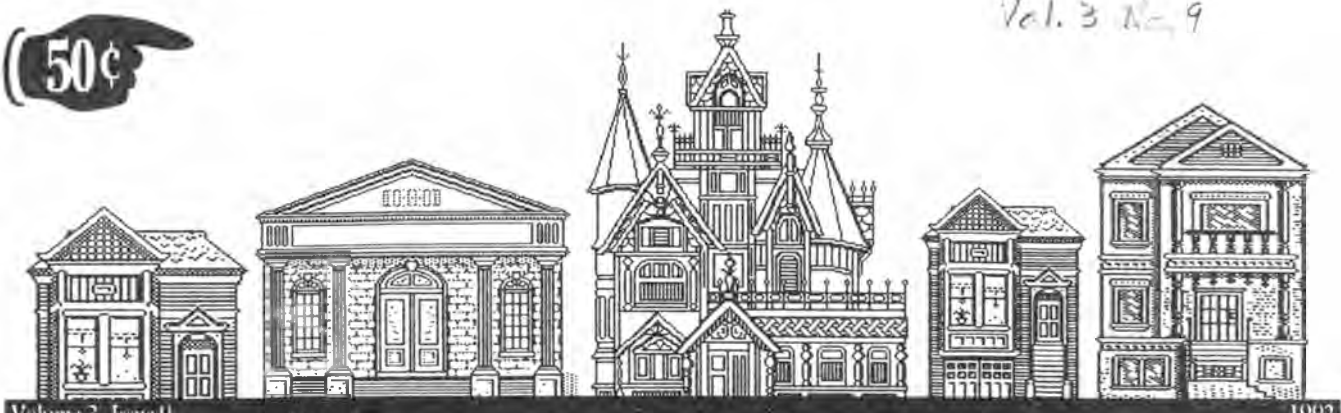


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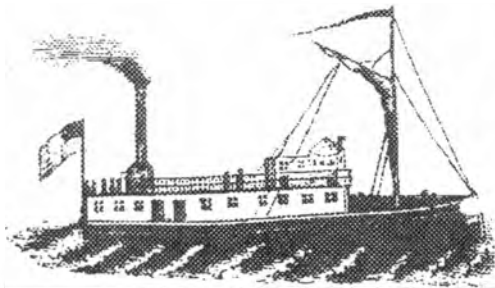
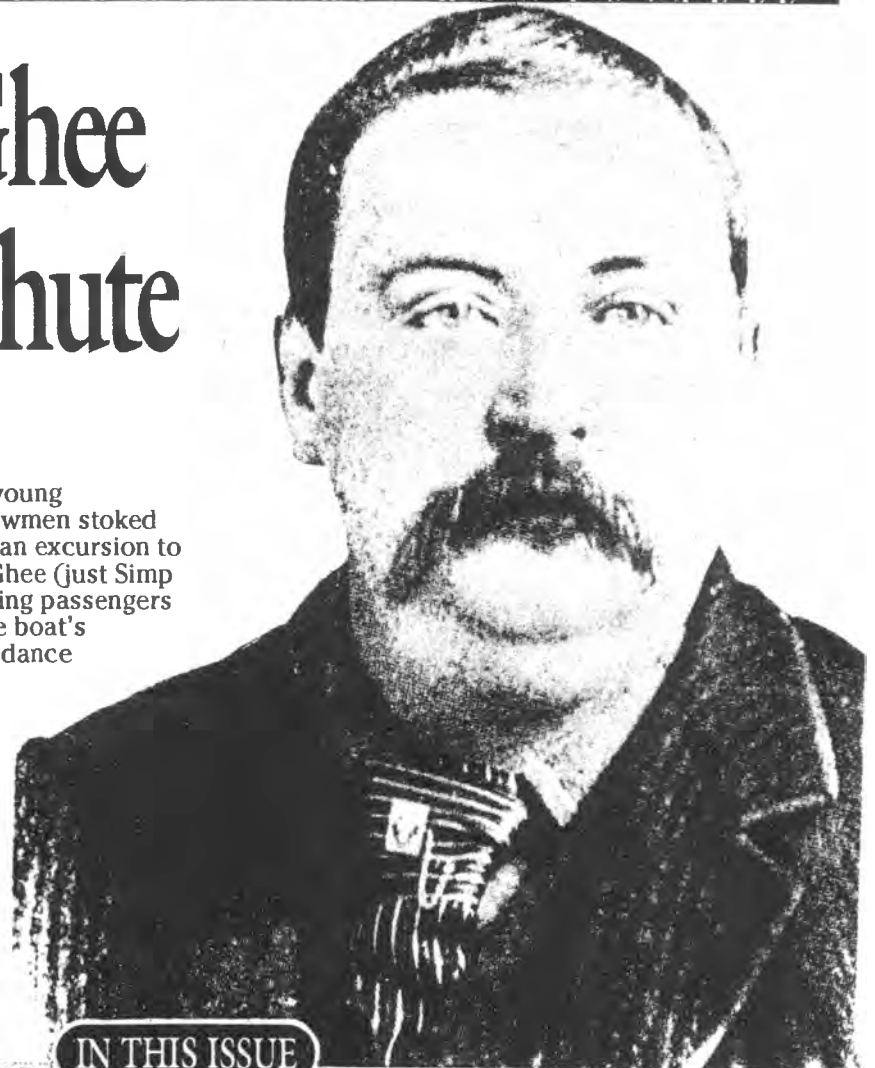
Old Huntsville

A PUBLICATION FOR HISTORIC HUNTSVILLE

Simp McGhee and The Chute

by Billy Joe Cooley

After a night of frolicking with the young ladies of Huntsville, the riverboat's crewmen stoked the vessel's furnace in preparation for an excursion to Chattanooga. Its captain, Simpson McGhee (just Simp to his friends) had greeted the awakening passengers and hosted a delicious breakfast in the boat's giant dining room, which doubled as a dance hall at night.



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Simp McGhee

Capt. McGhee was a fiery character whose nautical exploits were many, and about which legends abounded. He was a large man and sported an impressive belly.

Just before reaching Chattanooga there was a treacherous three-mile area of the Tennessee River called "the chute," known nowadays as Hale Town. It was dangerously rocky, swift and narrow. This was long before the TVA widened and deepened the river so as to aid in flood control and navigation.

Most boat captains dreaded "the chute," but Capt. Simp McGhee saw it as a challenge. An adventure, so to speak. Unlike many boats, not once had his snagged a boulder, bumped the banks in the fog, or run aground in a storm. And he piloted the James Trigg with the grace and skill that only a veteran boatman could muster.

"Grab your shovels, hold onto to your britches and kiss your girlfriend g'bye," he would yell. "We're gonna race the devil up the chute!"

On one such occasion he was navigating "the chute" while the passengers watched anxiously. The deckhands quickly manned their stations. Four of the men grabbed heavy shovels and began shoveling coal furiously into the vessel's furnace.

Others took up positions along the flanks of the ship, ready to call out if the treacherous rocks came too close.

The chute had, between the time of the Civil War and the turn of the Twentieth Century, become a veritable junk-yard of wrecked ships as one captain after another misjudged the dangerous rapids and deep-sixed their ships, or at least sent them to drydock for major repairs.

It was almost impossible for a steamboat to navigate upstream through the chute. The current was almost as swift as the fastest ship, and any captain foolhardy enough to try it would find his ship standing still in the current, bouncing from one rock to the next.

In the 1800's, the government installed a winch at the head of the rapids which was used to pull steamboats safely through the dangerous waters. Unfortunately, there was usually a long line of boats waiting to be pulled through and Capt. McGhee was not a patient man.

McGhee, however, could navigate the Chute in 30 minutes.

"Hold on men!" he bellowed as the gushing water began to pummel the front of the vessel. "We're going in!"

While other boats waited in line, McGhee opened the throttle full blast and barreled his way through the churning waters. The boat trembled. Every timber in its frame groaned in protest as it furiously battled the oncoming rapids.

When the boat was almost at a standstill, McGhee gave the order to "Lay the fat on!"

Instantly, the deckhands began stoking the furnace with four sides of fat that had been reserved especially for this occasion.

With its boilers red hot and sweat pouring from the begrimed deck hands, the ship once again started making headway. The steamboat was quivering from the strain it was under, but not McGhee. He simply gritted his teeth, and ordered more coal thrown in the furnace. Then with one final shudder, the Trigg shot through the last of the treacherous waters to safety

.... And Simp McGhee swaggered up and down the deck, with his head thrown back, laughing at the cowardly riverboat captains still waiting in line. Once again, he had proved that he was king of the Tennessee riverboat captains!



Old Huntsville

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No one knew much about Simp McGhee's early days. Some said he was born into a wealthy family who had lost everything during the Civil War, while others claimed that his family had kicked him out at a young age. Years later, when anyone questioned him about his youth, he would throw his head back and loudly proclaim, "My Daddy was a gambling man, my Mama was the Tennessee River, I'm too mean for dry land, too gentle for the river, but when I die, there's gonna be hell to pay ... cause hell ain't big enough for both the devil and Simp McGhee!"

As a youth Simp was a rambunctious devil-may-care lad who got his first job as a riverboat deckhand at the age

of 13. He supplemented his income by playing poker or by selling a few pigs that he just happened to "find running loose."

After he became a captain his boat served the finest meals on the Tennessee River. Passengers never questioned why the pigs and chickens were always delivered late at night by suspicious-looking characters.

With such shrewd business practices it was little wonder that Simp became a prosperous business man. He spent much of his time, between river trips, in saloons around Huntsville and Decatur.

He opened his own tavern, which quickly became a success, and he served such culinary delights as S.I.T. beef (Stolen in Tennessee beef).

He even opened a bordello in Decatur, rather than see Decatur's dollars spent in places like Huntsville and Athens. "It's my duty as a citizen to keep those dollars in Decatur," he reasoned when accosted by church people.

By this time Simp's reputation had grown and there were few people who had not heard of him or his legendary exploits. One of his most famous escapades concerned a duel in the middle of the Tennessee River.

Simp's riverboat was running a few minutes behind schedule. Heading into Decatur he saw another riverboat in front of him headed for the same dock. Rather than wait his turn, Simp called for more steam. With black smoke billowing from the smoke-stacks, he quickly gained on the boat and cut in front of it, reaching the dock first and almost swamping the other boat. The captain of the other boat was furious.

Later that night both of the captains ran into one another at Simp's favorite watering hole. Seeing Simp sitting there nonchalantly drinking his beer enraged the captain even more. He marched up to Simp and demanded satisfaction.

"Wait a minute. You're challenging me to a duel?" Simp asked.

"Call it what you like!" snarled the enraged captain.

"Well, if you're challenging me, I reckon I have the right to pick the time and place," said McGhee. "We're both river men, so get your boat and I'll get mine and we'll meet in the middle of the river and shoot it out at 25 paces."

The bar emptied as news of the impending duel spread. Simp's boat left first, journeyed a few hundred yards and dropped anchor.

