labor, was Uncle Sam, who began drafting all the young able bodied men, doctors included.

The hospital, which only a few years before had been the pride of the Tennessee Valley, quickly became overcrowded again and woefully understaffed. Also making the problem even worse was the shortage of doctors available to make house calls, forcing more people to seek treatment at the hospital.

In an attempt to help alleviate the labor shortage, various groups, including even the Boy Scouts, donated their time. One person remembers, "The whole city seemed to be at the hospital doing volunteer work."

While volunteers could help relieve the work load, they could do nothing about the overcrowding. Patients were once again placed wherever room could be

found. The once modern lab had grown to where it was a common sight to see physicians doing tests in the hallways. Though periodic additions were made to the hospital, overcrowding was a problem that would continue to plague it for years.

The city of Huntsville recognized the need for the continued growth of the hospital, and in conjunction with the Hospital Board, developed a long range plan to take care of the city's ever expanding population. As Huntsville reached into the Space Age, city officials, in luring businesses here, would boast of the modern medical facility and of the excellent health care the city had come to expect.

While many health care institutions have now been forced to limit, and in some cases cut back their services, Huntsville Hospital has remained dedicated to bringing the best possible care to the citizens of Huntsville.

For, as one harried physician said recently while on his way to an emergency case, "People may not think of us very often, but when they need us, we are still Huntsville's hospital."



Dr. Samuel Beard, Sr.

After being educated in Georgia and Kentucky, Dr. Beard moved to Huntsville where he opened a clinic at 211 Church Street.

He was renowned as a great civic leader and when he died in 1952, all Huntsville mourned his passing.

The United Charities Organizers

(Incorporated 8/12/1895)

Mrs. Margaret Bolling
Mrs. L. Brouillette
Mrs. Rosalie Chapman
Mrs. Mattie K. Davis
Mrs. Oscar Goldsmith
Mrs. Milton Humes
Mrs. Ernest Karthaus
Miss Sara Lowe
Mrs. Erskine Mastin
Miss Carrie McCalley
Miss Kate McCalley
Mrs. M.B. Neece
Miss Kate Steele
Mrs. Richard Walker
Miss Emma Wells
Mrs. Bertran Weil
Mrs. Owen Wilson



Moments In History



The First Fifty Years

1895 A small infirmary is opened on Mill Street. The infirmary was the result of the United Charities of Huntsville, a group dedicated to helping the sick and needy. The rent was \$12.50 per month.

1895 Miss Rosa Tweed of Louisville, Kentucky, is hired as the first nurse.

1904 The Infirmary moves to a new location. The house had previously been owned by Mollie Teal who left the home to the city. 112 patients are treated in the Infirmary during the year.

1909 Miss Virginia McCormick donates the money needed to purchase a small frame house to be used as the colored annex.

1916 The city appeals to the State Health Department for help after typhoid fever devastates the community. Dr. Carl Grote, Sr., later to become known as the patriarch of Huntsville Hospital, answers the call.

1918 An outbreak of Spanish Flu ravishes Huntsville. Almost 400 people died of the dis-

ease in less than four months. Dedication to their jobs became deadly when only four doctors in Madison County escaped the disease.

1925 A campaign is begun by Dr. Carl Grote, Sr., to raise funds for a new hospital. In an outpouring of public sentiment, most of the money was raised by private donations.

1926 A modern hospital, the first of its kind in the Tennessee Valley, is built. The name is officially changed from the Huntsville Infirmary to Hunts-

ville Hospital.

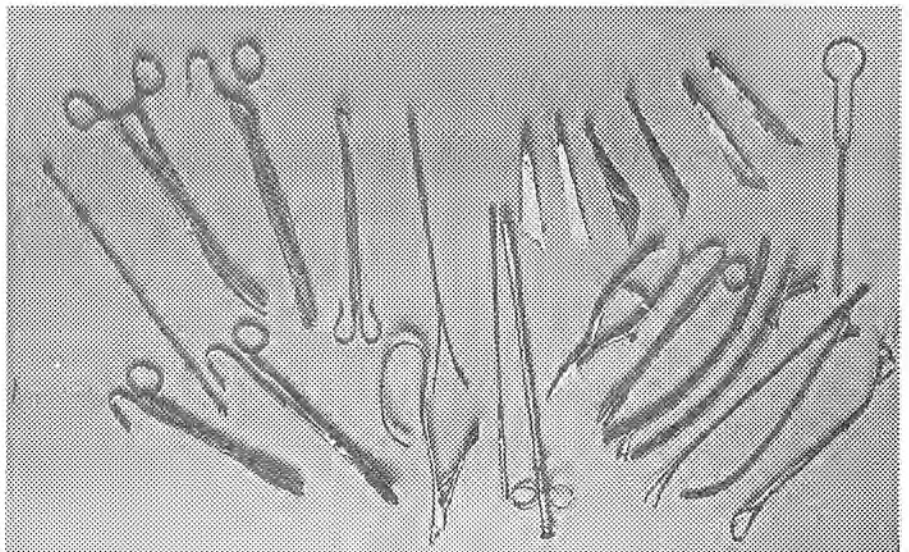
1929 Robert Chase, a prominent local businessman, spearheads a drive which raised \$25,000 for a much needed nurses' residence.

1932 The Depression strikes home when the hospital is faced with the prospect of having to close its doors.

1941 World War II is declared. Many of the local doctors are drafted and other trained medical personnel quit for higher paying defense jobs. The shortage is made up by civic groups who volunteered their time and efforts.

1942 Through the efforts of the Lions Club, Rotary Club and the Kiwanis Club, the original mortgage is paid off.

1943 President Roosevelt approved \$45,850 in federal funds to expand the hospital to 76 beds. Also included in the project was the first emergency room and an X-ray department.



Collection of early medical instruments on display at Burritt Museum.



Hard Times

By 1931, the Depression had devastated Huntsville's economy and it appeared as if Huntsville Hospital might have to close its doors. The following is an actual excerpt from a Board of Control meeting.

Nov. 2, 1931

On November 2nd, Mrs. Baugh called a meeting of the Board of Control to hear a verbal report from the treasurer on the financial condition of the institution.

After hearing this report it was deemed advisable that the Advisory Board be immediately informed of the true conditions of the hospital in order that the Advisory Board may assist the Board of Control in arranging plans by which the finances may be cared for and the hospital continue to operate.

The treasurer's report showed that we would have to have actual money immediately to keep the doors of the hospital open, as a number of our creditors have refused us credit. They have promised that if a part of our bills are paid, they will re-open the accounts.

This urgent call is because we are buying wholesale groceries and supplies at retail prices, which would be prohibitive over a few day's time.

With this, no coal in the cellar, and the bank balance of twenty

odd dollars, the smallest we have ever had, and the 10th of the month's discount bills to be paid, staring us in the face, the facts are before you.

The Board's suggestions are:

1. The practicing doctors be advised of conditions.

2. That a number of citizens who might be interested enough in the City's Institution, to be willing to help out during this emergency, be approached by a committee.

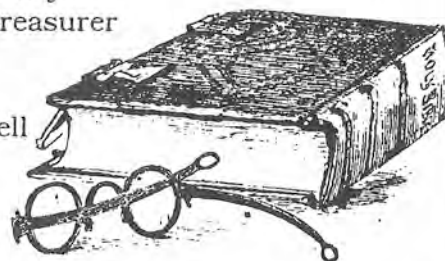
3. That if results are not sufficient, we then suggest a mass meeting.

We are prepared to answer any questions that the Advisory Board may wish to ask.

Owing to drastic conditions the Board feels it is their privilege and duty to notify the members of the staff, office clerks and student nurses that their one month's notice of the cut in their salary will have to be withdrawn and will take effect Nov. 1 instead of Dec. 1.

Huntsville Hospital Board of Control (1926)

Mrs. John Robert Jones, Sr., President
 Mrs. Robert Baugh, Secretary
 Mrs. Lawrence Cooper, Treasurer
 Mrs. Oscar Goldsmith
 Mrs. Robert Chase
 Mrs. Clifton (Jack) Boswell
 Miss Grace Walker
 Mrs. Frank Webster
 Mrs. Charles E. Shaver
 Mrs. Louis Mays
 Mrs. M.R. Moorman



Doctor's Orders

Doctors, in the early years of this century, were accustomed to working long hours and answering all kinds of questions.

One such doctor was returning from treating a patient in Hazel Green when he stopped at a country store to purchase apples.

The doctor was paying his bill when a lady standing nearby, realizing he was a doctor, took advantage of the situation to solicit some free medical advice.

"Doc," she said, "I got an old jackass that's been giving me some trouble. Can you recommend something to calm him down."

The physician, though tired from working all night, neverthe-



less took time to answer her question.

"Do you keep him in a barn," he asked.

"Oh no," the woman exclaimed, "I wouldn't think of putting him in a barn!"

"That's probably your trouble, Mam," the doctor said as he headed for the door. "Just start putting him in the barn at

night and feed him fresh hay."

Several weeks later, while making his rounds at the hospital, the doctor was accosted by a highly agitated elderly man.

"Doc," he exclaimed in a threatening voice. "What are you trying to do to me? My wife has had me sleeping in the barn for the past two weeks and now she's trying to get me to eat hay!"

Did You Know?



In 1994 over 4,000 people were employed at Huntsville Hospital.

In the same year more than 200,000 patients were registered in the system.

Dr. Burgess E. Scruggs

Burgess E. Scruggs was born a slave in Madison County on Oct. 16, 1860. At an early age, Burgess decided that he wanted to become a doctor. Ignoring the odds which confronted him, he persevered until graduating from Meharry Medical School on June 8, 1879, at which point he moved back to Huntsville.

After opening up an office at 316 W. Holmes St., Dr. Scruggs quickly earned the respect and admiration of his peers and associates.

Dr. Scruggs was heavily involved in community affairs, serving four terms as City Alderman. Dr. Scruggs also served on the U.S. Board of Examiners, and Board of Pensions. He was a president of the Black Fair Association and a trustee of Rust Normal School.

Dr. Scruggs was typical of the physician of the day, in the fact that the medical practice brought no great financial reward.

Records show he was paid \$37.50 for two year's work of treating smallpox patients.



I'd Pick More Daisies



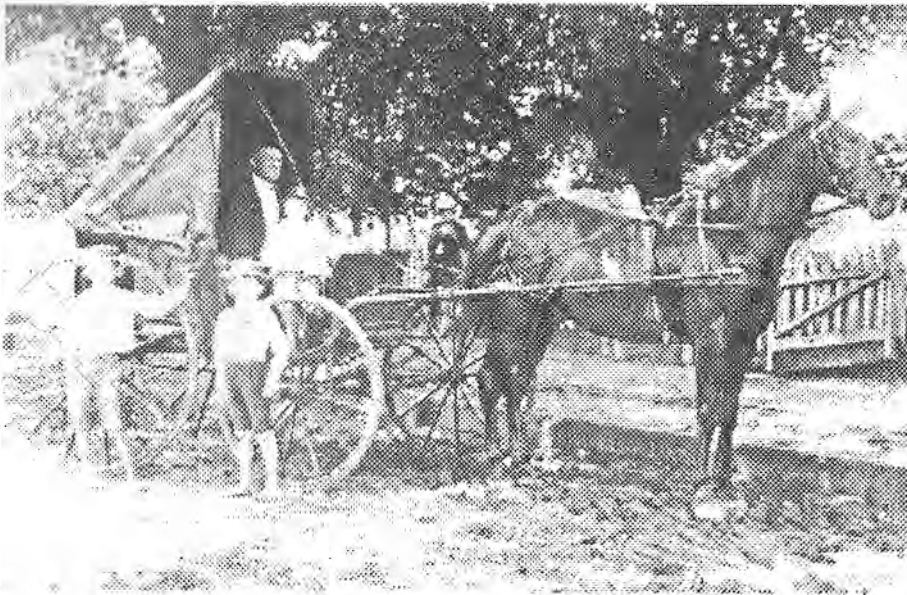
If I had my life to live over again, I'd dare to make more mistakes next time. I'd relax. I would limber up. I would be sillier than I have been this trip. I would take fewer things seriously. I would climb more mountains and swim more rivers. I would eat more ice cream and less beans. I would perhaps have more actual troubles, but I'd have fewer imaginary ones.

You see, I'm one of those people who live sensibly and sanely day after day. Oh, I've had my moments, and if I had it to do over again, I'd try to have nothing else. Just moments, one after another, instead of living so

many years ahead of each day. I've been one of those persons who never goes anywhere without a thermometer, a hot water bottle, a raincoat and a parachute. If I had to do it again, I would travel lighter the next time around.

If I had my life to live over, I would start barefoot earlier in the Spring and stay that way later in the Fall. I would go to more dances.

I would ride more merry-go-rounds. I would pick more daisies.



Dr. Thomas Edmund Dryer (1856-1931) was a direct descendant of George Washington. Dr. Dryer was a most dedicated doctor, even though few of his patients paid him for his medical services.

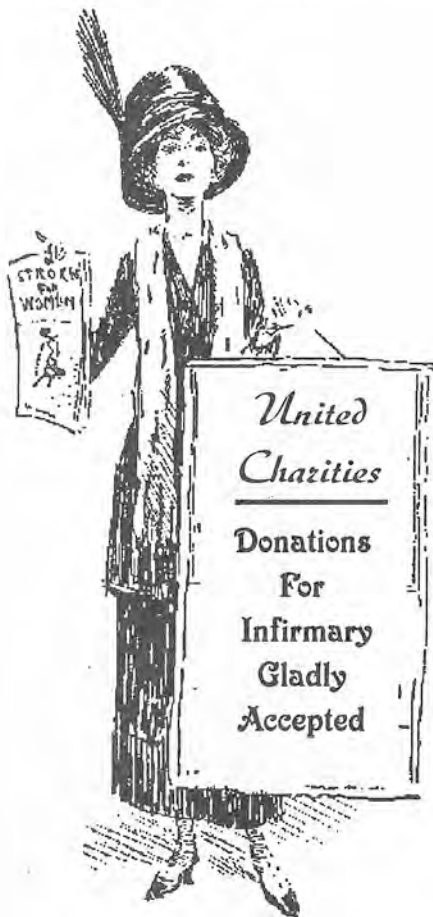


IN CELEBRATION OF MIRACLES



We Believe! We've seen people in this community survive some of the most heart wrenching tragedies imaginable. The young man who fell head-first off the mountain. The child who got caught in a bush hog. The seniors in the bus accident. The homecoming queen in the ice storm. They survived. And they recovered. Who knows. Maybe it's the will to live. The skill of a physician. The nurses. The faith of a family. Or the prayers of a trusted minister. One thing we do know. Our community's only neuro intensive care unit has witnessed a miracle or two during its thirty years. In fact, we see so many of them now, that we've opened a new unit called Neuro Progressive Unit—because now we plan on miracles.





Sept. 11, 1897
Weekly Mercury

The ladies of the United Charities have done a grand work for our city in establishing the City Infirmary on the corner of Randolph and Green streets.