The other boat left shortly, with the enraged and slightly inebriated captain standing on the foredeck, a dueling pistol in his hand. As the two boats approached each other, the fog began to clear, and what the captain saw then was enough to change his mind about dueling and to leave Decatur forever.

Standing unruffled on the foredeck of his boat was Simp McGhee, a mug of beer in one hand and a cigar in the other, casually aiming an old Civil War cannon.

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Like so many other legendary figures, it was only a matter of time until Simp McGhee would meet his match. In his case, it would be the Federal Government.

After the Civil War, the government passed several navigation laws to ensure safety on the waterways. For years these laws were ignored, with the government having no way to enforce them. Finally, around the turn of this century, after hearing numerous complaints, the government decided to take action against Simp.

McGhee had been warned that government men were after him so he was not surprised when a well-dressed "yankee sounding" gent boarded the boat and asked to be led to the captain. Simp, chewing on a cigar, told the agent he was sorry, but that the captain wasn't on board.

"Simp's at his summer home. But don't worry, we're going right by there and I will be glad to give you a lift."

The Federal man sat back to enjoy his trip and in about an hour the boat pulled up to an island.

"Right over there," Simp said. "Just go through that brush and you'll be almost on his front porch. And he'll be glad to give you a lift back to town."

Witnesses said the Federal man stumbled around Hobbs Island for two days before he realized he had already met the legendary captain. He also became the first Federal agent to swim from Hobbs Island.

McGhee died at age 58 on June 16, 1917, just a few weeks after his riverboat piloting license was pulled by the government, citing "passenger endangerment" while running the chute.

He is buried in a grave a few feet from the Tennessee River's northern shore near Gunter'sville. Black deck hands were his pallbearers.

A Woman Moonshiner

Mrs. Susan Dover, from Clarkesville, in Habersham County, was yesterday committed to Fulton jail on the charge of illicit distilling. She is said to have operated a distillery at her home in the country for some time but was not captured by the government officers until this week.

Mrs. Dover was carried before Judge Gaston at Gainesville who committed her in default of bond. This is the first woman that has been in jail on a charge of this kind for quite a while. It is probable that she will be given a trial in a few days before the United States court which is now engaged in trying cases of this kind.

Atlanta Journal, 1895

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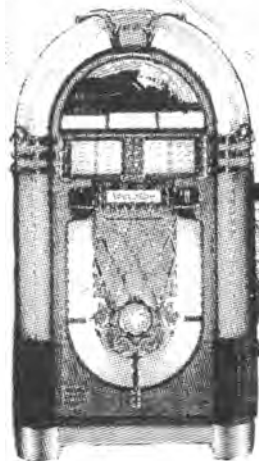
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Reverend Thorne's Pool Table and Juke Box

By Billy Joe Cooley

John Thorne was a Baptist evangelist and lived across the alley from us in South Pittsburg in the 1950s. He was the first person in our town to install a billiards table in his home. He also had a Double Cola vending machine and a jukebox in his family room.

Unfortunately, he didn't have many secular recordings on the jukebox, but fans of the Lefevers, Blackwoods or John Daniel's Quartet had plenty of choices.

I thought of those good old days the other night while attending Pride Entertainment Co.'s salute to the jukebox's 104th birthday in their impressive new quarters on South Parkway.

We spent many happy hours around the Rev. Thorne's residence. His wife would keep a batch of tea-cakes around for us kids.

The Thorne children were the same ages as the others in our gang of rowdies, and the good reverend figured that having the entertainment in their home would keep their kids and their pals off the streets. It worked.

Mrs. Thorne always had a smile and a little advice when we needed it. She learned to shoot pool with the rest of us and gradually taught the local church ladies to play the simple nine-ball game. This she did one at a time as a lady would drop by. Until then, pool-shooting and jukeboxes in our town had been identified pretty much with beer halls.

These days, of course, billiards have become family entertainment. While a pool table in the home was a novelty in the old days, basements and game rooms all over the country sport them now.

The giant new Pride facility houses dozens of decorative tables, jukeboxes and Coke machines of antique vintage.

Even the front door casing is a 20-foot

jukebox replica, complete with neon.

The Rev. Thorne taught most of us how to shoot pool. I was a slow learner.

Several years later I revisited the old hometown and dropped by the Thorne home. The good preacher had aged tremendously and was suffering, I gathered, from a nervous problem.

"Where's Mrs. Thorne?" I asked during our conversation.

"Mrs. Thorne has gone to heaven, Billy," said he.

"Oh, I'm sorry," I commented.

"Sorry? You mean you're sorry she's gone to heaven?" he replied, casting a hurt glance at me.

"No, what I mean is that I didn't know, so I'm surprised."

"You're surprised that she's in heaven?" he asked.

I was, for the first time in my life, perplexed. I stammered for the right thing to say.

"No, I am surprised to learn of her death," said I, knowing I had said the right thing at last. "I'm sure she'll meet you in heaven by and by."

"I look that bad, do I?" he quizzed.

"Not at all," I fired back as I made for the door. "But give her my regards whenever . . . and wherever!"



HE MISSED HIS WIFE

Another use to which Edison's wonderful invention can be put:

"Mister," said a haggard looking man as he walked into the hardware store, "can you tell me where I can buy a phonograph?"

"I guess we can order one for you, sir," said the salesman who met him at the door. His face expressed surprise but his tone conveyed assurance.

"Can you get one that works automatically; one that you won't have to grind yourself, but can fix it all up and can let it go of its own accord?"

"I think we can arrange an attachment that will accomplish that result."

"All right; get it as quick as you can, will you?"

"You want it as a sort of gift, I suppose?"

"No sir, my wife has gone out of town. I find that when I get home at night, everything is so kind of solemn and still that I don't feel like going to bed, and when I do get to bed the silence is so oppressive that I can't stand it. So I thought if I could get a phonograph and have the hired girl talk into it for a about three quarters of an hour - something about it's being a nice time of night for a self-respecting married man to be getting home, and all that sort of thing, I would set it before I went to bed and succeed in getting to sleep. It's funny how a man will miss those old familiar sounds."

from 1890 Newspaper



Health Shorts

By Dr. Annelie M. Owens

Sound advice is usually worth repeating. If you were smart and got your flu shot this time last year, good for you. If you thought about getting a flu shot but did not, shame on you.

Influenza is a serious infection of the respiratory system. This condition can be life threatening, and each year it causes about 20,000 deaths in the U.S., most of whom are over 65 years of age.

The best way to avoid the flu is to get your flu shot between mid-October and mid-November. For the flu there is a specific vaccine available which usually changes from year to year according to the prevalent dominant strains of the flu virus of the preceding year. Flu shots are effective in preventing the flu in about 75% of the cases of those who take them, and may reduce the severity of the disease and save lives in the other 25%. Antibiotics are not effective against the flu but necessary in case secondary bacterial infections develop like pneumonia.

Some people claim they got the flu after receiving the flu shot!

but the vaccine takes about 2 or 3 weeks to become effective and during this period people are still susceptible and could have contacted the virus at that time. The flu vaccine is made up of dead virus and therefore cannot cause the flu, although it can cause reactions from different reasons (allergy to eggs, for example). Flu shots are safe. The most common side effect is soreness at the injection site. Persons in a high risk group should receive the flu shot, and especially those who are over the age of 65. Influenza and Pneumonia rank as one of the leading causes of death in the United States. This season could be a severe one, so it is advised to go and get the flu shot at the first opportunity. The earlier the better. Flu shots should be repeated every year.



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C.S.S. Dunbar: The Ship That Wouldn't Die

While many stories have been written about the Civil War and the Tennessee Valley, few have ever touched on the naval campaigns that took place on the Tennessee River. One ship, the C.S.S. Dunbar, while prowling the river both above and below Huntsville, would become a symbol of hope for the Confederacy.

The grim horseman of war visited North Alabama in the summer of 1861 and the broad Tennessee River would soon be swept clean of the beautiful paddlewheel steamboats that still hold so fond a place in our folklore. Ugly smoke-belching gunboats would take their place, becoming objects of fear instead of admiration. The South had little to oppose the Union might on the inland waterways. Never the less, one ship that tried valiantly was the C.S.S. Dunbar, an unlikely warship but one that proved almost indestructible.

The Dunbar was actually Northern built, having been launched at Pittsburgh in 1859 for the upper Ohio River trade. The attractive sidewheel steamer measured 164 feet by 27 feet and displaced 213 tons. An extremely maneuverable vessel, the Dunbar could be turned within her own length. In 1860, the Dunbar had been purchased by a group of businessmen in Paducah, Kentucky. This brought the future gunship to the South.

With the outbreak of hostilities between the North and the South, the South was in an extremely vulnerable position. While the pre-war North had been forced to build railroads for commerce, the South had been able to rely heavily on the fine rivers which served the region. Now, however, those same rivers provided excellent invasion routes deep into the heartland of Dixie. The Confederacy did what it could to defend itself.

On December 24, 1861, the Confederate congress appropriated half a million dollars to purchase eight steamboats for alteration to gunboats. In charge of the task was Confederate Isaac N Brown, a man who would prove a thorn in the side of the Union throughout the four long years of war.



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Lieutenant Brown went to Nashville, the riverside capital, where he inspected a number of steamboats for selection. He brought three at Nashville; one of them was the Dunbar. Since Union troops had already crossed into Kentucky and would soon seize the mouths of the Cumberland and Tennessee rivers, Brown had to work fast. Thus the Dunbar and her

sister ships went to war little changed from their peacetime appearance. The Dunbar was still painted a cheerful white and none of her passenger cabins appear to have been removed. Brown did finally manage to add two 12-pounder rifled cannon to the Dunbar, technically making her a gunboat. However this light armament would not allow the Dunbar to chal-





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lunge the powerful Union warships. In fact the Dunbar's best defense would always be her speed.

The Union fleet wasted no time in raiding up the Tennessee. The Lexington, Conestoga, and Tyler promptly headed upstream, destroying Confederate army supplies and even civilian riverboats whenever they found them. The Dunbar "flew like a deer before a pack of hounds, giving warning to all boats and points above and below Huntsville along the river to Florence," reported the Huntsville Democrat. Nevertheless, the Union gunboats managed to capture the unfinished gunboat Eastport, one of the Dunbar's sister ships, at Savannah,

Tennessee. Then the invaders pushed on as far as Florence Alabama, where Muscle Shoals and the Memphis & Charleston Railroad bridge brought them to a halt. As Confederate officials quickly realized, the Shoals were as good as a fleet of warships when it came to defending the upper Tennessee River. The Union gunboats simply drew too much water to go any further.

Florence, the first Alabama city to be taken by the North, was panic stricken when the Yankee fleet came in view at 2:30 p.m. on February 8, 1862. The Federal ships found three riverboats busily unloading Confederate army supplies at the city's wharf.

Though the southern captains

quickly set fire to their ships, the invaders nevertheless managed to salvage a large amount of food and lumber. A worried delegation of Florence citizens approached the Union sailors with a plea that they spare the town or at least allow time for the women and children to be evacuated. The Federal commander hastily assured the citizens that his men meant them no harm and even offered his own "noble protection."

One day earlier, Confederate general Albert Sidney Johnston had sent orders to cut a single span of the Memphis & Charleston Railroad bridge at Florence to allow the southern riverboats to escape further upstream. However, the stockholders delayed until it was too late. "This selfish action cost us the loss of seven steamers, and one gunboat nearly finished," commented the Huntsville Democrat's correspondent, "and I am afraid, the damage cannot be repaired in this campaign. Fifty bridges like the bridge at Florence should have been destroyed to prevent the loss of the boats, as the Southern Confederacy could well afford the loss of the former and not the loss of the latter. General Johnston understood it so; yet private interest weighed in the scale against his orders and the good of the South and prevented it."

One of the main goals of the Union navy had been capturing or destroying the swift sailing C.S.S. Dunbar. However, the elusive warship was nowhere to be found. Even though a man by the name of Hyde, a tailor by trade of Florence, turned traitor and told the Yankees what he knew of the Dunbar in return for a quantity of the captured bacon, the federal fleet simply could not find the southern ship. The northern gunboats searched along both shores of the Tennessee and sent their launches prowling up the smaller streams as well. The Dunbar seemed to have vanished from the earth! In reality, the skipper of the Dunbar had simply been too slick for the smug Yankee commander. Captain Gus Fowler, a riverboat man of many years experience, had run the Dunbar up Cypress Creek, just about thirty miles below Huntsville. Fowler had then scuttled the Dunbar. The southern ship sat on the creek bottom, only her superstructure showing above the water. The Union warships retreated without finding their prey.

Continued on page 9



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Remember... Cleanliness is next to godliness.

Make a lightweight mop by using twenty of your discarded stockings, cutting the tops and feet off and knotting them together in the center of each length. It's easily washed, easier on the back and homemade!

Use vinegar in your water mixture to get rid of hard water marks on the outside of your windows.

Buy a rubber tip (the kind that goes on crutches) to fit on the end of your broom. It keeps the broom from marking up your walls, and if you stand it on the tip it won't fall.

Take a yardstick, slip an old sock over it and use it to clean cobwebs or out from under your refrigerator or freezer.

If food spills over in your oven, just cover with salt. This will cut smoke and the burned odor, and allow the mess to be picked up with a spatula.

If you notice an army of ants coming into your home, because it is starting to get cool, just sprinkle a line of talcum powder along your baseboards. They hate the stuff and won't cross it.

Use your good silver every day. Get the covers off your pretty couch and chairs. Show off that beautiful satin bedspread. What are you saving it for? Are your visitors more important than your family?

Dunbar continued from page 8

The Union ships made several more attempts to locate the Dunbar. Lieutenant commander LeRoy Fitch led the Union fleet up the Tennessee River in mid-February. He spotted some Confederate cavalry along the river, but he found no sign of the Dunbar. Another expedition in late March had no better luck. Finally, on April 21, 1862, two weeks after the battle of Shiloh and after the Union army had captured both Huntsville and Decatur, Lieutenant William Gwin of the U.S.S. Tyler located the Dunbar. Her white upper decks were spotted gleaming through the leafy river vegetation. Since Gwin had no way to raise the sunken steamer, he set fire to her. The Dunbar burned to the waterline.

Although the Yankees believed they had seen the last of the Dunbar, they were quite mistaken. In the fall of 1862, Confederate general Braxton Bragg marched into Kentucky, forcing a hasty Union retreat from North Alabama. Desperate for river transportation to support Bragg's campaign, the Confederates turned for help to a cavalry officer: Colonel (later general)



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Philip Dale Roddey. A native of Moulton, Alabama, Roddey himself was a long-time riverboat captain. Earlier that year, Roddey had burned his own steamer rather than let the Yankees have her. Then he had led his friends and neighbors, many of them also steamboat men, to join the Confederate army. Somehow, Roddey managed to refloat the Dunbar and pump her out. By January of 1863, Roddey's mechanics were at work repairing the water damage to the engines.

Though Colonel Roddey soon had the Dunbar back in operation, the proud steamer was a sorry sight indeed. Her superstructure was almost completely burned away and her smoke stacks leaned at a worrying angle. Nevertheless, the steamboat men turned horse soldiers managed to rebuild the twin paddlewheels and erected a sort of "open air" pilothouse with ropes attached to the rudders. The engines and firebox were exposed to the elements. The battered ship must have been a strange sight; yet it did run. Moreover, the Dunbar was still faster than almost anything on the Tennessee River. Like the mythical

Phoenix, the Dunbar had arisen from her own ashes.

Roddey's men had repaired the Dunbar with no time to spare. In late February 1863, the Union fleet returned to the river. The enemy gunboats came as far as Florence, no doubt seeking the resurrected Rebel steamer. Just days before, Roddey had managed to negotiate the tricky Muscle Shoals passage. Union lieutenant Fitch claimed the Dunbar had been able to cross the Shoals because she drew only 23 inches of water. This hardly agrees with the five foot draft the Dunbar required before the war. However, the loss of her superstructure might account for part of this. Also, Roddey had been helped by a fortunate rise in the river water. That plus some hard hauling on ropes, was sufficient to move the Dunbar safely out of reach of her would be destroyers.

The Dunbar was soon back in the service of the South. Her presence was invaluable at this time because the Union army had destroyed the strategic railroad bridges across the Tennessee River before retreating. In March, 1863, reports reached the

Union army that the Dunbar was busy transporting Confederate cavalry across the river at Decatur, to pursue Gen. Grenville M. Dodge's Union raiders. Later that year, the Dunbar would prove her worth during the fighting for Chattanooga. The born-again steamer rushed back and forth between Chattanooga and the rail-head at Bridgeport, Alabama, bringing both men and material at top speed. In fact, the Dunbar was kept so busy that there was no time to replace her superstructure. The topless steamer must have looked something like a high speed flatboat as she puffed her way along the river.

In August 1863, Chattanooga fell to the Union army, and the Dunbar was at long last captured. The plucky southern ship was found "lying tied to the wharf apparently useless," her engines having been disabled by a chance shot during a Union artillery barrage. A northern report described the Dunbar as "a sidewheel boat without upper works." Upper works or not, the Dunbar's role in the war was far from over. Only this time, she would be serving the cause of the North.

By October, 1863, the Dunbar's machinery had been repaired, and the swift ship was winning the praises of her new owners. "The Dunbar is a powerful ship," wrote a Union officer on November 1, "able to ascend the suck without warping. She can carry 350 tons of freight." The suck was a strong whirlpool below Chattanooga that was the terror of most riverboats. However, the Dunbar was able to make the journey between Bridgeport and Chattanooga in just 24 hours.

Later that month, the Dunbar would be employed catching Confederate torpedo rafts sent downstream to destroy the Union pontoon bridges across the Tennessee River. Then on November 23, the Dunbar would be used to ferry the Union army across the river to attack the Confederates on Lookout Mountain. "The rebel steamer Dunbar," said a Union report "repaired at the right moment, rendered effective aid in crossing, ferrying over some 6,000 men." No matter which side she served, the Dunbar was always a most valuable ship.

While the men from the North might have praised the Dunbar, it appears that they did not quite know how to use her. In January 1864, the Union sailors ran the Dunbar aground. Her

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draught, a Union officer explained, was "too great for the up-river navigation"—a problem the Confederates had never complained of. Perhaps the Northern sailors overloaded the Dunbar in their haste to bring supplies to their army. Or they may have replaced the superstructure, thus increasing her draught. Whatever the reason, a report on February 12, 1864, noted that the Dunbar had been wrecked. Evidently convinced that the Dunbar was unusable, the northern men stripped the ship of her machinery and placed it in another hull.

The new U.S.S. Dunbar might have carried the same engines, but it was not really the same ship. Built in the shipyard at Bridgeport, the new hull measured 175 feet by 27 feet and was also a twin paddle sidewheeler. Eleven feet longer than the old Dunbar, the new vessel would necessarily have taken longer to turn. However, the new Dunbar ably performed her job of hauling supplies for the Union army now threatening Atlanta. She would serve the Union army until the war finally came to an end.

With the return of peace, the North had no further need for ships such as the Dunbar, and the steamer was auctioned off to the highest bidder. Reportedly, the Dunbar spent the rest of her days as a floating sawmill. It was a sad fate for an old warrior that had meant so much to both sides during this most tragic of America's wars.

A Busy Lone Highwayman

An Oregon newspaper tells of the "regular monthly hold-up of the Ager-Kaimath Falls stage." The robbery was supposed to have been by the "same lone highwayman" who rifled the mail pouch and searched the passengers. The deeds of lone highwaymen may sound strange to Eastern folk, but Western travelers have learned that while only one highwayman may appear, there may be half a dozen hiding in the darkness near by with their guns covering the crowd of passengers.

from 1895 Newspaper

A negro living in Luverne, Alabama went down a well to clean it, and as soon as he got there the sand closed around his feet and he could not move. He told those at the top that he was fastened in sucking sand, and for them to pull him up. They pulled and pulled, but could not move the man. The suction was so great that try as they would, they could not move him.

For forty-eight hours he remained at the bottom of the well and all the time those above were doing their best to pull him out. He had been pulled at with rope and windlass until his joints were so sore that this had to be abandoned.