In some localities it is believed that only charity patients are received and cared for, while in another portion of the city people think that only paying patients are admitted. The management wants it understood that all, both rich and poor, are admitted and everyone receives all the attention and care that an experienced nurse can give.

There are now five patients at the hospital, only two of them are charity, all doing splendidly. The building has been renovated from top to bottom and put in as good sanitary condition as it was possible to do. Miss Tweed,

the lady in charge, is a lady of considerable experience, culture, education, and refinement and thoroughly understands her business.

When the physicians of our city learn of the great benefits to be had at the hospital in the way of an experienced nurse, cleanliness, sanitary precautions, and the many little necessary things found only in a well regulated hospital, they will take advantage of it and send their patients there, thereby avoiding many of the ills that follow operations solely on account of the want of proper care and attention. The hospital is now in good hands and the ladies are to be congratulated on securing the services of such an estimable lady as Miss Tweed.



Tea For Stress



Boil the following for ten minutes:

- 1/2 oz. Ginseng root
- 1 tablespoon honey
- 2 cups water

Drink one cup warm in the morning, and one cup cold at night. Do it when in a period of stress, but discontinue after 10 days.

from 1900 newspaper

Charity Gifts, July 8, 1896

Donations of the week at the Infirmary

- Dr. Bannister, \$5
- Mrs. Coxe, milk daily
- Mrs. Well, cake and fruits
- Mrs. Vogel, vegetables
- Wise & Co., meat and a barrel of flour
- Mrs. Black, buttermilk
- Mrs. Crute, eggs
- Mrs. Gant, biscuits
- Mrs. Shiffman, fruit, sugar, and coffee
- Mrs. Raffe, raspberries
- Mrs. Speake, 1 pound butter
- Mrs. Smith, buttermilk
- Mrs. Burritt, corn
- Mrs. Humes, vegetables
- Mrs. A. Campbell, butter and sugar
- Dr. Taylor, blackberries
- Mrs. H. Harrison, butter and vegetables
- Mrs. L. Claw, vegetables
- Dr. Taylor, chickens and flour





In the years before Huntsville Hospital was founded people often had to rely on folk remedies to cure their ills. Below is an actual sampling of what many people considered "medicine."

For burns, if you don't have an aloe vera plant, put honey on it.

If you stick a nail in your foot, smoke it with a burning wool hat.

Put a handful of rusty nails in a quart jar. Fill the jar with vinegar. Give a tablespoon three times a day to puny children.

Wear a gold ring on the middle finger of the right hand to cure rheumatism.

Boil rhubarb and molasses together. This makes a good spring tonic. Take a teaspoon every day.

Have the hiccups? Find a large brown paper sack and put it over your head. Leave it there until the hiccups stop, it won't be long.

Parch egg shells and pour water over this to make a tea. Drink this for kidney ailment.

String red corn like a neck-

lace and put it around your neck to keep your nose from bleeding.

For warts, rub it with a half potato. Put the potato out of sight. When the potato dries up the wart will be dried up.

The seventh child of a family is able to get rid of warts, stop bleeding and cure any kind of rash.

To keep ants away put Kerosene in the mop water.

If you have a fever-blister, kiss the first redheaded boy you see and it will go away.

For stomach ache rub twelve circles of turpentine around the navel.

When a baby has a cold, grease the bottom of his feet with warm tallow, and warm him before the fire. Place him in a warm bed.

Rubbing the head of a seventh son of a seventh son can cure arthritis.

Presidents Huntsville Hospital Medical Staff

1955-1957

E.V. Caldwell, M.D.

1957-1959

Carl A. Grote, Sr., M.D.

1959-1961

Robert C. Bibb, M.D.

1961-1963

John Lary, Sr., M.D.

1963-1965

H.L. Anderson, Sr., M.D.

1965-1967

Frederick Smith, M.D.

1967-1969

Milton Peeler, M.D.

1969-1971

Carl A. Grote, Jr., M.D.

1971-1973

Norton E. Cowart, M.D.

1973-1975

Frank P. Haws, M.D.

1975-1977

A.L. Watson, M.D.

1977-1979

Himon Miller, M.D.

1979-1981

Louis G. Horn, M.D.

1981-1983

Lowry R. Young, M.D.

1983-1985

Richard A. Finch, M.D.

1985-1987

Pat E. Burlison, M.D.

1987-1989

Ed E. Litkenhous, M.D.

1989-1991

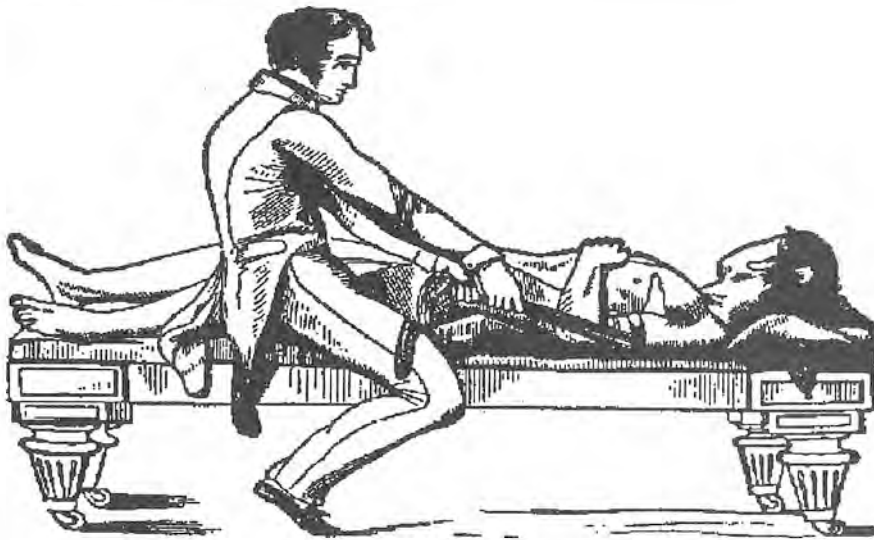
Stephen Falwell, M.D.

1991-1993

Charles Upchurch, M.D.

1993-1995

Robert Serio, M.D.



Early Huntsville Medicine

by Charles Rice

Medical care in Huntsville's early days was more notable for its absence than its presence. While the city's recorded history goes back to the year 1805, when pioneer settler John Hunt built his cabin at the Big Spring, it was not until 1809 that the first medical practitioner is known to have arrived here.

This was Dr. David Moore, a distinguished graduate of the University of Virginia. Moore is best known for having served as Andrew Jackson's personal physician during the Creek Indian War. However, most of Huntsville's earliest settlers

probably could not have afforded his services. Doctors were usually seen as a last resort, and local folk healers and midwives were more likely to be turned to. The medical practice accordingly did not provide a very substantial living, and Moore—like many other doctors—would turn to cotton planting to make his fortune. Another famous early Huntsville physician, European-educated Dr. Thomas Fearn, who came to set up an army hospital in 1813, would eventually abandon medicine altogether. This was an unfortunate loss for Huntsville, in view of Fearn's

years of study in both London and Paris and his pioneering work with quinine.

In reality, the medical profession was not highly regarded in those days, since the standards did leave much to be desired. Most early 19th century "doctors" simply sat through a crash course of a few months, passed a written examination, and then were turned loose on an unsuspecting public. Some of the accepted medical "knowledge" of the time also seems closer to the Middle Ages than the 20th century, with physicians still bleeding their patients to achieve a balance of "humors" and scoffing at the notion of washing their hands after treating people with communicable diseases. In fact, doctors in the British Army were definitely *not* considered officers and gentlemen, while the Prussian Army required its surgeons to shave the officers every morning! This situation would not change until the medical profession finally took it upon itself to elevate its own standards to their modern high level.

Although medical science

Thomas Fearn, M.D.

Dr. Fearn was one of the first doctors to practice in Madison County. A close personal friend of Andrew Jackson, he served in the War of 1812 and in the Creek Indian War.

Legend has it that it was Dr. Fearn who named Monte Sano Mountain (mountain of health).

A renowned surgeon, Dr. Fearn was also the first physician in North America or Europe to understand the true medical properties of quinine, which would save countless lives in the decades to come.



advanced rapidly, colleges as late as the second half of the 19th century were still cranking out doctors in almost assembly line fashion. Dr. John Allan Wyeth of Guntersville, who entered the respected medical college at the University of Louisville, Kentucky, in 1867, told of his own experience.

"Any white male who could read and write and who had mastered the rudiments of English was eligible," said Wyeth in his 1914 autobiography, *With Sabre and Scalpel*. Neither Latin nor Greek was essential. The requirements for graduation were a satisfactory examination at the end of two college terms of seven months each. The division of subjects was: anatomy, physiology, surgery, medicine, obstetrics, chemistry and materia medica.

Anatomy was thoroughly taught, and the didactic course was supplemented by the dissecting-room work of a "high class." Other courses, however, were less well handled. "In physiology there were no laboratory exercises; no practical demonstrations of the living structures and of the functions of the normal organ."

Classes in surgery consisted solely of lectures. "When an operative clinic was given," said Wyeth, "the students witnessed it at such distance from the subject and with so many interruptions of vision that it was impossible to follow closely the details of the technique, without which the lesson of demonstration is valueless. Not once in my two college years did I enter the ward of a hospital or receive instruction by the bedside of a patient."

Wyeth graduated in the spring of 1869 and returned

home to Alabama. "I had been looking forward to the day when I should receive my diploma and start out on my career as a practicing physician and surgeon," he wrote, "but I can never forget the sinking feeling that came over me when I unfolded this sacred document in the privacy of my own room and realized how little I knew and how incompetent I was to undertake the care of those in the distress of sickness or accident. However, like Macbeth, who was so far advanced in blood that it was as easy to go ahead as to recede, I felt I might just as well do as my predecessors had done and let the world take its chances."

More conscientious than

most, Wyeth was crushed when one of his first patients died. He took down his medical shingle and went to work to earn money to continue his studies at Bellvue Hospital Medical College in New York. Even so, his resumed education was relatively brief. He entered Bellvue College in October 1872 and graduated in March 1873. Despite his mere 20 months of training, Wyeth was appointed to the faculty and later became a world famous surgeon.

While Huntsville did at least have an ample supply of somewhat trained physicians by the middle of the 1800s, public hospitals were something else again. The U. S. Army had established a temporary military hospital

Presidents of the Madison County Medical Auxiliary

1933-34 Mrs. J.L. Jordan	1962-63 Mrs. B.B. Jordan
1934-35 Mrs. M.M. Duncan	1963-66 Recess
1935-36 Mrs. M.R. Moorman	1967-68 Mrs. W.M. Cameron
1936-37 Mrs. J.B. Laughlin	1968-69 Mrs. E.E. Camp
1937-38 Mrs. E.V. Caldwell	1969-70 Mrs. R.H. Boon
1938-39 Mrs. H.C. Walker	1970-71 Mrs. J.D. Holliman, Jr.
1939-40 Mrs. J.E. Walker	1971-72 Mrs. Eugene Tate
1940-41 Mrs. T.E. Dilworth	1972-73 Mrs. Edward Laughlin
1941-42 Mrs. J.O. Wikle	1973-74 Mrs. Robert Mitchell
1942-43 Mrs. W.F. Jordan	1974-75 Mrs. Oscar Maxwell
1943-44 no record	1975-76 Mrs. Lawrence Crowson
1944-45 Mrs. W.M. McKissack	1976-77 Mrs. Louis Horn, III
1945-46 Mrs. H.O. Walker	1977-78 Mrs. Bob B. Carlisle
1946-47 Mrs. H.T. Donovan	1978-79 Mrs. Robert Stewart
1947-48 Mrs. Pat Hamm	1979-80 Mrs. Hugh Bell
1948-49 Mrs. Harry Parker	1980-81 Mrs. John Ennis
1949-50 Mrs. J.W. Evans	1981-82 Mrs. Cotton Ray
1950-51 Mrs. R.C. Bibb	1982-83 Mrs. Don Maccubbin
Mrs. H.C. Anderson, Sr.	1983-84 Mrs. Richard A. Finch
1951-52 Mrs. E.E. Camp	1984-85 Mrs. Charles F. Warren
1952-53 Mrs. J.H. Lary	1985-86 Mrs. Charles Upchurch
1953-54 Mrs. O.F. Gay	1986-87 Mrs. Stephen Falwell
1954-55 Mrs. W.M. Etheridge	1987-88 Mrs. Richard Hull
1955-56 Mrs. F.W. Smith	1988-89 Mrs. Thomas Griggs
1956-57 Mrs. B.H. Moore, Jr.	1989-90 Mrs. Walter Grundy
1957-58 Mrs. A.P. Owens	1990-91 Mrs. Benjamin King
1958-59 Mrs. J.E. Robertson	1991-92 Mrs. Robert Akenhead
1959-60 Mrs. H.B. Bramm	1992-93 Mrs. Pat Burlison
1960-61 Mrs. R.B. Smith	1993-94 Mrs. Phillip Maddox
1961-62 Mrs. H.M. Pewitt, Jr.	1994-95 Mrs. Bernie Moore

here during the Creek Indian War in 1813, and both American armies maintained hospitals in Huntsville in the War Between the States. The Confederate hospitals were set up in the fall of 1861, when the Huntsville training camps were struck by a serious epidemic of measles, which then often proved fatal. One of the Confederate hospitals was on the old Lumpkin property near the Civic Center, while the other was in several adjoining buildings on East Holmes Avenue. In April 1862, the invading Union Army took over the Calhoun House (at today's YMCA parking lot), and in early 1864 the Yankees turned Oak Lawn on Meridian Street into a hospital for soldiers suffering from smallpox. The Confederate Army in 1863 also used the Calhoun House as a hospital.

Other than these, Huntsville at various times had supported a few private infirmaries, but most people had to be content with medical treatment in their own homes. Doctors even performed surgery at patients' houses, which now seems almost unbelievable in the light of modern safety and sanitation.

Huntsville did take a solid step forward when Dr. Burgess E. Scruggs set up practice in 1879 as the city's first African-American physician. A graduate of Meharry Medical College in Nashville, Scruggs, who had been born a slave in 1860, was one of only two black doctors in all of Alabama at the time. He successfully passed an examining board of three white physicians before he was certified in Huntsville. It would be some time before women would be accepted as doctors, but at least Scruggs had shown that equal

opportunity for talented individuals was becoming more of a reality.

While the old horse and buggy doctor with his house calls is still fondly recalled by many an elderly Huntsville resident, with the approach of the twentieth century it was becoming obvious that treatment in private homes simply was not enough in many cases. Therefore, a group of concerned citizens in the early 1890s began organizing to create a public hospital for the city.

Their dream would finally be realized in 1895 with the beginnings of today's Huntsville Hospital, which has provided outstanding care to the area for over one hundred years.

Did
You
Know?



The first complete set of dishes Huntsville Hospital owned was donated by the U.S. Army.

They all bore the logo "U.S.A."

Edwin D. Burwell, Sr.

The epitome of the old time country doctor, Dr. Burwell delivered many babies in Madison County in the late 1800s. Whenever he rode out on his horse to attend a delivery, he would always take along his wire cutters in case a fence happened to be in his horse's way.