Finally a box was sunk around him and the sand and mud were dipped out of the box. After several hours more the man was released and was pulled to the surface. He was more dead than alive when he reached the top.

from 1898 Georgia Newspaper

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 Dean Whitter - Williams Avenue
 Lucky's Grocery - Whitesburg Drive
 Whitesburg Fruit and Vegetable Stand - Whitesburg Drive
 Walmart - Drake, North location, South Parkway
 Walmart - Jordan Lane
 Walmart - North Parkway
 Walmart - South Parkway
 Bruno's - Bailey Cove Road
 Bruno's - North location
 Bruno's - Drake Avenue
 First American Federal Savings and Loan
 Red Rooster Antiques - South Parkway
 Senior Center - downtown
 Cousin's Car Wash - South Parkway
 Bubba's Restaurant - downtown
 Kaffeeklatsch coffee shop - downtown
 Big 10 Tire - South Parkway
 Hospital Pharmacy - by Huntsville Hospital
 Buy Wise Pharmacy - Whitesburg
 Monte Sano Country Store - Monte Sano
 Dr. John Hollis
 Rolo's Restaurant - Airport Road
 Cafe Berlin - Airport Road
 Shoney's - both south locations
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 Big B Drugs - Weatherly and Parkway
 Big B Drugs - Brandon Street
 Gibson's Barbeque - South Whitesburg Drive
 Gibson's Barbeque - South Parkway
 Stanlieo's Submarine Sandwiches - Jordan Lane
 Stanlieo's Submarine Sandwiches - Governors Drive
 Big Brothers Grocery - Madison Street
 Big Brothers - Holmes Avenue
 Dr. Paul Riise - Whitesburg Drive
 Eunice's Restaurant - Andrew Jackson
 Secor Bank - Whitesburg Drive
 Hinkle Barber Shop - Madison St
 Zesto's Drive Inn - Five Points
 Troup Beauty Salon - Meridian North
 Duffy's Deli - Whitesburg Drive

Humana Hospital - Big Cove Road
 Shaver's Book Store - Whitesburg Drive
 Burritt Museum - Monte Sano
 Chic-Fit-A - Madison Square Mall
 Madison Square Mall
 Railroad Depot - Jefferson North
 Amberly Suite Hotel - University Drive
 Five Points Restaurant - Five points
 Krogers - Logan Square
 Krogers - North Parkway
 Krogers - Drake Avenue
 Winn Dixie - Triana
 Winn Dixie - Oakwood Avenue
 The Village Inn - downtown
 Harrison Brothers - downtown
 David Gibson Barbeque - Jordan Lane
 Little Farm Grocery - Whitesburg
 Great American Car Wash - University Drive
 Cafe III - University Drive
 Sanders Cleaners - Jordan Lane
 Great Spirits - South Parkway
 Classic Cafe - University Drive
 Dunkin donuts - Wynn Drive and University
 Wings - University Drive
 Wings - Pratt Avenue
 J. Gregory's pizza - Jordan Lane
 Allied Photocopy - Pratt Avenue
 El Mejicano Restaurant - Jordan lane
 El Palacio Restaurant - South Parkway
 Mullin's Restaurant - Andrew Jackson Way
 Sam's Wholesale Warehouse - North Parkway
 Chevron - Pratt Avenue
 Shell Food Mart - University near Research Park
 PX - on Redstone Arsenal
 Commissary - on Redstone Arsenal
 Kettle - both University locations
 Olive Garden - University Drive
 Papa Jack's - Bob Wallace Avenue
 A&W Drive In - Drake Avenue
 Holiday Foods - Jordan Lane
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1. Don't leave keys in car.
2. Lock your car as you leave.
3. Keep contents and valuables (car phones, purses, etc.) out of sight.
4. Don't leave spare keys in "hiding spots." An experienced thief knows all the hiding places.
5. If you go out of town, remove the coil wire.
6. When parking, turn your wheels hard to the right or left, this makes it more difficult to tow.
7. At night, park in well-lit areas.
8. Never leave your car running, even when stopping for just a short errand.
9. If you park in a driveway at home, park facing the street.
10. If you have a garage, use it and lock it.

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ABSURD NEWS

WEIRD & WONDERFUL

After drinking a quantity of vodka, a workman named Stobb tried to blow out a match with which he was lighting a cigarette with fatal result. Flames shot out from his mouth and an explosion followed, Stobb falling to the floor unconscious and dying shortly afterward.

Johann Fugger, a German bishop, died and willed that "... a barrel of wine might be annually upset upon his grave so that his body might still sop in that delicious fluid." He bequeathed a large sum of money to the city of Montefiascone for the maintenance of his purpose.

Bobby Leach, who went over Niagara Falls in a barrel in 1911, died from injuries received when he stepped on a banana peel while walking quietly along a street in Christchurch, New Zealand in 1927.

Frank Damek, of Chicago, compiled a complete deck of cards by picking them up from time to time in the street. After 10 years he was 15 cards short. It took another 20 years before he finally completed his deck, in 1890.

Continued on page 15

Chalcas the Greek died from laughter when the day that was predicted to be his death day came around and the prediction did not seem to materialize.

The wonder weenie of all time was stuffed by the German Butcher's Guild for a celebration in 1601. This hot dog was more than half a mile long - and required the efforts of 103 butchers to carry it on parade. It weighed 885 pounds and was later equally distributed among the members at their banquet table.

A gentleman was declared dead and was buried. Six hours later his brother ordered an interment and the man was revived. He lived seventy more years, dying at the age of 105 from a cold contracted while "serenading the lady of his heart all night long."

STILL LOOKING FOR HIS WIFE

George Mitchell came into the office of the Times yesterday and reported the disappearance of his wife, who was before he married her, Nancy Whitlock.

Mitchell and his wife were living happily at Asheville, N.C. and Mitchell's half brother, George Edmonds, boarded at his house.

Last Thursday a week ago Mitchell returned from work late in the evening and found his house closed, and upon inquiry found that his five months old child had been taken to a neighbor's house with the request to take care of the child for an hour, when the mother would come for it.

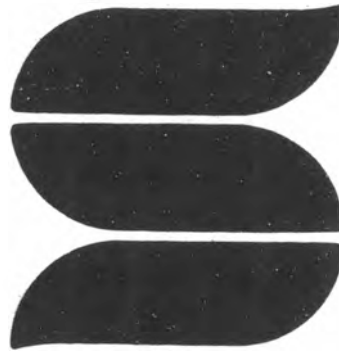
Mitchell waited for his wife's return, but she never came back, and upon investigation it was found that Mitchell's half brother, George Edmonds, had eloped for parts unknown with Mrs. Mitchell.

Mitchell took his babe in his arms and walked through country roads to his friends in the Whitlock neighborhood, three miles from town where he left it, swearing that he would search the earth over until he found the base wretch who has brought this sorrow to his home, and if the law set his brother free after he had found him and turned him over to its custody, he would shoot him down in the courtroom then and there.

Mitchell left in the rain trying to find a trace of his faithless spouse.

from 1890 Newspaper

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FAMOUS RECIPES

FROM THE PAST

Recipes from an 1895 Newspaper

Rhubarb Custard Pie

One-half pint of finely chopped rhubarb, spread evenly over a rich pie paste. Make a custard as for custard pie and pour over it. Bake slowly until the rhubarb is tender and the custard browned.

Corn Pone

Scald the meal overnight, as if making thin mush. Add cold water until lukewarm, and thicken with meal until stiff. Add one teaspoonful of sugar and one-half teaspoonful of salt. Place it in a covered dish where it will be warm overnight. In the morning bake in a hot oven.

Rice Biscuits

Sift together two and one-half cups

of flour, one-half teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, yolks of two eggs beaten lightly, three-fourths of a cup of milk, one-half cup of steamed or boiled rice. Cut in last the whites of two eggs beaten stiff. Bake in gempans in a hot oven.

Fresh Pineapple

Cut it round two inches from the top. Cut the lower piece lengthwise, just through the skin, then peel round without breaking the skin. Lift the outside off and slice the inside around. Sprinkle pulverized sugar between each layer and cover with the rind again. Put a small piece on top, then it will look like the uncut pineapple. Serve, using a fork to lift out the layers.

Meat Jelly

Take pieces of cold meat - ham, beef, etc. that has been left over - three-quarters of a cupful. When hashed fine add four small spiced gherkins, cut in fine pieces, and half a box of gelatine, soaked in half a cup of cold water, till soft. Add boiling water,

one pint, half a cup of spiced vinegar from the pickles - more if the vinegar is not strong. Stir in the meat and pickle. Pour in the molds. Serve when hard.

Strawberry Mousse

Mash one quart of berries and one cup of sugar in a bowl. Let stand two hours. Meanwhile soak one-quarter of a box of gelatine in water to cover it. Press fruit through the sieve. Add one-third cup of boiling water to the gelatine, and when dissolved, add the fruit. Set on ice and cool, stirring until the contents thicken. Add whipped cream, stirring it gently. When smooth place in molds and freeze.

Those Forgotten Recipes from the Past

Asparagus with Cheese

2 pounds fresh asparagus
2 tbl butter
2 tbl flour
1/2 tsp salt
1 cup asparagus stock
1/2 cup milk
1/4 cup grated cheese

Wash the asparagus, trim off coarse parts and cook in a deep kettle in boiling salted water. Have the tips out of water. Boil til almost tender.

Make a white sauce by melting butter in a pan, add flour and salt, stirring constantly til smooth. Add stock gradually, stir after each addition. Add milk, stir for 5 minutes. Place asparagus in greased pan and pour sauce over it, sprinkle cheese on top. Bake in moderate oven (375) til cheese melts and browns.

There is nothing more valuable to the gardener either for his own table or for marketing than a good bed of asparagus. We give here some advice on its proper preparation from the Wisconsin Agriculturist, as the work can be done when ordinary gardening is pretty well over. We give his method.

It is a good idea to make and plant an asparagus bed in the fall. Then other work is not so pressing as in the spring and the farmer will be more apt to give the time needed to do it properly. Bear in mind that it pays to do it in this way, for an asparagus bed well made will last 50 years.

Select first a warm and sandy loam of good depth; a cold or moist soil is wholly unfit for asparagus. Manure thoroughly, applying it broadcast and plowing under, turning the soil to a depth of 12 inches, if possible. Open furrows three and one-half feet apart, running the plow backward and forward until you have a straight trench about 12 inches deep and 8 inches wide. No matter how rich you have made the soil, it will be well to scatter a liberal quantity of fine manure in the furrows before setting the plants. Set the plants 15 inches apart, spreading out the roots carefully raising the crowns an inch or two above the level of the roots. Cover with two or three inches of fine soil, packing it closely about the roots with the hand.

Before winter, cultivate by hoeing and drawing other soil into the trenches until they are level with the surface. Then put on as much more manure as you can, the more the better, and you will have your bed well started.

Popcorn Cookies

2 egg whites
2/3 cup sugar
4 tsp butter, melted
1 1/2 cups minced cooked popcorn
1/2 tsp salt
1 tsp vanilla extract
1 small pack blanched and toasted almonds

Beat egg whites til stiff, add sugar, beat some more. Set aside. Combine butter and popped corn together, fold in beaten egg whites. Add salt and vanilla. Drop batter by teaspoonfuls on to a well-greased cookie sheet. Decorate with nuts. Bake at 325 for 7 minutes.

Raspberry Cream Whip

1 1/2 cups canned raspberries
1 cup of cut up marshmallows
1/2 cup heavy cream
1/4 cup walnuts or pecans

mallows; let stand in your refrigerator. White cream til stiff. When the raspberry mixture is well chilled, fold in the whipped cream. Stir in nuts, garnish with pieces of marshmallow. Chill til served.

In 1935 you could feed a family of 10 on \$18 per week. You could buy a tin of aspirin for .15 cents. Here's a tempting fish recipe that people used back then.

Fish Hash

2 cups cold flaked fish
1 cup chopped boiled potato
3 slices crisp bacon, diced
Salt
1 tsp chopped fresh parsley
1 tbl chopped onion
1/2 tsp dried thyme
Pepper

Mix everything together, cooks slowly in a well-buttered hot pan til it's crispy and brown. Serve hot.

Potatoes Galosche

6 large potatoes
1/4 cup butter, softened
1 tsp salt
1/4 tsp white pepper
3 tbl chopped parsley
1 tsp grated lemon rind

Pare potatoes and carve them into the shape of wooden shoes. Cook in salted water til tender, drain and pour the following sauce over them. Cream butter in a warm dish til soft, add seasonings, parsley and lemon rind, and serve. Use only the yellow part of the rind!

Hangover Helpers

The best way to prevent a hangover is not to drink in the first place. But should you neglect prevention, here are some ways to ease that next day misery.

The hair of the dog that bit you is as bad in the morning as it was last night. Instead, drink broth or bouillon to replace the electrolytes you may have lost last night. The old standby, tomato juice, may work as well. Liquids also

replenish water lost from dehydration, which is a common side effect of drinking. Eat honey on toast, as the fructose in honey helps burn up alcohol.

Cold showers don't work well, however an ice pack on the head will. And forget trying to sweat the headache away. Saunas will dilate blood vessels more and cause more pain. Vitamin B shots don't work. Rest, take aspirin, avoid bright lights and noise and try not to think too much.

This Month's Recipe Page Brought To You by

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billy joe cooley

Matthew Waddello will turn 18 on Saturday, Nov. 21, in case you need to send presents. Maybe a bouquet of balloons from Vivacious Jeune's Alabama Balloon Co., which advertises in these pages.

It was an interesting sight on Halloween night when the wife of a local public official fell backwards, SPLAT, on her pride as she staggered from a spook-tacular function at the Hilton. She was assisted to a waiting automobile by an "Old Huntsville" staffer.

Ricky Black, who usually makes this column in reference to the food at

Britling Buffet, which he manages, spent a few minutes the other day boasting about his new niece, Natalie Marie Ball, daughter of Anthony and Vallery. This gives Jason a kid sister to boss.

How nice that a Huntsville widow has married Anita Bryant's former sweetheart from south Alabama.

Our gang spent last weekend at the nationally famous Jack Daniel's town of Lynchburg, Tenn., along with 20,000 other people. It was the annual International Barbecue Cookoff, sponsored by Jack Daniel Distillery and valued at

a small fortune, which attracted barbecue professionals from the world over. At the judging we got to hobnob with pretty Thelma Lou, who was Barney Fife's girlfriend on the Andy Griffith Show. She still looks the same, even with barbecue sauce on her blouse. In real life she's actress Betty Lynn. She lives in Hollywood and has mutual friends with Pamela Dale, the opera singer, who was in our party. Also at the Jack Daniel's affair were the Webster brothers, Perry and Jed, Paul Westheideman (the traveling tycoon) and our journalistic pal Phil Smith of the Moore County News in Lynchburg. Huntsvillians Tom and Kim Ballard, who hail from Jackson, Miss., were also enjoying the barbecue. Huntsvillian Gloria Couch was on Perry's arm.

The Halloween masquerade sponsored by Huntsville Chefs Association was a dilly. Several of our mostly bunch attended, gaining a lot of pounds from all the fine food that was spread. The dessert table, stocked by apprentice chefs, was one of the best.

Don't be surprised if a major flap erupts in the next few months concerning our recent mayoral election. Word from certain smoke filled backrooms is that a political timebomb will blast a few personalities into oblivion.

PRIDE Entertainment Showcase, 11807 S. Parkway, held open house Wednesday night, consisting of a cocktail party celebrating the 104th birthday of the jukebox. They sell 'em by the carloads, including the old-fashioned replicas. My favorites, however, are the billiard tables, which they also have in stock by the dozens. Charlie Ross and Sue Chatham were part of the crowd which attended. The affair was catered by Butcher Block, with Kurt Lineback supervising.

It was interesting to talk with pretty Alison Mayo at this year's industrial show. She works with Airgroup Express and is sister to musical standout Antony Sharpe.

COUNTRY guitarist Jackie Wilbanks, who played here many years ago with Bill and 'Cille Kendrick's band, now performs at the Magnolia Club in

continued on page 20

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Laurel, Miss., in case you wondered. This info is from his former bandmate Larry Dunham, a fine bass player. The discussion came up with Sammy Motes, a Hattiesburg, Miss., singer who was performing the other night at Boot Scooters in Carriage Inn.

In case you drift into the Kaffeeklastch anytime soon, don't argue with bartender Robin Ingalls about education. He has a masters degree in the subject and taught it in Atlanta and Birmingham schools before coming here.

POLICE SGT. JERRY Wheeler, wife Cindy and son Jay were part of the scene the other night at House of Mandarin. It was Jay's first visit. He anxiously awaits his first Christmas season. Across the dining room was a happy reunion, consisting of Bianca and Richard Cox and her long lost

cousin Barbara Alice Powell of Hattiesburg, Miss. She's a state nursing consultant. Her friend Ralph Cronin was along as driver. Meanwhile, Mr. Jackson, boss at Mandarin, is opening another Chinese restaurant this week. It's in Guntersville's Holiday Inn.

Good morning to David and Janet Milly, whose Theatrical Lighting Co. over on Meridian Street will be illuminating all of the area now that the holiday season is almost on top of us. David sent an emergency crew to Birmingham the other night to salvage the Charlie Daniels show. Charlie wouldn't go on stage until professional lighting was provided, so they called David's TLS in to do the job, as he does across the southeastern U.S.

The Oak Ridge Boys will replace baritone Steve Sanders. They're unhappy that he has bought a night club

with his new wife, who is a former bistro-babe, herself, according to gossip from Music City. You read it here first. Oh well, it must be nice that the group is so holy these days, having dumped gospel music years ago.

VAPORS Club owners have leased that establishment to Sanford McLain and his associates. The new music won't leave you deaf. The name change is refreshing, also.

PHO'S CAFE and Lounge has enjoyed so much success since opening here (old Crockmier's property) that they have opened their second establishment, this one at the Best Western in Madison. Jerry Critelli is managing both, while the chef duties are shared, as always, by the Pho brothers, who made a five-star name for themselves in the Tampa area before buying their own place here.

This is "Be Nice to Ron Jeffries Day." He's still our favorite palabar expert (delivering a sensible form of rap nightly at his Club V Downtown).

Gayle Milton brought young Lee High baseballer Adam Eakes to breakfast at Eunice's the other day. At the next table were astronauts Jan Davis and hubby Mark Lee, with their Mission Control specialists Mel Heflin and Ann and Roger somebody. Then came the dashing Pat McHugh and pretty Kris Waldrup. Our lady of dada, Ruth Weems, also showed up to spread a little sunshine and show off her new car. A large group of yankees showed up as part of a wedding breakfast for John Horack and Elizabeth Newton. John had the flu and couldn't make it. Bruce Pascoe of Las Vegas headed up the celebrants, assisted by Steve and Georgeanna Dicenso of Hartford, Conn., and Tom and Denise Padanilam of Toledo. Others in the gang were Brad Woodman and Lisa Schilling of Chicago. The old roundtable sure takes on a national flavor on weekends. Pascoe writes sports for the Las Vegas Review-Journal.

Jim Whitaker of Monarch Foods dropped in for a midday confab the other day with D.J. Dejnaska at Mando's Caterers. They got into an interesting discussion about the finer chefs of Huntsville. That led to some excellent professional recipe swapping.

Continued on page 21

ATHENIAN BAKERY

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WE CATER ALL OCCASIONS

BOSTON WAS a bit more pleasant a week or so ago when Ellen MacAnelly flew into bean town, leaving her Finnegan's Pub in the competent hands of employees. "I didn't know a soul in Boston," says she, "but there are so many Irish people there that I knew I'd feel right at home." And she did. "The plane fare was so special that I decided it was too good a chance to pass up."

You meet the most interesting people at Garibaldi's Mexican Restaurant. We crossed paths there the other night with the adventurous Marianne Higgins of the Space and Rocket Center's media office. With her were the fascinating Sheri and Michael Thurber. Their waiter had been Jose Bucio, who is remembered from the Chubasco days in Madison. By the way, Pantaleon Mata is owner of Garibaldi's, in case you want to compliment the chef.

CONNECTIONS will hold a party and dance for singles on Nov. 21 at Carriage Inn's upstairs ballroom.

After returning from a Chattanooga function the other day we stopped to relax at Johnny Tona's Billiard Parlor with a few rounds of pool. Pretty Kristy Richards was there with her brother Jay, who taught her the nine-ball game. At the next table was Michael Stokes of Kroger Pharmacy fame, with his New Hope pals Jeffrey Farris and Chuck Hearn. Playing serious pool at still another table were pals Alan Gastler and Danny Moffat.

As a closer, I guess we'd better update the readers on that pet squirrel that thinks it's a person. Its owner, barberess P'Nut Wilson of Jackson Way Barber Shop, thinks its a reincarnated king.



Paying Attention to your Cat

If you don't pay much attention to your cat, he will see you primarily as a source of food and otherwise regard you with some suspicion. If the contact between you and your pet is close, however, your cat will see you as a kind of supercat to which it forms an attachment that is often greater than its bond to other cats.

Most of your cat's methods of communication come from mother-child behavior. Very young kittens express their well-being by purring when they are nestled against their mother.

A cat will lick a person it knows well. A relaxed grown cat shows its affection for humans by kneading, an activity it indulged in as a kitten to stimulate production of milk in the mother.

Cats have a great capacity for play that often gives the impression of extreme intelligence. Play serves as practice for all the motions and kinds of behavior necessary for survival in the wild, as well as exploring the environment. When grown cats show some reserve in playing, it is usually because the adults they live with don't play with them as much after they are no longer a kitten. Grown cats, however, love play as much as the younger cats.

Many cats retain their youthful behavior until they are quite old and delight their owners with their wild playfulness for many years.

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Milus E. Johnston: The "Bushwhacking Preacher"

"Everything connected with war is unpleasant," wrote Rev. Milus Johnston, "and the shedding of human blood is horrible. And how painful it is to stand and look upon comfortable houses burning to the ground, and to see the fathers and mothers with their little children huddling around them for protection, or to see them move off to seek shelter as best they can under the foliage of timber,

beside fallen trees or shelving rocks, and perhaps to sit and lie there all night in the cold."