In those days, people had little or no money, so Dr. Burwell would often reply, "Well let's strike a bargain." And then he would trade or barter whatever the people had to offer.



Fried Bananas

Fried Bananas is a palatable dish for breakfast, and gives that fruit a flavor all its own, and to many tastes better than when eaten in its natural state.

Take off the peeling and split the fruit in half. Have a hot frying pan with half an inch of butter in the bottom. Into this put the banana, being careful not to let it burn, but brown well on both sides.

Just before lifting it out, sprinkle with sugar and set it in the oven to crisp over the top. Serve as a hot dish.

from 1895 newspaper





In Remembrance, Dr. William Milton McKissack

by Joyce Jones

For Mona McKissack, the memorial bridge she donated in 1991 is symbolic. High above the street, it connects the older part of Huntsville Hospital with the new Tower—a bridge between the old and the new.

She also feels that the symbolism extends to the career of her late husband, Dr. William McKissack, in whose memory the bridge was erected. For the doctor's medical practice spanned six decades—carrying it from older, basic procedures to the newer use of sophisticated, medical technology.

Dr. McKissack started his Huntsville practice in 1928 in association with Doctors J.B. Laughlin and E.V. Caldwell.

Then in 1945, he moved out to establish his own office.

Throughout his many years of practice, Dr. Bill (as he came to be known by the whole community) established himself as an excellent doctor, a good businessman, and an outstanding civic leader. But in addition to recognition of these accomplishments, he was also considered unorthodox in many ways, for he definitely "marched to a different drummer," so to speak.

Dr. Bill did not keep regular office hours, and it was not uncommon for him to consult with an office full of patients at ten, eleven—or even later during an evening. But his patients waited regardless of the time, for they knew that when they were called in to see him, he would discuss

fully with them an examination, diagnosis and treatment.

The popular doctor also made house calls—day or night. But these calls, like his office hours, were quite irregular. He was known to arrive at a patient's home at any hour (sometimes early in the morning), and he would stay as long as he thought necessary. If very tired, he might take a short nap there—or if he was hungry, partake of some food prepared by a patient's relative.

In 1928, his unusual methods extended to his courtship. He was introduced to Mona Ridley by friends she was visiting in Huntsville. She had come from Ft. Deposit, Alabama where she taught music.

After introductions, Dr. Bill promptly asked the visitor, "How about a date tonight?"

Having a previous engagement, she declined. So, he asked, "How about tomorrow night?" She agreed, and they dated during her visit. Before the week was out he had proposed marriage, but she didn't take him seriously, and refused.

A short time after returning to Ft. Deposit, Mona received ten dozen red roses. Astounded by such extravagance, she thought he must be a spendthrift, dumb or crazy! It was not until twenty-five years later that she learned how her suitor acquired such a floral offering.

He had been visiting with Ed Rolfe, a friend who worked at Chase Nursery. They were standing out in a field of roses which Ed was pruning and throwing the blossoms aside.

When Dr. Bill realized that the roses were going to be discarded, he carefully picked up ten dozen of the prettiest

blooms; took them to a florist to be packed for shipment, and sent them at once to the young lady who, in a few months was to be his bride.

In 1945, Mona started working at the office. She answered the telephone, did bookkeeping and gradually began to perform routine, laboratory tests.

Friends jokingly remarked that it was a good thing for her to be working at the office if she ever wanted to see her husband, for she could never be sure when he would be home—or for how long.

In addition to her office work, Mona would always listen to the various ailments of the patients. One woman was notorious for her complaints. She wanted Mona to go tell Dr. Bill that her head hurt, her arms and legs ached, her stomach was upset, her tongue was coated, and her feet were cold.

His wife dutifully related the woman's message. In reply, Dr. Bill, who was noted for a sense of humor, retorted, "Tell her to take the coat off her tongue and put it on her feet and they won't be so cold!"

In keeping with a growing practice, the young doctor studied medical journals and attended seminars to keep up with new techniques.

Consequently, he was the first doctor in the city to start using the wonder drugs, sulphur and penicillin.

As busy as he was with his medical practice, Dr. Bill devoted countless hours to civic responsibilities.

The list of his involvements is legion. He served as President of the Huntsville-Madison County Chamber of Commerce; President of the Huntsville Shrine Club; President of the Acme Club

and President of the Madison County Historical Society.

He was one of the founding directors of the Huntsville-Madison County Council of International Visitors, and served on the board for years.

As an original shareholder in the Huntsville Industrial Associates, Inc., he helped play a big part in the city's industrial development. He was also an organizer of the American National Bank—now AmSouth Bank; and of Security Federal Savings and Loan Association—now Secor.

Among other keen interests were the University of Alabama and his college fraternity, Phi Kappa Alpha.

In Rotary he was an outstanding leader. As President of Huntsville Rotary Club 1976-1977, he was the second of four members of this club who have served as District Governor.

For his many achievements, and devotion to his city and county, Dr. William M. McKissack was awarded the Huntsville-Madison County Chamber of Commerce Distinguished Award in 1969.



In January, 1990, Dr. Bill, age 89, closed the final chapter of his active, earthly life. But like the bridge that connects the two parts of the hospital where he faithfully served, there remains a connection between his past and the present. For, says Mona, former patients still call in to talk over their ailments or problems, and to ask her what she thinks Dr. Bill would advise. Or they call just to comment how much his medical association meant to them.

On one occasion recently, the doctor's wife was at a social gathering when an elderly woman came up to her and said, "I just want to express my heartfelt appreciation again for your husband's saving my sister's life. We lived twenty miles in the country. But when he got the message that we desperately needed him, he didn't hesitate, but came all the way out there. He stayed the night with a very sick baby. She recovered, and is living today."

"And what is more," she added with a slight tremor in her voice, "he must have recognized the financial strain my family was in at the time, for he never sent us a bill!"

Dr. William M. McKissack

Even at an early age, Dr. McKissack was more ambitious than most young boys. He had a goal in life and he knew it took hard work to achieve his aspirations.

Among the many jobs he had as a child were: a newspaper carrier for \$3 a month; a "soda jerk" in a drug store; a stockboy in a "five and dime" store; and a bank clerk when he got older.



A Tale of Two Brothers

Brothers Billy and Charles had a dream.

They wanted to build a hospital where patients could receive specialized care. It would also serve as a research and teaching center.

Such an idea in the 1800s was considered absurd to say the least.

For many patients of the era, checking into a hospital was equivalent to a death warrant. Unsanitary and crowded conditions, combined with medical practices, often bordering on quackery, was enough to convince most people to take their chances at home.

Also opposing the idea were many prominent members of the medical community who distrusted the "newfangled" ideas of the two brothers.

Huntsville was without a true hospital at the time. When several of the community's leaders heard of the idea, they immediately contacted the brothers who were living in Minnesota at the time.

Also in Huntsville's favor was the fact that the United

States Surgeon General had recently declared the city as one of the healthiest places in the country.

In April, 1896, Charlie was induced to visit Huntsville. He took an immediate liking to the city and after extensive negotiations, purchased a parcel of land.

The land was expensive: \$2,500 in cash and another \$3,000 in bank stock.

Unfortunately for Huntsville, civic leaders in the brother's hometown also heard of their idea. By offering attractive inducements of land and money, the brothers were persuaded to build their hospital there.

Dr. Marian R. Moorman

Born in 1875, Doctor Moorman received his medical degree from Vanderbilt University, in Nashville, in 1902.

He specialized in "Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat," and for almost twenty years was Huntsville's only specialist in this field

Dr. Moorman was active in many charities but was especially devoted to the Boy Scouts.

The brothers kept their land in Huntsville for several years before finally selling it.

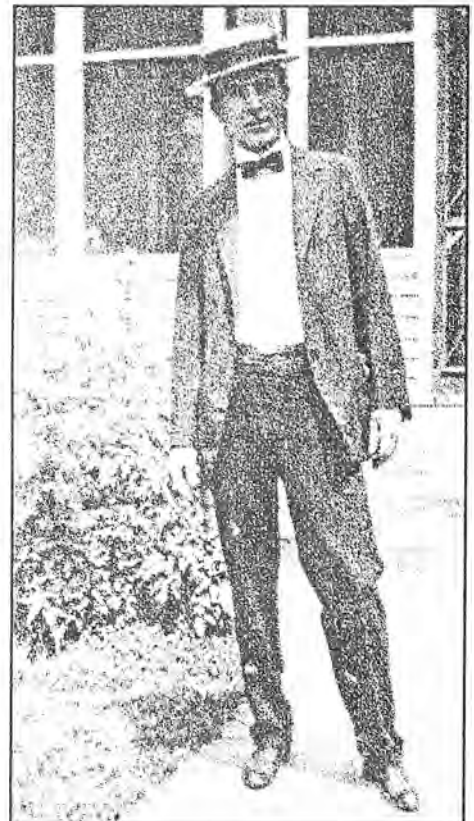
Several years would pass before our city finally got a hospital. It is interesting to note, however, that if the brothers' dreams had worked out here, the hospital, instead of being named Huntsville Hospital, would have been named the Mayo Clinic.

The brothers, Charles and William Mayo, never returned to Huntsville.

Did
You
Know?



Dr. William Burritt, who later gave his land for the Burritt Museum, donated malted milk to the 'City Hospital' weekly in 1895.





Light and Luscious

Spicy Chicken Breasts with White Wine

3 T. margarine
 1 1/4 lb. chicken breasts,
 boned and skinned
 2 t. Dijon mustard
 1/2 t. garlic powder
 1/4 t. cayenne pepper
 1/2 t. dried tarragon
 2/3 c. nonfat dry milk
 1/2 c. water
 1/2 t. freshly ground black
 pepper

Melt your margarine in a large skillet over medium heat, then add the chicken. Cook, turning frequently, til the chicken is lightly browned and no longer pink. Turn heat to low, remove the chicken and put on heated plate.

Add all remaining ingredients to the skillet and stir to blend. Simmer over low heat for about 10 minutes, continually stirring. Add the chicken to the skillet and heat.

Savory Roasted Onions

4 large onions, peeled and cut in half lengthwise, Olive oil spray, 1 t. dried savory, 4 t. bal-

samic vinegar, snipped parsley.

Place your onions cut side down in a shallow baking dish that has been sprayed with olive oil spray. Bake at 350 degrees until tender, about 45-50 minutes. When hot out of the oven, sprinkle with the vinegar and parsley. This will serve 4, deliciously.

Mustard Potato Salad

12 oz. cooked potatoes, unpeeled and cut into 1-inch cubes, 1 T. red wine vinegar, 2 t. coarse, grainy mustard, 1 T. plus 1 t. light mayonnaise, 2 t. dried chives, 1/2 t. garlic powder, 2 t. dried parsley, 1/4 t. pepper, salt to taste.

Mix all ingredients except the potatoes. Place the cubed potatoes in a large bowl and add the mustard mixture. Toss well and chill well before serving, about two hours.

Fig Treats

1 c. dried figs, 2 T. lemon juice, 1/2 c. walnuts, 1/2 c. sunflower seeds, unsweetened coconut flakes.

Bring two cups of water mixed with the lemon juice to a boil. Add the figs, turn off the heat and leave for 10 minutes, til figs are soft. Drain and chop the figs. Place the figs, walnuts and sunflower seeds in a blender and chop. Roll the mixture into small balls and roll in the coconut. This makes about 20 healthy balls.

Spicy Black Bean Soup

2 c. dried black beans, 3 qts. water, 1 large onion, chopped, 2 stalks celery, 4 T. Beef bouillon granules, ham hock, 1 T. garlic powder, 1 t. cayenne pepper.

Cover your beans with water and let them soak overnight. Next day, drain the water and add more to cover with about two inches over the beans. Cover with a lid and simmer for about 2 hours. Uncover and add the rest of the ingredients. Cook til the beans are tender to taste. If you like thick soup or bean dip, put half of the beans into a blender and add back to the mixture. Top with sour cream and chopped green onions, or try some of the new Tabasco Jalapeno pepper sauce.

Mouth-watering Rotini

1 box tricolored Rotini (corkscrew) pasta

1 large tomato, chopped

1 red pepper, roasted and chopped

1 large mild onion, chopped

1 can chick peas (or Garbanzo beans), drained

Bring a large pot of water to boil, add the pasta. Cook for 8 minutes, no more. Drain immediately in a colander and rinse with cold water, to stop the cooking process. Put the pasta into a large wooden or plastic bowl. Sprinkle with 1/2 c. dried parsley. Add the vegetables and set aside.

In an 8-oz. plastic container with lid, combine the following:

1/2 c. olive oil, extra virgin

1/3 c. red wine vinegar

2 heaping teaspoons Dijon mustard, 2 t. minced garlic, 3 t. dried oregano, 1 t. cayenne pepper, or dried red pepper (more if

you like it really hot).

Cover your container with the lid, and shake well. Pour the mixture over the pasta, mixing well to coat all with two large salad spoons. Best when eaten right away, but can be kept covered in fridge for a couple of days.

Apple Crisp

4 small sweet apples, peeled and chopped

1 t. ground cinnamon

1/2 t. ground nutmeg

2 t. vanilla extract

2 T. sugar

1/4 c. peanut butter

2 T. margarine

4 oz. quick-cooking oats, uncooked

Preheat your oven to 350 degrees. Combine the apples, cinnamon, nutmeg, vanilla and sugar. Toss til mixed well. Place in a 9-inch pie pan that has been sprayed with a cooking oil.

In a small pan, melt the peanut butter and margarine together over low heat. Stir til smooth. Remove from heat and stir in the oats.

Sprinkle the oat mixture evenly over the apples and bake, uncovered, for 30 minutes. Serve with frozen vanilla yogurt.

Did You Know?



In 1957, expansion to the hospital brought bed capacity to 150, but due to a fast growing community, the hospital suffered "growing pains" again in less than a year.

By 1981, licensed bed capacity was 578 and it still was not enough to supply the community.

Hospital Administrators

(Prior to 1943 they were called Superintendents.)

1904	Mrs. M.R. Brown
1904-1914	Maude Horner
1914-1915	Julia Lide
1915-1919	Minnie Weaver
1919-1920	Mamie Mastin
1920-1922	Mabel Coggins
1922	---- Dobson
1922-1927	Maude McCullough, Rosella Peek
1927-1930	Julia Dainwood
1930-1933	Elizabeth Sloo
1933	Mattie Lou Creson
1934-1938	Ruth Ballentine, Francis Bishop

1938-1939	Virginia Wells
1940-1943	Myrtle Luckett
1943-1944	Agnes McGinley
1944-1953	Gertrude Pratt
1953-1957	Ned Wickham
1957-1968	Larry Rigsby
1968-1974	Wassie Griffin
1974-1978	Noble Thompson
1978-present	Edward D. Boston



A Different Name

by Charles Rice

Names are simply convenient labels we use for people and things. Nevertheless, one must take care to avoid confusion. And such was the case with our century old Huntsville Hospital.

During the War Between the States, our city was occupied at different times by Union and Confederate troops. It was the common practice of both sides, while in our city, to designate whatever city building they used to house their sick and wounded as the Huntsville



hospital. In late 1863, the Union Army built a frame building in Fagan's Hollow. This one was officially known as, you guessed it, Huntsville Hospital.

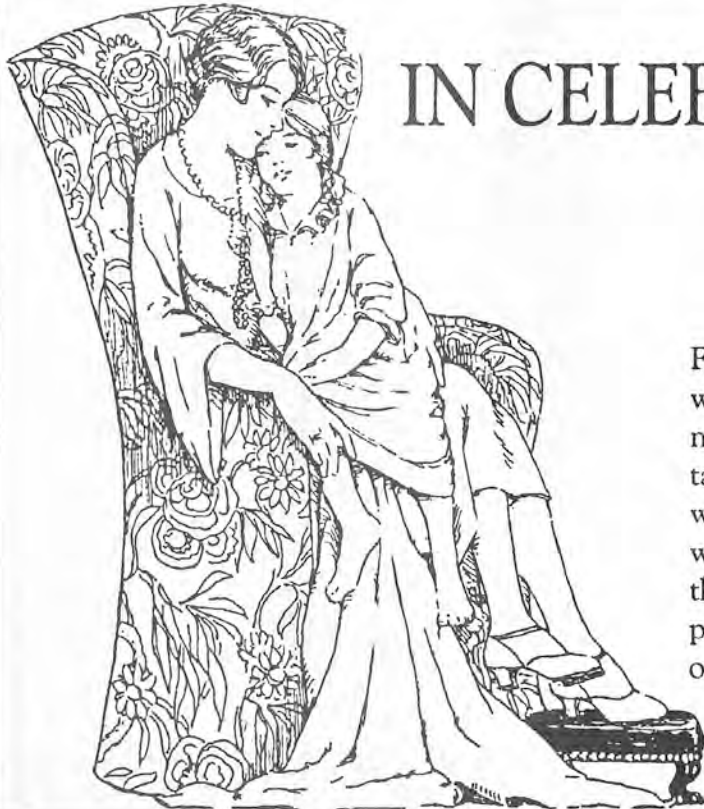
The old hospital on Fagan's Hollow burned just a few years after the Civil War. Nevertheless, to a generation of our city's residents, Huntsville Hospital meant that old structure built by the hated invaders. "What? Put me in that Yankee place? No way!" said the old timers.

When the ladies of Huntsville finally succeeded in creat-

ing their public hospital in 1895, they wisely chose to call it the Huntsville *Infirmary*.

For its first 31 years, the city's medical facility carried this old-fashioned name. Finally, in 1926, the directors decided the old Union hospital was far enough into the past to have been forgotten. That year the name was officially changed from the Huntsville Infirmery to Huntsville Hospital.

The name change does cause confusion once in a while to family genealogists. When they discover that great-grandpa had been treated at "Huntsville Hospital" way back in the 1860s, they scratch their head and gaze in wonder at the large modern building now bearing that name.



IN CELEBRATION OF LOVE PARENTING

Picking out baby clothes. Her first words. Teaching her to walk. Where did kindergarten come from all of a sudden. Family life. It's what makes that 8-5 grind worthwhile. From childbirth and parenting classes to nutrition and first aid, we teach parents what it takes to raise an active, healthy family. Of course, we're there too when things don't go well. That's why we have a specially designed pediatric unit, the region's only pediatric emergency medicine physician. We treat your children like they are ours.



Moments In History



The Second Fifty Years

1946 A free blood plasma program was set up by the American Red Cross. Also the hospital facility was updated with fresh paint and the coal stoves in the kitchen were replaced with electric ones.

1951 Dr. E.E. Camp, Huntsville's first radiologist, joins the staff.

1955-57 Expansion added new patient wings to the north and south ends of the 1926 building. An oxygen supply system was installed and the entire facility was made more fireproof.

1959 The hospital Board of Trustees instituted a three-stage, 30 year growth plan. Stage I: increase bed capacity from 172 to 300 by 1970. Stage II: an additional 100 beds by 1980. Stage III: complete expansion so bed capacity would be 500 by 1990.

1961 Huntsville Hospital was deeded over to the City of Huntsville in order to sell construction bonds to finance badly needed expansion.

1963 Construction provided four floors of nursing units, bringing bed capacity to 320.

1964 Hospital Auxiliary volunteers, known as "Pink Ladies" begin their service.

1967 State's first, on-site employee child care center opens at Huntsville Hospital.

1971 An addition to the hospital increases bed capacity to 456 beds.

1973 Hospital selected as the teaching facility for UAH's School of Primary Medical Care.

1973 North Alabama's only Neonatal Nursery opens at Huntsville Hospital.

1976 Computerized axial tomography unit (CAT Scan) installed at hospital.

1976 First implant of a nuclear powered pacemaker by Dr. Peter Yu.

1978 Huntsville Hospital Foundation incorporated.

1979 First cardiac catheterization in the region is performed at Huntsville Hospital.

1981 Region's first open heart surgery performed at Huntsville Hospital by Dr. Stencil Riley.

1985 MedFlight service established at hospital.

1995 Huntsville Hospital celebrates 100th anniversary.



Dr. William Wright Haden (1857-1931) and his favorite horse Jip. Dr. Haden was a charter member of the Madison County Medical Society, serving as the Society's president in 1911.

Heard On The Street From 1901



Notice of Water Tax - Water taxes for quarter ending January 31st, 1901 are now due. Those who have failed to pay will please call at the City Clerk's office and pay same. J. D. Ragland, City Clerk

Take a bath at the McGee Hotel Barber Shop. You don't have to wait now. We have installed another tub and can accommodate you.

Lost - three grocery baskets and a hitching weight, lost from my wagon in a runaway Saturday evening. Return for reward to T. A. Thornton

What Huntsville needs now is an efficient bouncer, a great big man with the power to stop people from circulating false reports and canards about the city. He should have unlimited power to throw out every man who knocks the town, or says anything else except something good. There is no doubt but every good citizen would be glad if it were legal for such an officer to be created here.

Under the supervision of Joe Van Valkenburgh, "Pinhook" bridge is rapidly assuming shape. The concrete work over the arches will be finished by Friday night when the fill will be made for the top coat. The bridge

will be turned over to the city for traffic in about thirty days.

The street cleaning force doesn't seem large enough to clean the paved streets now, without mentioning any of the others.

Quite a number of new homes and other buildings are being built and nearing completion in many parts of the city. East and West Holmes streets seem to be the favorite residence portion at present, while many nice buildings in other parts of the town have but recently been

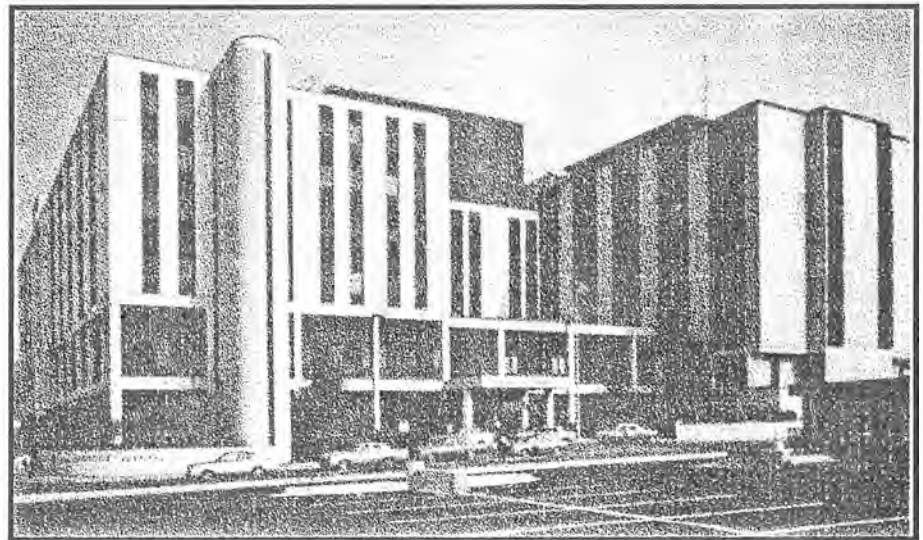
completed.

Nearly one block gone. The fire fiends got busy and the result was the loss of a bank building, drug store, news stand, hardware store, telegraph office and cotton brokerage office, was what Huntsville suffered, and at a time when she could ill afford the loss. Your property could be the next victim. The only sure way is to insure with Davis, Hutton & Newman.

Did You Know?



In 1951, the Grace Club Auxiliary (now Huntsville Junior League) sponsored the "Follies of '51" to raise funds for the establishment of a children's ward at the hospital.



From such modest beginnings on Mill Street in 1895 to a very modern facility in 1983, Huntsville Hospital continues its long tradition of providing the best medical care available today.

Angels For Children



Huntsville Hospital cares for children of all ages. The Hospital operates the only established full service pediatric unit between Nashville and Birmingham. The Unit has 26 pediatric beds, and a 5 bed Pediatric Intensive Care Unit with a physician director and a staff of 30 employees, primarily registered nurses.

Pediatrics provides a Child Life program designed to help reduce the fear young children experience when hospitalized. This is accomplished by meeting the social and emotional needs of each young patient. The trauma of hospitalization is lessened through love, support, play activities and entertainment provided by volunteers working in the program.

Huntsville Hospital is home to the Regional Neonatal Intensive Care Unit for North Alabama. The unit maintains 17 fully equipped spaces dedicated to the care of critically ill neonates. Recovering infants or the infants experiencing transitional needs occupy 19 spaces in the intermediate care and transitional nurseries. Two neonatology groups prescribe care for approximately 550 infants admitted to these nurseries annu-

ally. Family centered care is the philosophy of the interdisciplinary staff supporting the needs of these infants.

The 46 bed Mother/Baby Unit provides care and nurturing to the developing family. Infants may remain with their mother as desired. A nurse is designated for each family unit to instruct, demonstrate, and discuss in a casual atmosphere the care of the infant and concerns of the growing family.

ANGELS FOR CHILDREN AT HUNTSVILLE HOSPITAL is a new organization formed by the Huntsville Hospital Foundation to assist the Hospital and the Foundation in raising funds for pediatrics and nurseries and to educate the public concerning medical care, diagnostic and rehabilitative services provided for infants and children at the hospital.

Angels for Children at Huntsville Hospital is a coordinated effort to insure the continuation of these viable pediatric and infant care programs at Huntsville Hospital. Seed money for the program was provided to the Foundation by the Junior League of Huntsville and the Heritage Junior Women's Club.

The Angels program is co-

ordinated by a volunteer council under the auspices of the Huntsville Hospital Foundation Board of Trustees. The general membership of the Angels meets at least twice yearly with one meeting featuring an informative program about children.

The Angels raise funds through special projects such as selling Christmas and All-occasion gift tags with the art work provided by patients in the Pediatric Unit. Angels also sponsor parties, decorate the Pediatric Unit for Holidays, make Christmas stockings and caps for newborns, and volunteer as needed.

Membership in the Angel program is open to all persons interested in the work and advancement of programs and services for children at Huntsville Hospital. There are two classes of membership: annual membership is \$15 per year and Life membership is a one time contribution of \$150. All contributions for membership are tax deductible.

Angel members may be involved at any level from just paying dues, to attending general membership meetings, or working on specific projects.



"Completing the Circle of Caring"



Huntsville Hospital Foundation, Inc.



Exactly 100 years ago this year Huntsville Hospital was founded in a small cottage by a group of volunteer ladies called the United Charities. They paid \$6.50 of the monthly rental fee of \$12.50 and the city agreed to pay \$6.00. They furnished the cottage from their own possessions and pleaded with commu-

nity citizens for the rest.

During the years that followed, the community continued to support the hospital as it continued to grow. They supplied milk, flour, chickens, eggs and fresh vegetables to keep the hospital afloat during hard times. In 1904, a house was willed to the city to be used as a hospital or a

school. The city chose a hospital.

During the 1920s, as the community grew larger, a drive was organized to raise funds for the construction of a new hospital. The goal was \$200,000. The campaign was headed by Dr. Carl Grote, Sr. The land for the new hospital was donated by Mr. and Mrs. Harry M. Rhett, Sr.

Donations to the hospital are interwoven throughout the history of the hospital. In 1975, when the hospital was considering a major expansion plan and the enormous cost of the plan became evident, the hospital realized the need for private funds to be added to the hospital's own resources and long term loans.

The hospital retained a development consultant who could advise on the proper course of action to take in securing the level of private funds needed. The consultant recommended the creation of a Development Office, the establishment of the Huntsville Hospital Foundation, the appointment of a qualified

IN CELEBRATION OF STRENGTH SUPPORT GROUPS



You've faced tough times before. But this one may be more than you can handle. It's the fear that makes it seem so overwhelming. What would you give to talk to someone who's been there before? We'd like to give you that opportunity. We offer support groups that reach out to lives in need. Many of these groups were started by our very own employees--people who have lived through their own tragedy and found sharing to be the answer for them. You won't find support groups like these anywhere else, because no one else has the strength of our knowledge. Let our strength be your strength.



Director of Development who could simultaneously serve as Executive Director (later, called the President) of the Foundation, and the development of a master plan for a major fund-raising campaign.

In 1978, a group of distinguished citizens incorporated the Huntsville Hospital Foundation. The master plan included a \$2 million dollar capital campaign in support of the planned major expansion. The Huntsville Hospital Development Department was created for the purpose of providing the necessary professional staff and support for the Foundation. Under this structure, the community was assured that their gifts would not become merely a part of the institutional operating budget, but would indeed be used for the purposes for which they were given. This same structure exists today.

The Foundation maintains

over 100 separate designated funds to which donations may be given. Gifts to these funds are tracked and require a written request from the hospital department head with hospital Vice-President approval. Foundation Board approval is necessary for all transfers to the hospital over \$1,000 (the Foundation President may approve transfer of funds under \$1,000). Undesignated funds are invested and transferred to the hospital as needed.

Grants from the Foundation to the hospital have helped to put Huntsville Hospital on the cutting edge of providing state-of-the-art medical equipment, programs and facilities.

Since the completion of the Foundation's capital campaign in 1985, the Foundation has diligently been developing an Endowment Fund.

Due to efficient and effective management by the hospital's

volunteer board of control and administration during the past 100 years, our community has a hospital of which it can be proud, one that is prepared to take us into the next 100 years.



Did You Know?



In 1895, 17 patients were admitted to the Infirmary. With the \$35 the patients were able to pay, and some donations, the Infirmary netted \$68.84 for the year.