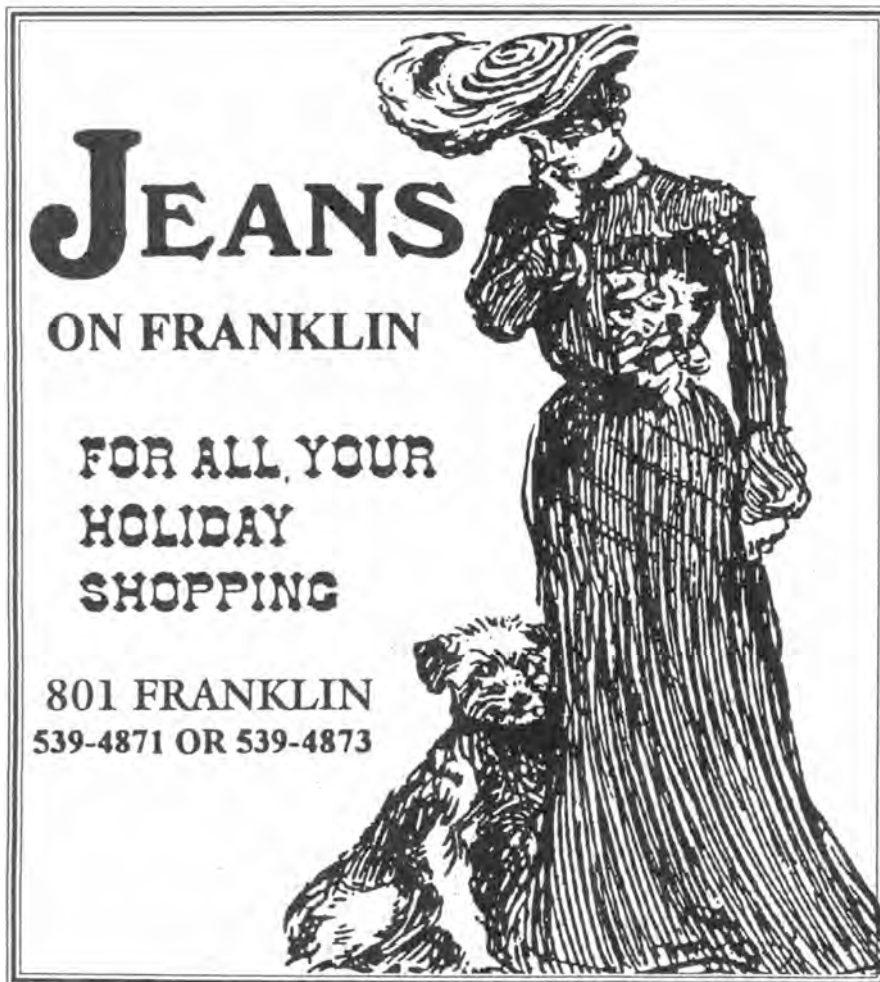
Yet this was a scene enacted time after time across North Alabama during America's tragic War Between the States. In fact, almost every town and village in northeastern Alabama would be put to the torch by the invading Union army during the latter years of the bloody fraternal struggle. The reason given for this wanton destruction was always the same: retaliation for Southern acts of resistance. Foolishly, Lincoln's soldiers clung to the strange notion that Southern opposition would cease, if only the civilian population was punished severely enough. From the Russian Colonel Turchin's sacking of Athens and Tuscumbia in the spring of '62 to the Union navy's burning of Guntersville in the winter of 1865, the brutal policy would prove a complete failure. All the men in blue succeeded in doing was driving more and more

men into the armies of the South, plus creating a resentment that has not completely vanished even to this day.

Among these reluctant Rebels was Milus Eddings Johnston, a circuit rider of the Methodist Episcopal Church. A family man of almost forty when the Union troops invaded his native South, Johnston admitted he had "no disposition to go into the army." He tried to sit out the war, farming near New Hope to support his wife and children. "But lo and behold," he recalled in 1902, "he was not allowed to make a living by honest labor. On came the Federal army, laying waste to everything in their path, driving off hogs, cattle, horses and mules, arresting citizens, and shooting innocent men who had never been connected with the Confederate army, and abusing women and burning houses." If Johnston sounds angry, he had plenty of reason to be. "Before they seemed satisfied," he wrote, "they burned our family out three times, taking everything we had indoors and out. Even the boots from the writer's feet were stolen. Not satisfied yet, they ran him three days and nights to take him individually and particularly, but failed to do so."

Johnston succeeded in crossing the Tennessee River and reaching the Confederate pickets on the Dixie side. "The writer distinctly remembers to this day," wrote Johnston, "that upon reaching the south bank of the river he called a halt and about faced, and straightening himself up, he looked northward and said: 'Boys, I have come to the conclusion that God never yet made a man to be slobbered on always by dogs; hence I'm going to give those fellows a turn — the best turn I can get into the hopper!'" Commissioned a captain and assigned to Colonel Lemuel G. Mead's North Alabama and Tennessee Cavalry Battalion, Johnston served principally in the Union-occupied Huntsville area. "Whenever the Federals found a Rebel inside their lines," he said, "they styled him a 'bushwhacker'. Being now inside the lines, we became subject to that appellation ... and we have taken no pains to rub it off, from that day till this." Thus was born the famous "Bushwhacker" Johnston, the fighting parson of Madison County.

How was it possible for men to conduct operations behind the lines — to



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capture wagon trains, disrupt communications, and even harass strong Union outposts — while thousands of blue clad soldiers occupied the area? "In the first place," said Johnston, "a majority of the boys were well acquainted with the entire country, including every nook and corner, and almost every tree rock and stump ... knowing our danger, we seldom entered a house, or rested under a roof; we kept our own secrets, trusting no one except the very few we saw proper. In marching we made it a point to flank every house and everybody. When crossing roads on foot, every man stepped in the foremost man's tracks. At other times we would walk across the road backwards. Again, when we were seen marching in a certain direction — say in the evening near twilight — we would move forward slowly until darkness set in, and then countermarch, or flank around and go off in an entirely different direction."

By such tricks as these, Mead's battalion was able to both survive and grow. In fact, by early 1865 — while the Confederate army was being steadily overpowered in Virginia — Colonel Mead claimed his force numbered over a thousand men. In March of 1865, just weeks before Richmond finally fell, Lemuel Mead was authorized to form his men into a regiment of three battalions. "Bushwhacker" Johnston was named Lieutenant Colonel of the 25th Alabama Cavalry, composed entirely of men from Madison, Marshall, and Jackson counties.

At the war's end in May 1865, Milus Johnston surrendered his men in Huntsville, stacking their arms near the site of today's Huntsville Hospital. (Not quite trusting the Union soldiers, Johnston's men hid away their best weapons "just in case.") Johnston immediately returned to the pulpit, putting his army life behind him. Fortunately for us, however, in 1902, "the thought occurred to him, if he did not write the account himself, very soon, some unreliable person might undertake the task after the writer's death, with much detriment to the truth and injustice to all concerned."

Johnston published his memoirs chapter by chapter in 1902 in the weekly Guntersville Democrat. There they lay all but forgotten until their discovery in the 1970s by one of

Johnston's great-nephews, John Erwin Hamer of Washington, D.C. Hamer rescued the old "Bushwhacker" from his unjust oblivion by presenting a paper on him before his Civil War Round Table. Through Hamer, another Johnston kinsman, Joe Hill of New



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Hope, learned of this lost portion of our heritage. Now, after a lapse of 90 years, *The Sword of "Bushwhacker"*

Johnston is once more available in print. Edited and annotated by Charles Rice, Johnston's memoirs fill an important gap in our local history. To read *The Sword of "Bushwhacker"* Johnston is to learn first hand how it felt to live in those turbulent years when Americans slaughtered one another by the tens of thousands. You feel the passions and relive the horror of a time when civilians were in just as much danger as soldiers at the front. You meet heroes and heroines, villains and victims, the blue and the gray. Most importantly, you can understand the deep tragedy of our Civil War and the unspeakable horror of brother fighting brother. Knowing Johnston's story might encourage us to try to resolve our differences better today and to finally realize that violence is never a solution to our problems. If his writings helped accomplish that, perhaps the old "Bushwhacker" might feel he had not suffered in vain.



*I do not find one of a kind
a person to whom I wouldn't mind
to listen to and entertain and help
to relieve the human strain
I long for a companion, one who is wise
& true
I wind through a state of wanderlust as I
sit here
writing to you
The companion I seek must be true at
heart
A common enough sort would make a
start!
Someone who's laugh was out in the open
someone to tell me I was being outspoken
With this mate I would sit alone
feeling ties of yet unknown
Not a nicer time shall I spend
until finding this one true friend
A poem by Sonya*



A Great Place To Disappear!

Sharalee



Come spend the evening at Judge Crater's. A variety of great food and good spirits.

We are easy to find...

come about midway on the south side of the Square, Downtown... and come downstairs

EXCUSES USED BY CAR DRIVERS OVER THE YEARS

"The pedestrian had no idea which direction to run, so I ran over him."

"The telephone pole was approaching at a high rate of speed. I was attempting to swerve out of its way when it struck my front end."

"I had been driving for forty years when I fell asleep at the wheel and had the accident."

"Coming home, I drove into the wrong house and collided with a tree I don't have."

"I pulled away from the side of the road, glanced at my mother-in-law and went over the embankment."

"The guy was all over the road. I had to swerve a number of times before I hit him."

"I was sure the old fellow would never make it to the other side of the road when I struck him."

As my mind wanders back through the memories of my youth in northwest Huntsville, I find myself asking age old questions. Were the days really longer? The times easier?

I can remember the hours my sister and I would spend silently chipping bits of fossils from the rock behind Highlands Elementary School. Our youthful minds were filled with images of the ancient creatures who once made the earth tremble on that very spot. Then we would mount our bikes—a couple of strings tied to the handle bars turned mere two wheelers into "fiery horses with the speed of light." We would tear off up the trail to the (tree) fort. There we would clamber up wooden planks nailed to the side of a large oak where I would climb for the highest perch. Desperate to prove myself, I was always reaching farther out and up. And though my sister was older by a year and a half, I seemed to be the leader; at least when it came to tomboyish pranks.

Though I would have rather died than tell, secretly I admired her beauty. Her long auburn hair, glowing green eyes, and a charm over the boys I never seemed to grasp. Enviously I'd tag along as most annoying little sisters are wont to do.

I remember one day standing on the sidelines and watching her solo a glider plane at Eagleville, Tn. Imagine at age 14, she was the youngest pilot in the world. As the news cameras flashed, I again wished for even a sliver of her talent, beauty or charm.

Today the fossil rock is gone, Ed White Jr. High covers the ground where the tree fort so proudly guarded the back trail, and the awkward tomboy has grown into a dark haired beauty. My sister now lives in Phoenix, and our lives seem so filled with the stresses and worries of today we rarely find time to write or call. But I find that however far apart we drift in miles, we seem to grow closer over the years.

This is for you Sis, Happy Birthday!

When Turchin Came To Call

by Charles Rice

In the summer of 1862 a court-martial was convened by the Union army in the occupied city of Huntsville. Presiding was a general from Ohio who would one day occupy the White House. His name was James A. Garfield. All eyes at the time, however, were on the defendant: John B. Turchin, colonel of the 19th Illinois Volunteers. Turchin, a striking figure with a coal black beard, was a former Russian army officer who had emigrated to America and become a civil engineer. He was charged with ordering his men to pillage the city of Athens, Alabama, which they gleefully did without further prompting. As the testimony clearly showed, Turchin's troops ransacked homes, looted stores, trampled bibles, insulted white women, and actually raped several black women.

Turchin was finally called to account for his actions, being convicted and dismissed from the Union army in disgrace. Yet no where in the charges did it mention Turchin's behavior when he was at Muscle Shoals. The story here was actually little different from that at Athens.