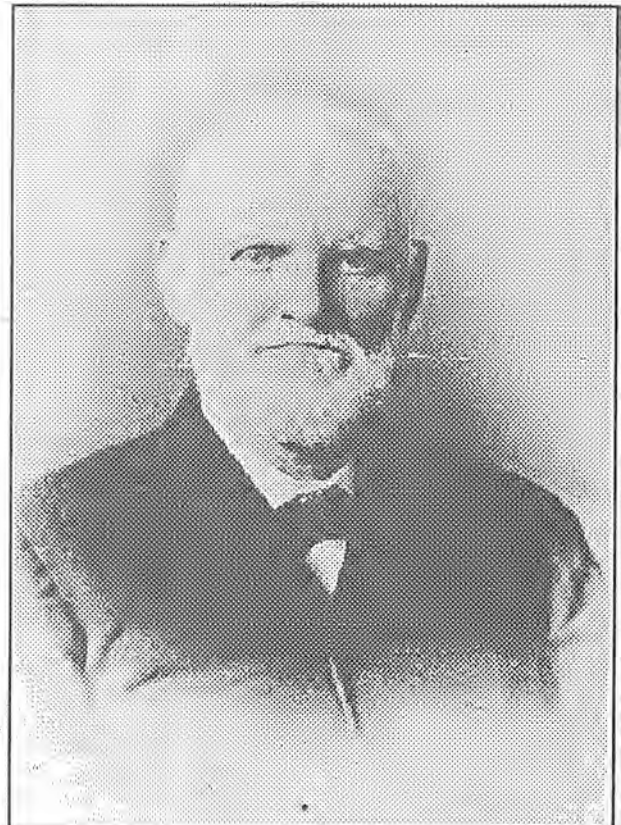
The ladies of the United Charities considered this an outstanding success.

Dr. John Jefferson Dement

Born in Madison County in 1830, John Jefferson Dement received his Doctor of Medicine degree from the University of Pennsylvania, in Philadelphia.

Returning to Madison County he embarked upon a medical career until joining the Confederate Army as a surgeon in 1862. After being captured by Northern troops and imprisoned at Camp Chase he made his way back to Confederate lines where he joined the 49th Regiment under General Jackson which, surrendered at Appomattox at the end of the war.

After the war, he returned to Huntsville where he quickly built up a successful medical practice. He served on the first County Health Board and was also the first doctor from Madison County to serve as president of The Medical Association of the State of Alabama.



MedFlight Marks 10th Birthday

You hear it in the distance and you know what it is. A high pitch whine, piercing the sky like a jet on a mission. It's approaching you, then in a few seconds,

it's over you and it's gone.

Does anyone in the region not recognize the sounds of MedFlight?

For the last 10 years the region's only air ambulance service has come to the aid of more than 5,100 people in North Alabama. People who needed emergency medical treatment and transport. **Fast.**

Whether it is swooping down to rescue a child injured in a car wreck or transporting an expectant mother with a baby in distress, the sound of MedFlight has been heard all over the Valley.

Give credit to the 22 men

and women who make up the MedFlight team, pilots, nurses, the ground crew, and the maintenance staff. The care given to the aircraft is like the care given to the patient. The best.

On March 26, MedFlight celebrated its 10th anniversary of service to our community and to our region. On behalf of the thousands of people you have helped, we thank you.



Huntsville Hospital Governing Officials 1904 through 1995

Mrs. Reese Amis
Henry L. Anderson, Sr., M.D.
Robert Baker
Jack E. Batchelor, D.M.D.
Mrs. Robert Baugh
Robert C. Bibb, M.D.
T. Alvin Blackwell
Mrs. Florence Bolling
Mrs. C.S. Boswell
Joseph J. Bradley
Robert Brickell
John Broadway
Charles Butler
M. David Byers, Jr.
E.V. Caldwell, M.D.
James L. Carpenter, M.D.
Mrs. J.F. Chambers
Jack F. Chambers
Mrs. Reubin Chapman
Mrs. Henry Chase
Robert Chase
William F. Childress
Lanny K. Chisler
Rev. Randolph Claiborne
Lawrence Cobb
Mrs. Leo Cohen
Mrs. Oenone Cook
Mrs. Lawrence Cooper
William Davoren
Mrs. Fannie Dickson
W.P. Dilworth
Erle Douglass
Joseph C. Dowdle, Ph. D.
Clyde Dublin
Woodrow Dunn
P.S. Dunnivant
A.D. Elliott
George Elliott
Harvey Eslick
Margaret Esslinger
Mrs. Aaron Fleming
Walton Fleming
Tom Galloway
Mrs. Eugene Gill
Oscar Goldsmith
Mrs. Oscar Goldsmith
Houston Goodson
Carl A. Grote, Sr., M.D.
Carl A. Grote, Jr., M.D.
Will Halsey
Mrs. Will Harris

Glenn Halcomb
G.B. Huckaby, M.D.
Mrs. Milton Humes
Mrs. Walter Humphrey
Mrs. Ben J. Hunt
Mrs. Robert J. Jones
Josh Kelly
Gilbert Kinzer, M.D.
Mrs. Walter Laxson
Quincy M. Love
Lynne B. Lowery
Guy Lynn
Mrs. Luke Matthews
Mrs. M.H. May
Albert McDonald
Reginald McKenzie
Mrs. S.J. Mayhew
Mrs. Louis Mays
L. Pat Miller
Floyd Moore
George Moore
Mrs. M.R. Moorman
Dean Murphree
Mrs. M.B. Neece
J.W. O'Neal
Phil Peeler
Tracy Pratt
Mrs. Tracy Pratt
Walter Price
Butler Ragland
James Record
Johnathan Reeves
Harry Rhett, Jr.
Charles Selah, M.D.
Mrs. Charles Shaver
James M. Sisson
Roy Stone
Mrs. A.C. Taylor
E.T. Terry
Vance Thornton
Ashford Todd
Mrs. Grace Walker
Joseph Wiggins
Mrs. Frank Webster
Mrs. Bertran Weil
Mrs. William Wellman
Karl Woltersdorf
Mrs. L.W.L. White
F.B. Wilson, M.D.
Frank Wilson
Mrs. Louis Wise

Did
You
Know?



1967 saw the State's first on-site employee child care center open at Huntsville Hospital.

Since then, it has continued to serve as a benchmark for child care centers.

Classified Bloopers

Actual ads taken from the classified section of various newspapers.

Four-poster bed, 101 years old, perfect for antique lover.

Large dog for sale - eats anything and is fond of children.

Stock up and save - limit one.

Get rid of aunts - Zap does the job in 24 hours.

Illiterate? Write today for free help.

Sheer stockings - designed fancy dress, but so serviceable that lots of women wear nothing else.

Dinner specials - Turkey \$2.35; Chicken or Beef \$2.25; Children \$2.

"We do not tear your clothes with our machinery. We do it carefully by hand."

100 Years of Service

The Legend of Mollie Teal

by Kay Cornelius

From its beginnings as a frontier town in the early 1800s, Huntsville, Alabama has always attracted many different kinds of people from a wide variety of places. Most, if not all, no doubt arrived in town with hopes and expectations that in Huntsville they would be free to make or add to their fortunes. While some failed and left in disappointment, many others stayed, succeeded, and settled down to become civic-minded citizens.

Over the years, many of Huntsville's most successful entrepreneurs have generously contributed to the betterment of the growing city. One of the most unusual of these donors—and certainly the most colorful—was a woman named Mollie Teal, who in the latter part of the nineteenth century made her mark as the operator of the largest and most successful bordello in town. Before her death, the sporting house that she had run for a number of years was willed as a gift to Huntsville. The building then became the Huntsville City Infirmery, predecessor of the present Huntsville Hospital.

Very little is known about Mollie Teal's early life. According to her tombstone in Maple Hill Cemetery, she was born on



August 20, 1852 and died in 1899. Her mother, Mary A. Smith, also buried in Maple Hill, died in 1872 at the age of 43. These facts suggest that either Mary Smith had followed her daughter to Huntsville, or that Mollie Teal had joined her mother there at some earlier

time. Mollie may have come to Huntsville from Memphis, where newspaper accounts there mentioned that one "M. Teal" had been arrested for prostitution. Whether she ever worked for anyone else in Huntsville isn't known, but in June of 1893, Mollie paid \$300 for a large Victorian-style house at the present-day corner of St. Clair and Gallatin Streets, where she set up her business. Less than a year later she was able to mortgage the house for \$1,900, a note which she later repaid in full.

Mollie's bordello is said to have resembled a boarding house, with many rooms opening from a central hallway. She wasn't the only madam in town, but with as many as fifteen to twenty girls housed there, her's was the largest operation and reputedly the most popular. Mollie's establishment included a still in the back yard, and the sale of her home brew may have further contributed to her financial success. Pictures exist of the house, but none of Mollie.



Dr. William Frank Jordan (ca. 1919). Dr. Jordan is shown here in front of the Huntsville Infirmery. In 1933, Dr. Jordan's dissertation, "Mismanagement of Appendicitis," won him a distinguished service plaque from the U.S.S.R.

Older people in the community who remembered seeing her reported that Mollie Teal made a most attractive appearance and dressed in the latest fashion when she went out. No doubt she wore the wasp-waisted, heavy bosomed styles of the time, leg-horn-sleeved dresses with bustles and perhaps, trains, sometimes with a feather or fur boa around her neck. Her costume would be completed by a large felt or straw hat, usually decorated with flowers or feathers and probably tilted at an angle. Mollie Teal habitually took an afternoon ride about town in her elegant black Victoria carriage daintily holding a parasol to her shoulder.

Sometimes Mollie paraded her finely-attired girls through the Huntsville streets as a form

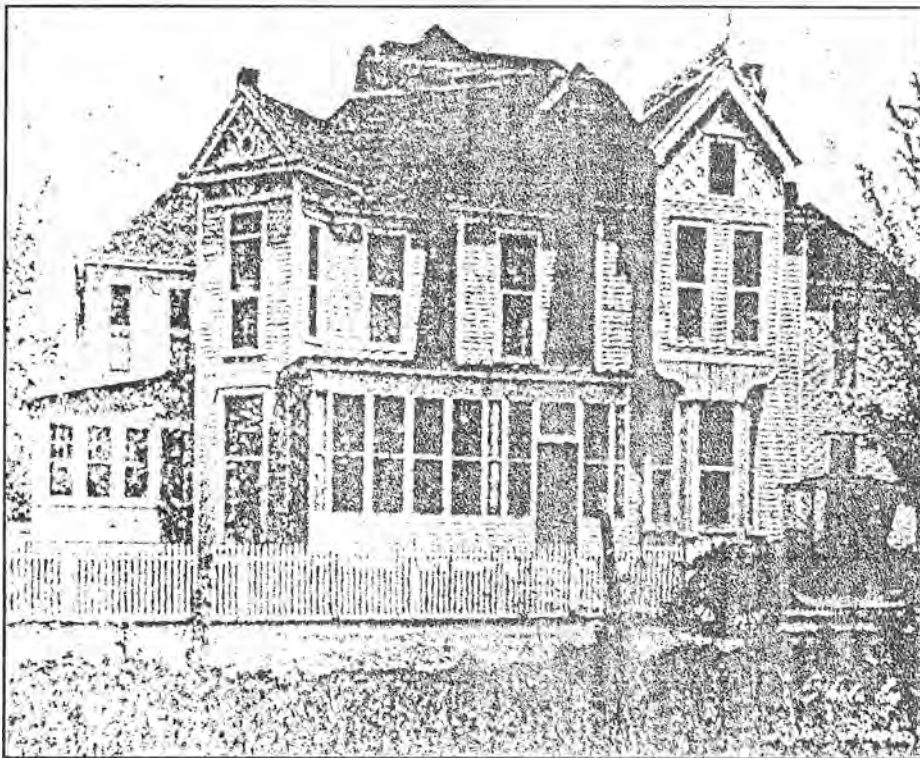
of advertisement for her establishment. The fact that they wore obvious makeup would have made their profession clear enough, but Mollie's presence also confirmed where they could be found. One of Mollie's most famous outings occurred when she filled her Victoria carriage with some of her most attractive girls and made an unauthorized appearance in the town's Fourth of July parade. Needless to say, the entourage created a sensation which was generally welcomed by the men of Huntsville, but, perhaps understandably, not by their women.

Like the residents of the town's other sporting houses, Mollie's girls had regular medical checkups under a pragmatic system that privately regulated prostitution while publicly cen-

suring it. Several times a year, the local police or sheriff would dutifully raid the bordellos. These shows of official outrage served to appease the segments of the community who spoke out against the operation of the bordellos, but they had other benefits as well. The raids also netted fines, fees, and other legal charges for the city coffers. In addition, the authorities were able to make sure that any girl who might need a health check would receive it before being released from jail.

One of the most often-told stories about these sporadic raids concerns a time that Huntsville's volunteer fire department was called to fight a blaze in one of the local bawdy houses. The firemen quickly put out the fire before much damage had been done, but they made no haste to leave the scene, "lest the flames should erupt again." While the firemen were still on the premises, the police descended on the house in one of their routine raids and arrested them all. The volunteers then resigned their fire-fighting posts in protest, leaving the city without fire protection for a while.

Apparently houses like Mollie's never lacked for either customers or residents, but among the girls there was a steady turnover. According to the late Miss Bessie Russell, a number of Mollie Teal's and the other madams' girls managed to leave their chosen profession and marry into Huntsville families. Such instances horrified the "good people" of the town. They might grudgingly tolerate the presence of Mollie's business as a necessary evil, but they expected its practitioners to keep



Huntsville Hospital (1904-1926). This house was given to the city of Huntsville by Mollie Teal (reported Madam of a house of ill repute). The home was located on what was known then as Oak Avenue (today the corner of Gallatin Street and St. Clair Avenue).

their distance from the rest of the townspeople.

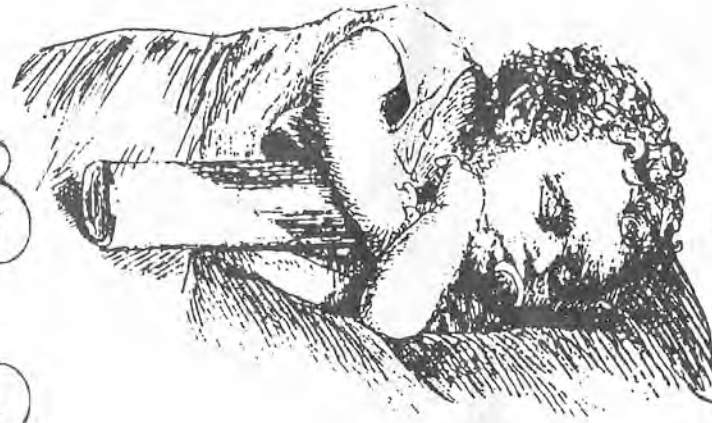
Others of the girls probably grew restless and moved on, perhaps in search of whatever elusive dreams had brought them here in the first place. However, Mollie Teal herself stayed on in Huntsville and continued to prosper, over the years acquiring real and personal property, jewelry and cash. In 1898 at the age of 47, perhaps having some premonition that she wouldn't live much longer, Mollie made out her Last Will and Testament.

Although Mollie Teal had relatives, perhaps some who were even then living in Huntsville, she left nothing to them in her Will. The immediate beneficiary of Mollie's property was a woman named Mollie Greenleaf, who could have been her personal friend, housekeeper, or loyal servant. After the usual request that her "just debts and funeral expenses" should be paid, the second clause of Mollie Teal's Will stated that she wished to give Mollie Greenleaf during her lifetime "my house and lot, said lot occupied by me now as a residence... together with all household and kitchen furniture." Another clause specified that at the death of Mollie Greenleaf, "it is my will that the city of Huntsville accept said house and lot for the use and benefit of the white public schools or for a city hospital, as the city authorities may elect, and the household and kitchen furniture be sold for cash, and the proceeds be used towards buying a library for use of said public schools." Then Mollie requested that "all my other personal property be sold for cash by my executors, and the proceeds to be donated to the white

A CENTURY OF GIVING



IN CELEBRATION OF HOPE NEONATAL ICU



To create a new life. To become parents. It's a wonderful miracle. Nothing else in life compares. But if that precious child arrives fragile, frail, and fighting to survive, fear can overwhelm a new family. Parents left helpless to save their own child will follow any star that offers hope. We have one that shines brightest. Our Neonatal Intensive Care Unit for critically ill newborns cares for tiny little gifts of life throughout the region. You may never need it. We hope you don't. But for the families that do, it offers the kind of hope you can't find anywhere else but Huntsville Hospital.



**HUNTSVILLE
HOSPITAL**

public schools."

No one will ever know for certain why Mollie Teal chose to leave anything to the town in which she had lived for so many years. One story quotes Mollie as saying on her deathbed, "I've done much to ruin the young men of Huntsville, now I want to help." However, it is debatable whether Mollie ever felt any such pangs of conscience or remorse about her contribution to the city's morals. Mollie Teal died only a year after her will had been written, and apparently Mollie Greenleaf passed on to

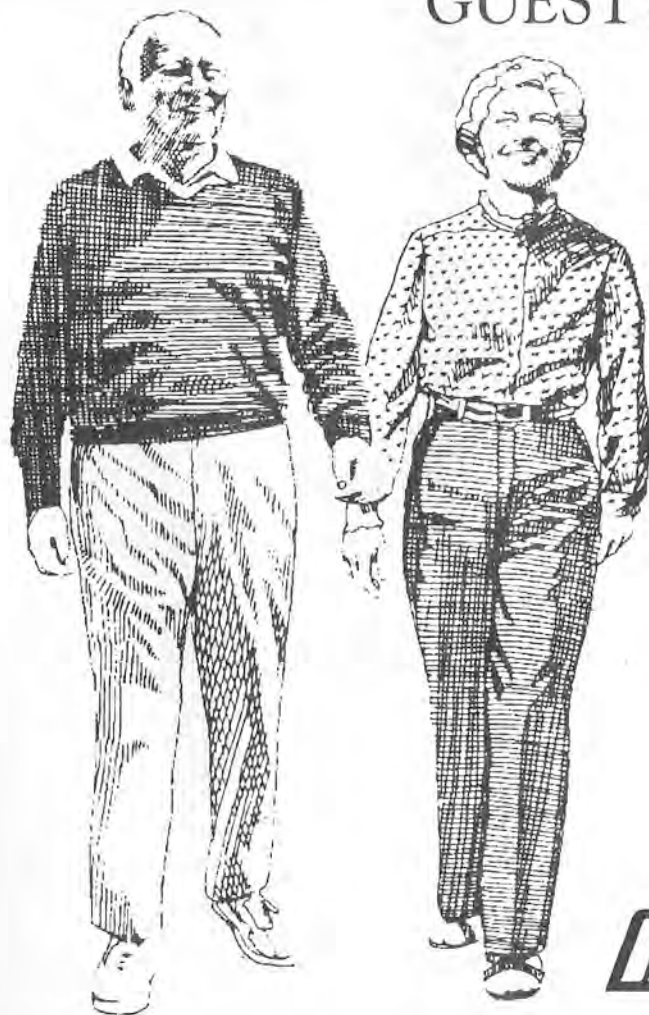
her reward only a year or two afterward. At any rate, before any of Mollie Teal's property could be disposed of under the terms of her Will, it was challenged in court by "John W. Smith, et al," claiming to be Mollie Teal's "heirs at law and next of kin."

In a tangled web of legal suits, the Smiths claimed in Chancery Court that Mollie Teal's bequest to the "city of Huntsville" was void because it should have been addressed to "The Mayor and Aldermen of the City of Huntsville." When the plaintiffs (the Smiths) won their

case, the defendants (the city of Huntsville) appealed and the decision was reversed by the Alabama Supreme Court in a ruling made February 28, 1903. However, the Smiths made one more attempt to gain some benefit from Mollie's estate by filing an Application for Rehearing. They argued that since the money in the bank was not specifically mentioned, it should not go to the city of Huntsville.

In an opinion dated July 9, 1903, the Alabama Supreme Court ruled that the heirs were entitled to the money Mollie Teal

IN CELEBRATION OF HOSPITALITY GUEST SERVICES



Southern Hospitality. Through the years you've shared the home you've built with a host of friends and family, caring for them like you do each other--in small ways that build lasting relationships. Huntsville Hospital was built on that same kind of thoughtful attention. A hundred years ago, ladies of this community started a cottage infirmary out of concern for the needs of others. Today, we continue that tradition of service with touches of hospitality that make your stay with us more comfortable. Valet parking for outpatients and obstetrical patients. More private rooms--with amenities like clock radios, TVs, VCRs, microwaves, refrigerators, and large private baths. It almost feels like home. Green-coat Courtesy Guides, welcoming our guests and guiding them on their way. Patient representatives--good folks whose job it is to make sure your stay is as pleasant as possible. No cutting edge ideas here. Just good ol' Southern Hospitality from a hospital with a heritage to uphold.

 HUNTSVILLE
HOSPITAL



had on hand at the time of her death, which was deposited in two banks in Huntsville. Presumably, the proceeds from the sale of her other personal property would, however, still be given to the city as Mollie Teal had designated in her will. On August 5, 1903, the Huntsville *Daily Mercury* quoted City Attorney Murphy as reporting that the contest of the will of the late Mollie Teal had been settled, and the city was to get Mollie Teal's house and property.

The gentlemen who ran the city of Huntsville now had Mollie Teal's house and lot, but they found themselves at a loss to know what to do with it. Mollie's primary request, that the property be used as a school and that the proceeds from her personal goods be used to supply a library for the same, could not be honored. The citizens of Huntsville might have been able to tolerate Mollie Teal's presence and profession in her lifetime, but even to think of having their children going to school in or checking out books from a building that had been a bordello too far exceeded the bounds of propriety to be considered. Mollie's Will had specified that the city was to get the house for use "of the white public schools, or a city hospital." As such, it could not legally be sold.

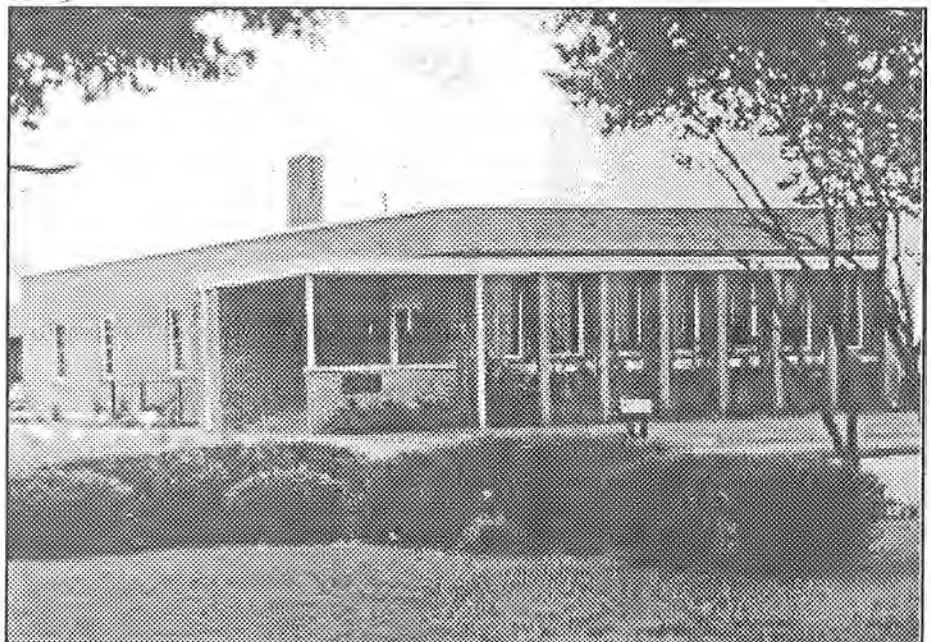
Into this dilemma stepped some doctors' wives and other civic-minded women who had long advocated the establishment of a place of treatment for the sick in the city of Huntsville. Since such a use as that not only met the legal terms of Mollie Teal's Will, but also filled a genuine need, the city fathers decided that the property she had willed to Huntsville should be utilized

as a hospital. The large house with the shady past was then extensively remodeled and opened for use in 1904 as the "Huntsville City Infirmiry." In addition to being Huntsville's first hospital, it also housed a school of nursing. Both remained in operation until 1926, when Huntsville Hospital opened.

Throughout the years, the Huntsville City Infirmiry's occupants were quite aware of its former history. A woman who trained at the school of nursing in the building recalled that the front screen door would sometimes slam and hook itself shut, at which time it would jokingly be said that "Miss Mollie" had locked the door and was "checking on the customers." After Huntsville Hospital opened, the Infirmiry building was sold and soon fell upon hard times. Becoming ever more dilapidated,

the building in turn saw use as a cheap boarding house, a "shot house," and, it is said, eventually reverted to its original purpose although not in a manner that Miss Mollie would have tolerated or approved of in her day, before it eventually burned.

Although Mollie Teal has been gone many years, tales about her still persist, and she has never been completely forgotten. Even to this day, her grave, located near the Confederate soldiers' section of Maple Hill Cemetery, is periodically decorated with fresh flowers. Who brings them, no one knows. Perhaps it is someone who thinks that Mollie Teal should be thanked, in some small way for adding a splash of color to Huntsville during her lifetime and then giving part of the city's wealth back after her death.



Photograph of J.W. Whitaker's clinic, more commonly known as 5th Avenue Hospital. Though advertised as "completely modern in every respect," it could not keep up with Huntsville's growth. In 1973, in an effort to provide better medical service and to consolidate cost, it became part of Huntsville Hospital.

Household Tips by EARLENE



If you've smashed your finger in a door, get your significant other to grate some onion and add a teaspoonful of salt to the onion. Apply it to your finger and you should feel relief immediately.

For hoarseness or laryngitis, drink a mixture of 2 teaspoonfuls onion juice and 1 teaspoonful honey, 3 spoonfuls every 3 hours.

Another remedy for hoarseness is to boil a pound of black beans in a gallon of water for an hour. Drain the water, and drink 6 ounces of the liquid an hour before each meal.

Try a low-fat substitute for whipped cream by dropping a ripe banana and the white of an egg in a bowl, beat with mixer on high til stiff.

Before you measure honey into your measuring cup, try spraying with liquid/spray vegetable oil. Your honey will just slide out.

If your cookies have hardened, put a couple of pieces of orange or lemon peel in the cookie jar with them.

Though hairspray works really well when you're trying to remove ballpoint ink stains from clothes and wallpaper, it works equally well on leather. My favorite wallet had a roller ink pen mark on it that I just couldn't get

off with soap, so I tried the hairspray. Guess what? It worked like a charm, just required a little rubbing.

Iron your ironing board cover occasionally with heavy starch to help keep it clean and smooth.

For an unusual health tonic, try mixing a teaspoonful of honey with 1/2 teaspoonful of garlic juice.

Peppermint tea is not only soothing, but it will help you digest your food and get rid of that

nasty indigestion after your meal.

No one knows why, but an excellent remedy for premenstrual tension in women is to take 2 capsules of garlic daily. You can buy them now with no smell or after effect.

Preserve your fine china and saucers from scratches by putting a paper dolly between each one when you stack them.

To thrill your kids at bath time, add a few drops of food coloring to their bath bubbles.

For a delightful room freshener that you make yourself, buy a bottle of wintergreen oil. Take a few cotton balls and soak the balls in the oil. Place in several places throughout your home, even in your car. You'll love the smell!



The Blackwell Medical Tower houses offices for more than 50 physicians, The Comprehensive Cancer Institute, and a community education center.





The Prize

When the new hospital opened in 1926, it was the start of one of the strangest races in Huntsville's history. The hospital, which now boasted of a modern maternity ward and an up-to-date delivery room, offered a silver loving cup to the first baby born in the new facility. Not to be outdone, several merchants in town also offered prizes.

Most babies at this time were born at home, most often with a mid-wife helping in the delivery. With the lack of sanitary conditions, and improper training, this often resulted in dire medical complications for both the mother and newborn baby. The staff of Huntsville Hospital realized the dangers and had begun an intensive campaign to educate the public on the benefits of a modern delivery room.

When the hospital opened its doors on June 8, 1926, there were three ladies in Huntsville who were expecting any day. The publicity surrounding the hospital had generated much interest

among Huntsville's citizens, with many speculating on who would win the prize.

One of the ladies was Mrs. L.M. Miller, a naturalized citizen who had lived in Huntsville for years. Both she and her husband were Russian emigrants who had come through Ellis Island before settling in New York. A few years after coming to America the Millers came south for a visit. As their son would recall years later, "They were so impressed by the friendliness of the people in Huntsville, they never left!"

The Miller's quickly established themselves in Huntsville, opening a business named L.M. Miller and Sons that is still in business today. Although Mrs. Miller was aware of the intense competition to have the first baby born in Huntsville Hospital, she evidently could have cared less.

On the night her labor began she was playing poker with a group of friends and, being on a winning streak, refused to leave. Despite her husband's frantic entreaties to go to the hos-

pital, she kept insisting on, "just one more hand!"

Finally, probably more worried about her husband's condition than her own, she agreed to be taken to the hospital, where, a few hours later, she became the proud mother of the first baby born in Huntsville Hospital. The baby was named Israel Bernard (Buddy) Miller.

Like most trivial historical incidents, the birth of the first baby in Huntsville Hospital soon became lost in the midst of time. Years later Terri Bryson, Public Relations Director for Huntsville Hospital, was browsing through some old documents when she ran across the story. Intrigued, but not expecting an answer, she reached for the phone book to see if Buddy Miller might still live in Huntsville.

Within minutes she was talking to Mr. Miller who confirmed that he was indeed the person in question. "Unfortunately," he explained, "the loving cup had been lost years before."

After learning that Mr.

Israel Bernard (Buddy) Miller

Israel Bernard (Buddy) Miller was born on July 11, 1926.

This particular date in Huntsville Hospital's history is significant for the fact that Mr. Miller was the very first baby born in the modern building that was built to replace the old Huntsville Infirmary.

Mr. Miller's mother was given a silver loving cup in recognition of her special contribution to the history of Huntsville Hospital.



Miller's birthday was coming up in a few days, Terri invited him and his wife to lunch at the hospital.

Sixty-five years after becoming the first baby born in Huntsville Hospital, Buddy Miller once again visited the hospital. This time he was greeted by a huge banner across the dining room proclaiming, "Happy Birthday, Buddy."

Surrounded by staff and well wishers, he was presented with a replica of the silver loving cup that had been given to his mother years earlier.

A good laugh and a long sleep
are the best cures in a doctor's
book.

Old Irish Proverb

The Hospital Movement



Weekly Mercury, July 12, 1895

At last with the assistance of the city council, the United Charities have established a hospital and have it ready for the reception of patients.