Tuscumbia in 1862 "was an attractive place, containing many fine business blocks and residences, and giving evidence of thrift and prosperity unusual for a southern town," recalled an Ohio soldier long afterwards. "The people were generally ardent in their devotion to the cause of secession. Even the young ladies turned up their pretty noses and curled their lips scornfully at sight of Federal blue, and took a circuit in the street to avoid passing under a United States flag. The rebellious woman of the south was a terror."

Tuscumbia and much of the rest of the Shoals area would be occupied by the Union army for three months in mid-1862. Those troubled days were described by Lewis B. Thornton:

"The Federal army first made its appearance in Tuscumbia on the 16th, April 1862 under Gen. Mitchel, who had first arrived in Huntsville and sent

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a few of his regiments to this place under Col. Turchin. I think the regiments here at that time were the 18th Ohio, 19th Illinois, and an Indiana regiment. I left Tuscumbia at this time and did not witness their depredations, but was told by my family and the citizens upon my return. I saw the effects of their vandalism, after only about a week's stay in our midst. At that time they armed some of the negroes and took some of them away. They broke open nearly every store in the town, and robbed them of everything they wanted, arrested a great many peaceable citizens, forcing some to take the oath of allegiance to the U.S. Government, robbed the Masonic Hall of its jewels and maps, and broke open and destroyed the safes in the stores and offices. They destroyed my office by breaking my desk and bookcases, and destroying the papers, and took from my office thirty maps of the state of Alabama belonging to Mr. Cram of Montgomery. The 19th Illinois regiment was the one that committed most of these depredations. They were driven from here by a small body of cavalry under Captain Patton of the Confederate Army."

Oddly enough, Col. Turchin's friends went to bat for him at the White House. The disgraced officer was not only reinstated in the army, but was promoted by Abraham Lincoln to brigadier general! But then perhaps this



was only just, for John B. Turchin appears merely to have been in ahead of his time. When the Union army returned to Tusculumbia, Turchin and his men would have felt quite at home. L.B. Thornton continues his story:

"The U.S. army under Gen. Buell arrived here on the 9th June 1862, and remained in this place and the Tennessee Valley until the 8th Sept. 1862, at which time they evacuated to luka and Corinth, Miss. The first division of the army arrived here under Gen. Wood. Gen. Gaskell's Brigade was the advanced guard

and first came into town making his headquarters at our fair ground. Col. Scott of Kentucky was the provost marshal with the 3rd Kentucky regiment as Provost Guards, under their stay with us, and while Gen. Buell was here, we were very little molested,

not more so than would be necessary in the passage of any army thru the country, but when Gen. A.E. Paine

took command, by bringing the other portion of the army, there was a wonderful change in the order of things. Ladies could not go safely out of their houses. Citizens were arrested and held in confinement, or sent off to the North, in many cases without any charge being made against them, and the citizens were not permitted to meet on the streets and converse together. Person nor property was safe from the soldiers. They took from private citizens whatever they wanted—hogs, sheep, cattle of every kind, vegetables, corn, potatoes, fowls of every description, which they scrupled not to shoot down in our yards. They also took mules and horses in large numbers. They took from this country alone, about 500 Negroes, men, women and children, and a large lot of cotton, besides destroying a great deal of property that they could not take away.

"I did not witness it personally, but

was informed by reliable citizens, that they entered houses, robbed ladies of jewelry, and broke open wardrobes and took ladies dresses, and took other apparel and decorated their horses and gave it to Negroes.

This was done by the 3rd Michigan cavalry under Col. Meisner. They perpetrated some of the most outrageous acts of any portion of the army. The 11th Missouri regiment (as they were called, but they told me they were raised in Springfield, Ill.) destroyed my fences, corn, fodder and potatoes, and insulted my family and me in the grossest manner. The 9th Ohio threatened to burn my house, and there were four stables burnt while they were here, and many dwellings had the furniture broken and destroyed.

"When they evacuated the town, they set fire to it in four or five different places, but we were fortunate

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- Bar-B-Que Chicken-Veg Plate Dinner - 5:00 till 7:00 Brunswick Stew Lunch - 11:30 till 1:00 Farm Exhibits
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enough to have it extinguished. It is proper for me to state that Gen. Fry, as learned, prevented my house from being burned, and returned a Negro boy to my mother-in-law, Mrs. Meredith. They took twenty-nine Negroes from Mrs. Meredith, one from me, one from my sister-in-law, Mrs. Raglan, and thirteen from brother-in-law, Thomas F. Winston. Their conduct while here was more like savages than civilized beings. They arrested, while Gen. Paine was here, two citizens, a Mr. Burt and Wallace, because our cavalry under Roddey attacked the railroad cars and captured some prisoners, and stores in Trinity, and sentenced them to be hanged, but Roddey sent them word if they were injured in any way he would hang the prisoners he had, and that prevented them from being hung."

No wonder that when 7th Illinois Cavalry Lieutenant Charles Wills passed through Tusculumbia in late July 1862, he would be moved to write: "People here hate Mitchel's whole command as they do the d—I, and many of them more!"



*My Soul longs to laugh & venture
my heart agrees too,
but my mind and my body have me
trapped by the fool
I wander through my nice enough home
and upon its grounds
my personage most times wears this
frown*

*I am not an unhappy Soul
I am imprisoned, maybe rightfully so
I shed no tears but live with fears
of how to break my mould
To take a step, venture out, letting life
unfold*

*What sad state I write from today
feeling my life is blowing away
Just as the leaves fall upon the wind
tis my fate till the very end?*

A Poem by Sonya

The Horse In Cities

A writer in a Southern magazine suggests as a possibility of the near future the disappearance of brute animals from the large cities. The prophecy is by no means fantastic, nor is its fulfillment likely to be so remote a matter.

Anyone who will compare the traffic facilities in any large city of today with the facilities in the same town ten years ago will see how largely the horse has been driven out of use in the metropolitan centers. The cable car, the trolley and elevated road practically monopolizes intramural transit, and the time is not far distant when the horse will have ceased to figure at all in public transportation. Added to these causes the bicycle has come into play and is now the most popular of the means of individual locomotion. In the near future looms the prospect of the automobile carriage, with its noiseless tires and capacity for high speed.

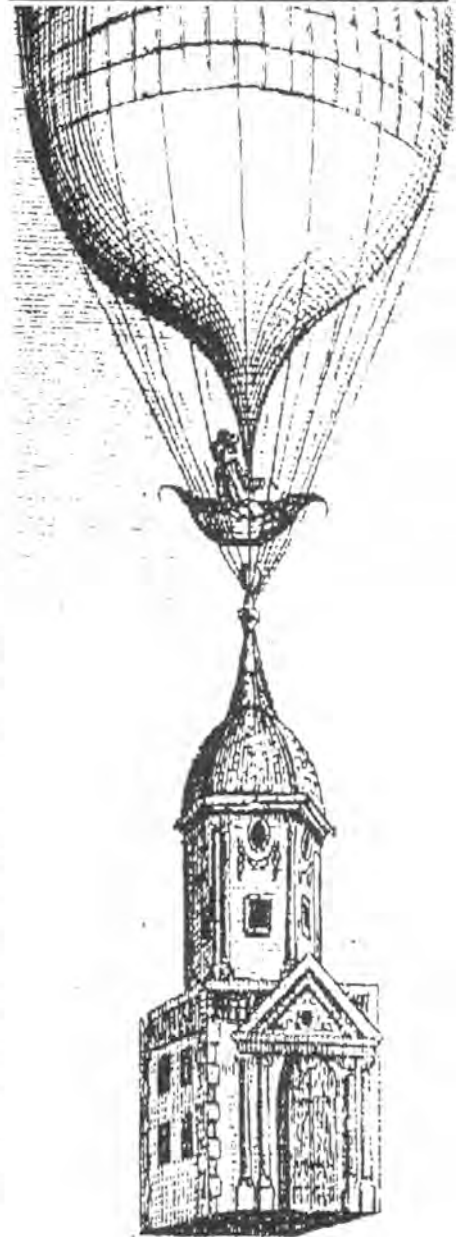
Except for purposes of pleasure riding it is hard to see how the horse is to have any enduring vocation in the city at all. He must still be used for some time for purposes of heavy cartage, but apart from this and the coaches of wealth and fashion he appears to have no lasting occupation and no future.

It is by no means unreasonable to forecast a time in the near future when, excepting for occasional specimens of highbred dog, there will be little brute life of any description in our large cities.

One result, of course, will be toward cleaner streets, the machinery which speeds over the thorough-fares leaving none of the accumulation which comes from the incessant tramp of many thousand hoofs.

from 1895 Newspaper

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A Thrilling Adventure In Year 1862

Under the caption, "Honor to Whom Honor is Due," appeared the following deed of daring in the columns of the Huntsville Advocate in 1862:

Mr. Figures says many incidents connected with the occupation of Huntsville by the United States forces may have in the excitement of their sojourn amongst us, been overlooked or forgotten, but there is one of much interest and importance which should not only be embalmed in the recollection of our citizens but by the whole Southern Confederacy.

It will be remembered that the Federal troops under the command of Gen. Mitchel entered and occupied Huntsville on the morning of the 11th of April, last, and captured the train from Memphis containing many sick and wounded soldiers from the battlefield of Shiloh. The freight train destined for Stevenson under Engineer John Glenn and Preston Yeatmen loaded with molasses and etc., of incalculable value, had started on its destination unconscious of the danger that surrounded them, when about one mile from the Huntsville depot the conductor and engineer discovered ahead a group of ten or a dozen men in the garb of citizens, apparently awaiting their approach, who proved to be Yankee soldiers in disguise.

On the approach of the engine they drew their revolvers, and firing was heard but not the order to "halt." The conductor still thinking the group was citizens checked the train to ascertain the cause of the firing. In a moment more they discovered, some distance in front, Federal artillery being planted in direct range to intercept the passage of the train. Realizing in a moment the extent of their danger from capture they opened the valves of the engine the "Look-Out" and sped on with lightning speed to the perilous gauntlet.

In an instant more the boom of cannon was heard, the ball or shell striking an embankment about ten feet from the engine, scattering the dust in every direction. Calvary appearing at the same moment in front and rear demanding then to stop. But Southern mettle was aroused. Southern chivalry was equal to the perils of that trying hour, and these brave boys, Pres Yeatmen and John Glenn again received the fire of the enemy — ran the gauntlet in triumph, and brought their train safely to Larkinsville, arriving there, they met sixteen or eighteen hundred Confederate soldiers from Georgia enroute to Corinth via Huntsville. Part of the brigade going down the evening before who would have certainly been captured at Huntsville as they were without ammunition, and would have fallen into the embrace of the Federals without a moments warning or preparation.

Suppose Yeatmen and Glenn had surrendered the train on the demand of the Yankees? Everybody can at once see the result. The telegraph wires at Huntsville had been cut and there was no possible way of conveying intelligence to the expected train. Had it been possible before the destruction of the wires they would have received no tidings of the danger. The Yankee operator was in the office at Huntsville, and true to his instinct as it afterwards turned out, he would have sacrificed the brave men who were pressing forward to join the army at Corinth.