For years these noble ladies have worked day after day to alleviate the sufferings of unfortunate individuals unable to care for themselves, but not until now has this society been able to offer suitable quarters for the treatment of the poor. Indeed the quarters now at the disposal of this society are not sufficiently large, but as interest grows in the work, our charitable citizens will subscribe to the hospital fund.

IN CELEBRATION OF SECOND CHANCES

12-LEAD EKG EQUIPMENT

No one wants to be accused of crying wolf. You've had chest pains before and it turned out to be nothing. So unfortunately, the last thing you'll do is call 911. By then, we've lost a lot of time. Heart muscle is dying. We may be losing you too. But we will do anything we can to give you a second chance. For one, we've bought eight 12-lead EKG units and given them to HEMSI ambulance service. Yes, it costs a lot of money. But we believe your life is worth it. With this advanced technology, the paramedics on the scene can transmit critical diagnostic information directly into our Emergency Room. You may not know it's a heart attack, but we will. And we'll be ready. It just may save us enough time that we can save your life.



HUNTSVILLE
HOSPITAL

Celebrating 31 Years of Excellence



Dr. Frank Haws' Commitment to Huntsville

Thirty-one years ago Huntsville was a small town. The space program was just beginning in earnest, and medical technology was developing rapidly. At that time, Huntsville Hospital was a 150-bed general medical facility serving the community with limited resources.

Dr. Frank Phillip Haws was recruited by the late Dr. Roscoe Bryson, radiologist, to the Huntsville medical community. In August, 1964, he left an established neurosurgical practice in Memphis, Tennessee and settled in Huntsville.

In the beginning, although lacking facilities, equipment, and support systems to operate, Dr. Haws recognized the personal challenge and became instrumental in developing the growth of neurosurgery in Huntsville.

During the early years of Dr. Haws' medical practice here, he would regularly go to the other hospitals in North Alabama to assist other physicians in managing patients who had sustained severe trauma or who had other neurological disorders.

Through his persistence and determination, the surrounding communities recognized his skills and began referring patients to him at Huntsville Hospital.

Dr. Haws was primarily re-

sponsible for initiating Huntsville Hospital's drive to establish a first-rate neurosurgical program but he understood that it would take the cooperative efforts of other physicians to achieve this goal. Therefore he recruited and was joined by the late Dr. Dwight M. Plott, a neurologist, in 1966.

In short order the following neurosurgeons came on board: Dr. William H. Bell in 1967, Dr. Donald A. Maccubbin in 1972, and Dr. Joseph N. Triplett in 1977. Though retired today,

these physicians helped build the strong neuro reputation now enjoyed by our community. Today, Dr. Haws' partners, Dr. Robert Hash, Dr. Rhett Murray, and Dr. Joel Pickett are also dedicated to providing the finest neurosurgical care available.

Dr. Haws also understood the need for, and enlisted the support of, other key medical specialists. He enlisted the help, and expertise, of Neurologists, Pulmonologists, Neuroradiologists, Endocrinologists, and Oncologists. Each of these highly trained specialists contributed their excellence in treating the growing number of neurosurgical patients.

Dr. Haws was largely responsible for soliciting Huntsville Hospital's early commitment to develop a working partnership with these specialists and to provide unique facilities, specially trained nurses, and ancillary support within which they could practice. Under his

Huntsville Hospital honored Dr. Haws in 1995 for his support and contributions by naming the hospital's neurosurgical unit in his honor.



guidance, in 1981, Huntsville Hospital opened the area's only designated Neuro Intensive Care Unit and Neuro Step-Down Unit. Today the Neuro ICU and the Step-Down Unit are staffed with highly skilled nursing professionals directly providing care to neurologically impaired patients.

As an integral part of the Hospital's commitment to develop a first-rate program, specialized equipment to support intracranial and intraspinal surgery had to be provided. In describing the extent of the Hospital's response, Dr. Haws stated, "The hospital Administration and the Board of Trustees have always responded in a positive manner to the needs of the medical staff for new facilities, equipment, and the latest diagnostic technology and treatment for our patients. They were also instrumental in providing us with a full-time emergency room coverage which has created an environment that made it very desirable for other specialty services to practice here at Huntsville."

Therefore when we reflect back on thirty-one years of neurosurgical service in Huntsville, Dr. Haws can be justifiably proud with the progress made to date and the community as a whole can be very proud of him.

With the continued guidance and support provided by those such as Frank Haws, Huntsville and the surrounding area will be well prepared to keep abreast of the changes in the health care services and technology to better serve its needs in the 21st century.



Did
You
Know?



Huntsville Hospital serves more meals every day than any other institution in North Alabama.

Each meal is carefully examined by dietary experts to make sure it conforms to the exact health standards set by Huntsville Hospital.

The Privileges That Come With The Passage Of Time ...

Huntsville Hospital's Senior Horizons recognizes the significant milestones that come with age and we honor you with special privileges and conveniences like:

- Valet Parking
- Insurance Claims
- Filing assistance
- Cafeteria Discounts
- Health Screening Seminars and Special Activities
- Physician Referral Service
- Senior-cise Exercise Class
- Prescription Discounts
- Travel Club
- Monthly Newsletter
- and many more

For an annual fee of only \$15 for an individual, or \$25 for a couple, you can enjoy these and many other benefits of Senior Horizons.

For membership information, call 517-7950, because the best is yet to come.



Senior Horizons

The Best Years



HUNTSVILLE
HOSPITAL

A First Class Hospital



The Dream of Alvin Blackwell

by Tom Carney

To know Alvin Blackwell is to know a man too busy to slow down, even at the age of 76.

Sitting in a local restaurant, drinking coffee, one cannot help but be amazed at the vibrant, and passionate, energy displayed when he talks about Huntsville Hospital.

"We've got the best hospital in this part of the country, and it's going to continue to be!" The forcefulness of his voice alone makes one reluctant to disagree with him.

"I didn't want to be on the Hospital board. Matter of fact, I didn't know anything about it until I saw my name on the front page of *The Huntsville Times* saying that I had been appointed!"

The interview ceased suddenly when someone walked by the table and recognized Alvin. What followed was a five minute dialogue about Huntsville Hospital, various doctors around town, and Hurricane Creek. This was normal procedure I learned later. Everybody claims Alvin Blackwell as a friend.

Suddenly turning back to the coffee cup sitting in front of

him, he paused, as if in reflection. "Did I tell you I was born on Hurricane Creek? In the year 1918?"

"My parents were 'dirt farmers.' They raised a little corn but mostly cotton. I spent most of my time doing what all the other young boys did. Namely, picking cotton and working on the farm.

"Years later when we moved, another family moved into the house. They had a son who always wanted to be a lawyer. Maybe it was getting away from farm work that motivated him, but regardless, Buck Watson turned out to be a pretty good lawyer.

"Working on the farm didn't exactly agree with me either so when I had the opportunity to go to the University of Alabama, I jumped at the chance. There wasn't any money so I spent my college career sleeping in the basement of the museum and working as a night watchman and janitor. I made fifteen dollars a month, but it was still better than picking cotton.

"I had started courting my wife, Gertrude Prince, while still in High School and got married November 29, 1941. A week later I heard on the radio that Pearl

Harbor had been bombed. At first, I thought it was another 'Orson Wells' hoax, but the looks on everyone's faces convinced me otherwise."

Alvin soon joined the lines of young men in front of the enlistment offices and within a short while was on his way to the Pacific Theater. After being assigned as a SeaBee, he spent the next three years island hopping, helping repair facilities and establish bases for the invading Allied forces.

As suddenly as the war had begun, it was over, bringing hundreds of thousands of young men back home to start their lives anew.

"Huntsville was just a little sleepy town in those days. Though we advertised a population of thirty thousand, that left a lot of room for exaggeration. Actually, it was probably closer to sixteen thousand.

The next few years however, saw an explosive growth in Huntsville as the space program began to capture the nation's attention. Along with the increased population came the need for more housing, and Alvin became involved in helping to develop new subdivisions, such as Blossomwood.

By 1960, Alvin had already developed a reputation as a colorful, and somewhat eccentric, character. Never exactly bashful, he was known to "storm" City Hall when he disagreed with their policies.

"Oh, there had been talk about me running for public office," Alvin said. "But I wasn't interested. I was perfectly happy in my real estate business.

"Well, when I read in the paper that I had been appointed to the Hospital board, I made up

my mind I was going to learn everything about it I could."

That was almost an understatement. The next few months saw the new board member poking in every nook and cranny of the Hospital, and before long, he was familiar with everyone working there.

"The Hospital had done a good job with what they had," Alvin remembered, "but the building was old and too small for Huntsville's needs."

"Huntsville was growing fast," recalled Alvin. "We were building a modern city, but with an antique hospital. I saw people all the time who would travel to Birmingham or Nashville for medical care and I kept asking myself why?"

Before long his thoughts had materialized into a plan. "We are going to have a first class Hospital in Huntsville," he announced.

"It became almost impossible," according to one longtime resident, "to talk to Alvin about anything except the Hospital. If you tried to talk about something else, he would always steer the conversation back to the need for more doctors and more beds."

"We all saw the need for more specialists," said Alvin, "like Dr. Bob Denton, an orthopedic doctor. Hell, I didn't know an orthopod from a chicken, but I knew we needed more specialists like him."

In a bold move, probably unprecedented in Huntsville's history, the board began advertising in other cities for doctors to move to Huntsville.

As the dream of a modern hospital began to take hold, Alvin took on the role of "chief booster." Besides speaking to

civic clubs, and working with politicians, he often traveled to other cities to inspect their hospitals and induce doctors to move to Huntsville.

When asked if he ever asked Gov. George Wallace, a close personal friend, for help with the hospital, Alvin smiled, and with a twinkle in his eye replied, "I probably did. I asked everybody for help back then."

Suddenly reverting back to the present, and asking for another cup of coffee, Alvin talked of the South Tower, which opened in 1963, increasing bed capacity to 323.

"Oh, sure, there were some people against it, but when they saw the benefits to the community, they shut up fast."

Alvin realized that if Huntsville was to continue to grow, Huntsville Hospital had to grow accordingly. In 1971, another addition was built to the hospital, adding another 72 beds. He also continued to push for the latest medical technology, saying, "the price is small when

compared to the health of a loved one."

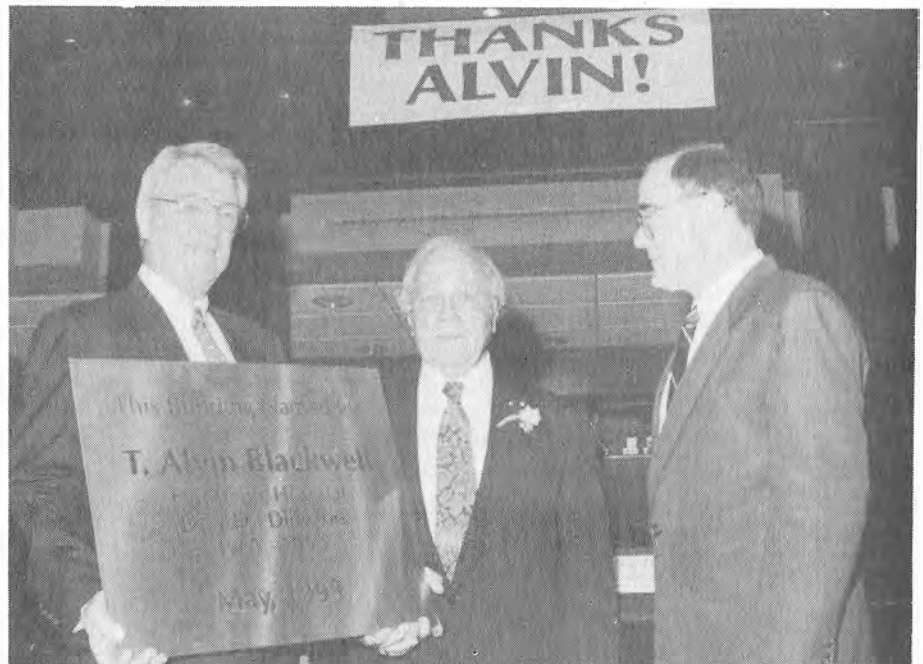
"Probably the proudest I have ever been was when I was walking down the hall of the Hospital with Dr. Henry Anderson (Sr.) and he turned to me. 'Alvin,' he said, 'we have got a first class hospital here.' That kind of made everything worthwhile."

Abruptly setting his coffee cup down, Alvin announced he had to go. As we walked out the door, I took the opportunity to ask what he foresaw for Huntsville Hospital in the next 100 years.

"Son," he said. "We're going to continue to have a first class Hospital, cause if we don't ... they're going to have to answer to Alvin Blackwell!"

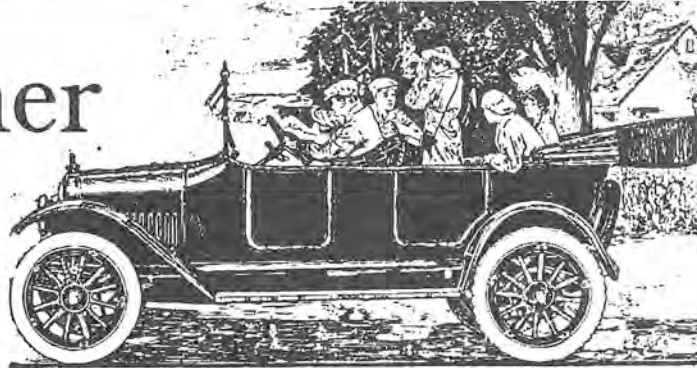
For some reason, I believe he's right.

Alvin Blackwell served on the Board of Directors for Huntsville Hospital from 1960 to 1993. In 1993, the Blackwell Medical Tower was named in his honor.



David Byers, Alvin Blackwell and Ed Boston at Blackwell's retirement from the Board in 1993.

Father and Son



A Heritage of Healing in Huntsville

Dr. Carl Grote, Jr., is not the type of person who talks about himself a lot. That's not his style. As a family practitioner in Huntsville for the past 36 years, he's spent most of his adult life focusing on the people he treats. But occasionally, he sits back in his chair at home, and enjoys a rare moment of reflection on the contributions the Grote family has made to health care in this community. As he reflects on nearly eight decades of those contributions, there is a sense of peace and satisfaction that comes over him ... a quiet pride of knowing that the job has been well done.

Although the history of

medical care in Madison County is sprinkled with the names of many outstanding individuals, few occupy the position held by Carl Grote's late father, Dr. Carl A. Grote, Sr. His mark on medicine and on the development of Huntsville Hospital is documented in local history. Quietly though, and in his own way, Carl Grote, Jr., picked up the mantle from his father and has made an equally indelible mark.

Carl Grote, Sr., was a native of Greensboro in Hale County. "My father always wanted to be a doctor, but he couldn't afford medical school. So he graduated from the old Southern University (now Bir-

mingham Southern) and became a school teacher. Fortunately ... I guess you could say ... he was a flop at teaching," smiled Grote.

After his brief stint in education, the elder Grote, with help from his sister, worked his way through medical school at the Alabama Medical College in Mobile. After graduating in 1912, he was named county health officer for Walker County, becoming the first full time public health physician in Alabama.

Grote's connection with Huntsville resulted from a public health crisis in the city in 1916. "There was an epidemic of typhoid fever in the community and my father was sent to investigate it," his son recalled.

"As it turned out, the water supply for the city which was fed from the Big Spring was contaminated with sewerage. My father went down in the caverns beneath the courthouse square area and found the problem. That's when Huntsville first started chlorinating the water."

Grote's modest summary understates the seriousness of his father's actions. By crawling on his hands and knees through the city's water system he risked his own life and conquered a disease which had killed many in the community.

Be sure that Dr. Grote's heroics were well known in Huntsville eight decades ago. In fact, there was a ground swell of support for this young physician to stay in the community. Two years later, in 1918, he packed his bags in Jasper and made Huntsville his home, becoming Madison County's first public health officer. And except for a few months in 1924 when he helped start a county health department in Greensboro, North Carolina, Huntsville was his



Huntsville Hospital in the late 1950s. Construction on the north and south end additions are evident in this photograph.

home until his death in 1964.

By 1924, Grote's private practice was flourishing in the area of Huntsville known as Merrimac Village. Merrimac Mills, later known as Huntsville Manufacturing, had employed Grote to run the mill's health clinic.

It was during those days that Dr. Grote's love-affair with Huntsville Hospital and for a special young lady was kindled. Willie Barrier, a pretty young laboratory technologist in the county health department, became Mrs. Carl Grote in 1926. That same year Dr. Grote and other city leaders led a campaign to build a new Huntsville Hospital. Grote's efforts to raise \$200,000 and the contribution of the land by Harry Rhett, Sr., culminated in the construction and opening of a modern, 50-bed hospital on Madison Street. Heretofore, Huntsville Infirmary, the forerunner to the hospital, operated in converted homes since opening in 1895.

Dr. Grote's involvement in the life of Huntsville Hospital was a daily affair for the next four decades. "He was a board member, chairman ... you name it," recalled his son. "Huntsville Hospital was always a special part of his life. He used to say that he practiced medicine for fun and that Huntsville Hospital was his hobby."

In 1928, Carl and Willie Grote had a son, Carl, Jr. To say that he's a chip off the old block is an understatement. He's a dead ringer for his father in appearance and in his love for Huntsville Hospital.

"My father didn't push me into medicine. He told me to come with him on his calls and see if I wanted to be a physician. Actually, I went with him because

IN CELEBRATION OF FRIENDSHIP

BUDDY CHECK



Good news. Everything is going to be alright. What a relief. What a friend. You have the *best* Buddy in the world. She held your hand through the most agonizing trial of your life. She stayed after you. She reminded you monthly to do the self-exams that helped you find that lump early. She may have saved your life. And she got the idea from another friend--Huntsville Hospital. More than 11,000 women have signed up for our *Buddy Check* program, learning the importance of early detection of breast cancer, and the power of friendship. Women helping women. Reminding each other to take care of themselves. Taking charge of their own health. Listening to the advice of a trusted friend.



**HUNTSVILLE
HOSPITAL**



I got to drive him on his house calls. He used that time to catch up on his sleep," laughed the younger Grote.

Regardless of his motive, Carl, Jr., was eventually turned on to medicine. "My dad always told me to keep my eyes open on a house call. He said look around, don't just look at the patient. You can tell a lot about your patient by what you see in their home. And he always said, look on the mantle, that's where they keep all of their medicines. You can also find out if they are seeing another doctor," Grote grinned.

Grote pursued his medical education at Vanderbilt University, where he received his undergraduate degree in 1950 and his medical degree in 1954. He completed his internship at Butterworth Hospital in Grand Rapids, Michigan, and his medical residency in general practice from H. P. Long Charity Hospital in Pineville, Louisiana. From 1955 to 1957 he served in Germany as a Captain in the U.S. Army Medical Corps. He came home in 1958.

"I practiced with my father for 6 years before he died in his sleep in 1964. We practiced with Earl Robertson and John Lary, Sr. There were 35 physicians in Huntsville when I came home in 1958," he recalled. "Huntsville Hospital was a 150-bed community hospital in a city that was growing fast, thanks to the space program."

For Carl Grote, Jr., the growth and outreach of Huntsville Hospital during the past 30 years is an "astounding success story for our community." And though he won't say it, it is also a tribute to him. His support, hard work and leadership on the

medical staff and on the hospital board has helped build a hospital that touches nearly every life in Madison County and thousands of others throughout the region.

"Of course, I love Huntsville Hospital. I grew up with it. It's been a part of my life as it was a part of my father's life. I think he would be astounded at the changes that have taken place. I know he would be proud of how far we have come," he said.

Just how far has Huntsville Hospital come in its first 100 years? Today, the hospital that began in a cottage in 1895 is a 901-bed health care system that employs 4,000 persons and has a medical staff of more than 400 physicians. Dr. Grote, a member of the governing board of the hospital since 1979, and a past chairman, says there are so many noteworthy achievements over the past quarter of a century.

"Many things stand out ...

the construction of the North Tower, the professional office building and the Sivley Road expansion. The new technology and services which are now available. And of course, the acquisition of Medical Center Hospital which was really the start of a new generation of health care in Huntsville," he said.

"It has been an exciting time and I am glad that I could share in it. If one thing has really made me proud, and I believe would make my father proud, is that we have a hospital that is very rare in our country. I do not know of any city in this country that has a community hospital of our size and complexity that does not receive any tax support. Huntsville Hospital has always provided care for the indigent in our community without tax support. That's a sign of the community spirit which has made the hospital great. I hope that spirit never changes."



Dr. Carl Grote, Jr., and his wife, Carol (center), with their family at the dedication of the Carl A. Grote Wing at Huntsville Hospital. Portraits of Dr. Grote, Sr., and Dr. Grote, Jr., hang in the lobby of the hospital today.

Dr. William H. Burritt

Dr. Burritt was listed as a practicing Homeopathic Physician in Huntsville in 1899.

In 1949, Dr. Burritt donated the home he was raised in (206 Eustis) to the City for use as the Madison County Health Center, in memory of his father who had practiced medicine in Huntsville for twenty-two years.

Dr. Burritt was a man of many interests. As an inventor, he held claim to over 40 patents, mostly in the tire and rubber industry.

But probably, what he's remembered most for is the unique construction of his home, atop Monte Sano Mountain, which he built and insulated with bales of hay.

When he died in 1955, he left his home, to be used as a museum for local art and history. Dr. Burritt is recalled fondly by many elderly Huntsvillians as a philanthropist who was actively involved in making our community a better place to live.



Did You Know?



The land on which Huntsville Hospital sits, was originally owned by Dr. David Moore, one of Huntsville's earliest doctors.

Dr. Moore began his practice in Huntsville in 1810, 9 years before Alabama became a state.

The two acres on which the "1926" hospital was built was donated to the Hospital Board by Moore's descendant, Harry M. Rhett, Sr.



IN CELEBRATION OF KNOWLEDGE

COMMUNITY EDUCATION

Our community education classes give you the strength and the know-how to care for your family and friends. We teach wives how to prepare heart healthy meals. We get friends back on their feet with exercise and recovery programs. And we prepare families for new arrivals. We even teach caregivers how to care for themselves, so they can be there for the ones they love. Because we learned a long time ago, that good health begins with good information.



The Miracle of Believing

by Lee Ann Lancaster

It was the phone call that every mother feared the most.

"Your son has been in an accident and they're carrying him to the hospital."

I had risen early that morning to go to work for a few hours, and by the time I had gotten back, my son Nathan was walking out the door. He told me several days before that he was going hiking with friends on Monte Sano Mountain, and as I read the note he had taped to the refrigerator door, I felt a tinge of pride.

"Don't worry," the note read, "I'll be fine. I love you."

Nathan had recently turned fourteen and though he was already a young man, I still worried about him when he was away from home.

As I prepared myself a snack, I began to make plans for the day. Do errands, fill the car up with gas, stop by the grocery store and pick up hamburger buns. Hamburgers were Nathan's favorite meal and though I think he eats too many of them, I thought it would still be fun to cook out that afternoon while he told me about his day on the mountain.

I had just started to walk out the door when the phone rang. At first I started to ignore it, but thinking it might be my employer calling, asking me to come in early, I reluctantly

started to answer it.

"Lee Ann?" The answering machine had already clicked on. "Pick up the phone."

"Yes," I reluctantly answered, "What can I do for you?"

"Lee Ann." It was my husband. "Nathan has been in an accident. They are carrying him to Huntsville Hospital."

I don't remember if I hung up the phone. I don't even remember driving to the hospital.

The only thing I recall is standing in the emergency room, seeing my son lying helpless as doctors and nurses worked over him.

Hours later a doctor gently took my arm and steered me toward a quiet part of the waiting room. "Mrs. Lancaster, your son has suffered serious injuries. He has a cerebral hemorrhage to the brain, several broken bones and is in a coma."

"Will he be all right?" I prayed for the doctor to say yes.

"The next 72 hours will tell. He's in critical condition and

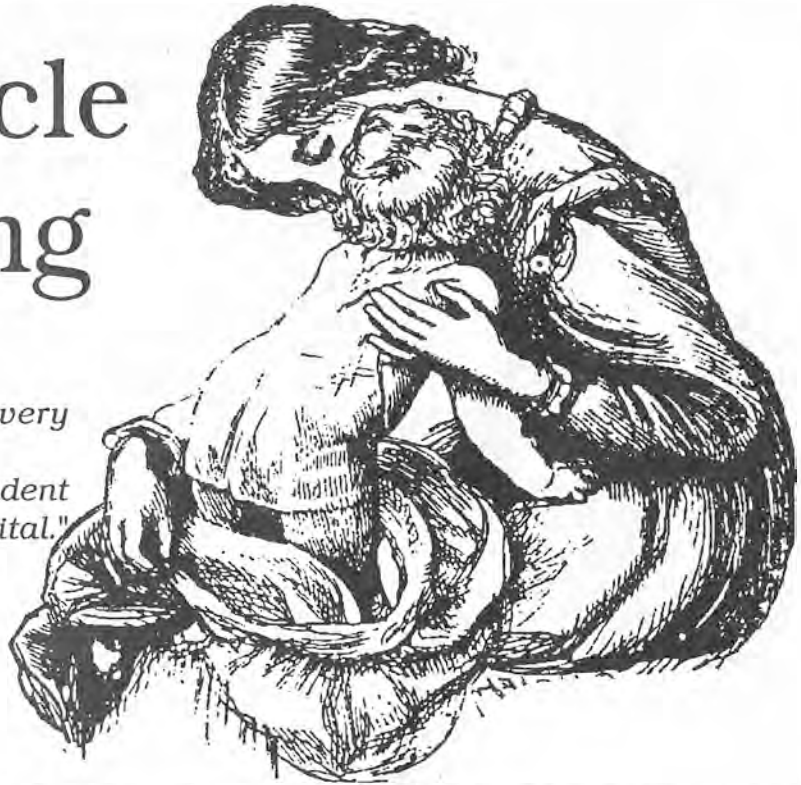
right now there doesn't appear to be much hope."

I learned that Nathan and his friends had been walking on a trail atop Monte Sano Mountain and had paused to enjoy the view on a bluff overlook. Somehow he slipped on loose gravel, sending him plummeting 75 feet onto a mass of boulders. It took the fire department, police department and volunteer rescue squad two hours to recover Nathan from the base of the cliff.

I had been to the hospital many times before, visiting sick friends and relatives, but all of a sudden, with my son there, it became the loneliest place in the world. Even when friends and family began arriving I still found it hard to talk to anyone.

How could they know what I felt inside? My son was lying there fighting for his life, and people were telling me to be brave. I felt like screaming and crying all at the same time.

Late that night, while sitting next to Nathan's bed, all alone, I



broke down and began weeping.

A nurse passing by, saw me and stopped to talk. I had noticed her earlier with a doctor who was working on Nathan.

"You're Nathan's mother?" She asked.

"Please, tell me he's going to be all right," I begged.

"I can't tell you that," she replied. "But I do know I've seen more miracles at this hospital than I can count. You just have to believe."

Suddenly she reached out and hugged me, the way a mother would hug a small child.

In a strange sort of way, that night was the turning point for me. I knew Nathan was in for a difficult battle, but I also knew that he would get the best care possible. All I had to do was to look in the nurses' eyes to see that they cared as much as I did.

Days passed with Nathan lying in a coma, dependent on tubes and machines to keep him alive. My every waking minute was spent at the hospital, waiting and praying for some sign of improvement.

By this time all the nurses had learned of the, "Boy on the eighth floor," who was fighting for his life. Many of them began stopping by Nathan's room while on break. Some of them would pause to talk for a few minutes while others would simply give my hand a squeeze, and tell me that they were thinking of Nathan.

On October 22, 1994 after 21 days in a coma, one of the nurses noticed a movement in Nathan's eye. I had been singing a song to him and as I finished, we saw a tear run down the side of his cheek. Excited, she called for the other nurses who came rushing into the

room. Within minutes, the room became crowded as people watched the miracle of life.

When the doctor arrived, the room became quiet, as everyone waited to hear what the verdict would be. Finally, after what seemed like an eternity, the doctor raised up and turned to me. He did not have to say anything. The smile on his face told all.

Nathan remained in Huntsville Hospital for another four months before being released. Though he is still undergoing intensive therapy to regain the full use of his right arm and leg, the doctors tell us he is well on the way to recovery.

On Nathan's last day in the hospital, I was getting his things ready to take home when I saw the nurse who had befriended me that first night. When I told her how much her comforting had meant to me, she gave me another big hug and said, "Honey, I told you this was a place of miracles. We'll just add one more to the

list."

A special thanks to the nurses: Linda Haney, Laura Vinyard, Sheila Calderon, Jeff Dunlap, Debbie Pettit, Kim Flannigan, Debbie Epps, Kathy Yarborough, Debbie Crowley, Andrea Mullican, Michelle Pugh and Mary Montgomery.

Thank you for being the Angels you are.



Did
You
Know?



During the past 10 years more than 30,000 babies were born at Huntsville Hospital.

Christopher Hugo Russell

Dr. Russell was born in Apple Grove, Alabama, but at age eight, he and his family moved to Oklahoma after his father died in 1888. There, he grew up as a working cowboy. As an adult he moved back to Alabama where he studied medicine.

In 1915, he came to Huntsville and practiced surgery and obstetrics.

Dr. Russell married Bessie King in 1920.

Bessie Russell was associated for many years with the Huntsville Public Library.

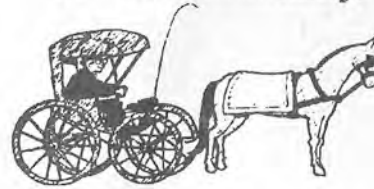


Celebrating
1895-1995
100 Years of Caring

Huntsville's Hospital For More Than A Century.



Since 1895, Huntsville Hospital
has led the way in caring
for our community.



**HUNTSVILLE
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