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She Got Her Seat

A pretty young girl stepped jauntily aboard a crowded car, and looking along the rows of seated passengers, fastened her gaze on a man who had his coat collar pulled up to his ears, and a vacant, unconcerned and married expression on his countenance. "Won't you let me have that seat?" asked the girl in a clear voice. Everybody pricked up his or her ears.

"Ask a man for his seat! Well, I never!" exclaimed a woman in a golf cape.

"What will women do next?" muttered a passenger holding a lawyer's bag that was redolent of freshly ground coffee.

And then they were all astonished when the man with the turned up collar rose, and the girl plumped into the vacated seat, saying as she did so, "I thought I'd find you in a Reservoir car, and we should get home for dinner before the crush."

"Her husband," said the woman in the golf cape. "What a mean thing to do, to make her ask him to give her a seat!"

from 1890 Newspaper



I Can't Sleep

Is the complaint of many at this season. The reason is found in the fact that the nerves are weak and the body in a feverish and unhealthy condition. The nerves may be restored by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which feeds them upon pure blood, and this medicine will also create an appetite and tune up the system, and thus give sweet refreshing sleep and vigorous health.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is the only true blood purifier prominently in the public eye today. \$1 or six for \$5.

A War Story

by Jim Harris

Huntsville has its share of war heroes but this is not about one of them. This is about my experience during the Korean conflict.

I was in the Air Force during the latter part of the conflict: A radar technician stationed on top of a mountain just a few minutes, by air, from the infamous "Iron Curtain." Langerhof was the name of the place, which means long head in the native language. We were not combat forces. Our job was to direct aircraft on their mission.

There were many casualties. Many aircraft, all jet fighters, went down while we were tracking them. They would simply just disappear from the radar screen. One of our jets crashed at the foot of our mountain. A search party went out to recover whatever they could. All they found of the pilot were pieces. His helmet was found with his head still in it.

While we were concerned primarily with directing aircraft, there was considerable ground action: One day the grass around the radar shack, which was made of plywood and tarpaper, caught fire and was threatening the radar. Our radar officer, Captain Losier, called for a fire truck. When the alarm sounded, it was an air raid warning, not a fire alarm so everyone did what he was supposed to do during an air raid; get off the top of the mountain. We

were running for the fence and our captain was screaming for us to get our behinds (his language was much stronger) back there and help him put out the fire.

We never had anyone killed but we did have a high casualty rate. One airman was shot through the chest. The bullet traveled around his rib cage and came out his back. He was back on duty within a month.

One airman was knocked to the ground, seemingly unconscious. Someone yelled for the medics. He raised his head and said, "Thank you, you're very kind."

An officer and a passenger had just pulled up to the gate of the radar site

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when a bullet entered the front windshield and into the back of the seat between them. Neither was hurt.

There were casualties every week but one weekend produced an unusually large number. A 6-by (a 2 1/2 ton truck) was sent to bring a load back to the base from a nearby village. There were mostly cuts and bruises.

I remember the names of a few of my fellow airmen. There was Stretch Gingrich, Frank Carpenter, Lou Wiggerman, an exboxer and our leading hit man. And then there was Captain Losier, our radar captain. He was a short, stout, balding, World War II vet and tough as nails, but if you were right, doing what you ought to be doing, he would carry you through the tough times. And then there were Sam Ginsburg and Cecil the base mascots.

Now for the rest of the truth. Everything written above is absolutely true, it all happened and here is how. The radar site was on top of a mountain in central Germany. The man shot through the chest was trying to kill himself. He had gotten a German woman pregnant. He couldn't handle it.

The bullet that was fired into the car between the two occupants was fired by an AP on guard duty. He was making like John Wayne with a loaded 45 automatic. The truck load of injured airmen picked up at a nearby village had gotten drunk and started a fight, which they lost. The airman knocked unconscious, seemingly, was drunk and called a white airman a nigger. A black airman thought he was speaking to him so he decked him.

The pilot who crashed at the foot of our mountain was performing unauthorized acrobatics, put his jet in a maneuver too close to the ground and couldn't pull out. The other jets that disappeared from our radar were on routine training missions, had problems with their plane and had to bail out. Not all survived the jump.

Maybe it's not the same as being in combat but, like combat troops, we were just trying to survive. But admit it, didn't you think the story was just a tad more interesting than if I had revealed "the rest of the truth" first?

VERY FEW PERFECT MEN

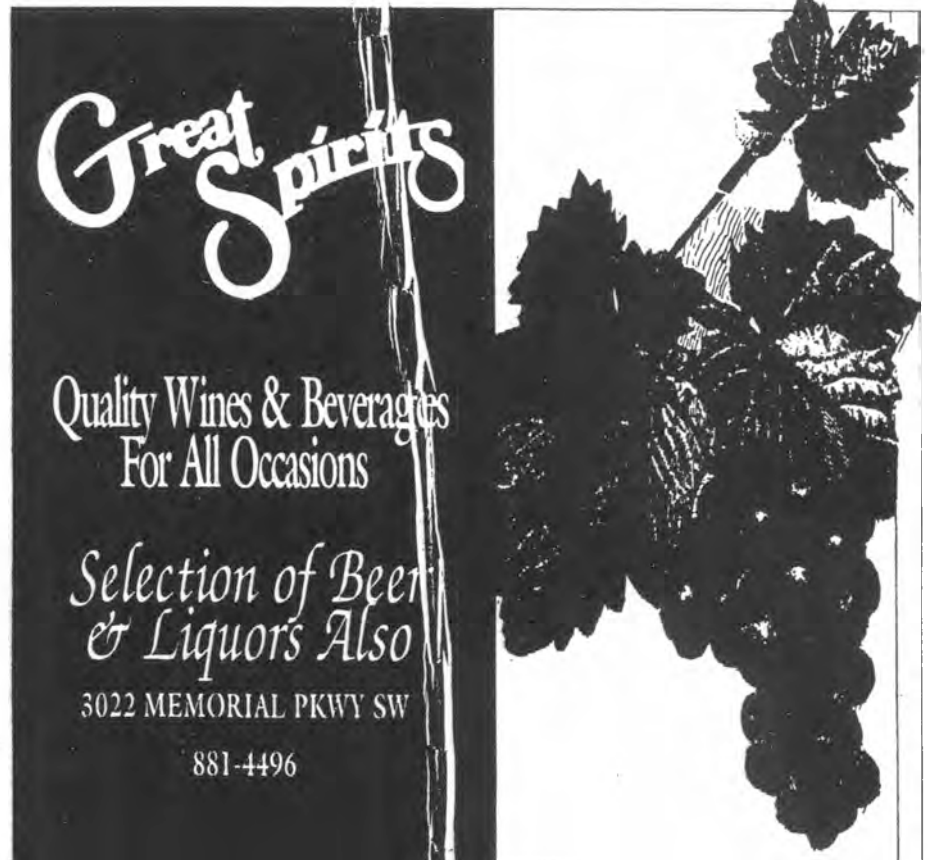
When we study man in his relation to the world about him, in relation to his physical, mental and moral possibilities, we get a glimpse of what nature and his Creator planned for him to be. In sacred and profane history, on the farm and in the shop, behind the counter and at the bar; in Congress and in Senate, on the platform and in the pulpit; we find some splendid examples of ideal manhood.

But look at humanity in the mass. How few perfect men do you find in a community! Look at the enervated and stunted fathers, the nervous and sickly mothers, the puny and weak children, the poorly developed babies and dwarfed minds, the crowded reformatories, penitentiaries and asylums. Why are sixty-seven percent of the children born defective at birth? Why the aimless, shiftless, purposeless, ne'er-do-well men?

The causes are many. Many live in unappeased hunger and some are improperly fed. Whiskey, tobacco, opium and morphine are all doing their part in wrecking manhood. But the most prolific cause of blighted manhood is the sin of sensuality. It is fully equal to all other causes combined. One state health board asserts that if all men understood the laws of sex and kept them, there would not be the need of one doctor in ten that we now have. This indicates the injurious physical effects of this sin.

An eminent doctor of this state claims that the insanity of eighty-two percent of all the females and seventy-eight percent of all the males in the asylums of our country involve their sexual mechanism, function, or both, and that early sex instruction would have wholly precluded much of it and postponed the mental break much later in life in many other cases.

from "Self Knowledge," 1913



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Letters To The Editor

Letters to the Editor:

Dear Ed.,
I've enjoyed your magazine. I especially like the old war tales.

The only old remedy that comes to mind is to use turpentine for things like a wound in the foot from stepping on a rusty nail with our bare feet. We did that often as children. We used a lot of Vicks Salve for colds and camphor for headaches. Just rub it on and wait. Ha!

We hardly ever saw a doctor, if we waited long enough we usually got better. We sure didn't have to worry about health insurance - as far as I know it didn't exist. My dad was in a car wreck once and his ear was cut off. The doctor sewed it on backwards.

Well, use my remedies if you want but not my name!

Anonymous

Dear Ed.,
John Higdon gave me a copy of your paper with the Quantrell story. W.C. McCoy was my grandfather. I have included a copy of a handout I prepared for a family reunion in '82 to add to your file.

As you can imagine the story has been quite a conversation piece in our family. I graduated from Huntsville High in 1933. One of my classmates was Harry Townes. We were in the Senior class play.

Sincerely,
McCoy Patterson

Dear Ed.,
Just a line to let you know that I have thoroughly enjoyed the paper. I have saved every one.

When a company comes, especially if they are from Alabama or Tennessee, I cannot get their attention until they have gone through every page.

I hope the best for you as the months roll by.

Nell Rutledge Porter

Dear Ed.,
My mother told me about a remedy she used to use. It sounds crazy but she swore it worked. If you have nervous tension and anxiety just chop a very large onion into tidbits and mix this with two tablespoons of honey. Eat half the mixture with lunch and the other half with dinner. She swears by this one.

Mildred Johnson,
Toney

Dear Old Huntsville,
Did you know you can make yourself feel better, if you're in a bad mood, by wearing rose colors - preferably pinks and scarlets. Orange also works. We thought you'd like this "old fashioned" idea.

Johnny Johnston

To the Editor:
I recently read the "Quantrell-McCoy"

story you ran in an "Old Huntsville" issue. My father had told me about the story some fifty years ago but I dismissed it as just fiction or rumors. It sounded too unbelievable. Reading your story brought back fond memories of days with my father, thanks for that and the story.

Jane McFarland,
Madison

Dear Ed.,
I read your "Letters to the editor" last month and in there was a question about lavenders that don't bloom from Joan Priest. I am not too sure about lavender but I know a lot about dogwoods and had the same problem.

They grew like weeds but no flowers. I asked my father and he said to add phosphorus. He said fast growth was the problem, and that I should stop giving them fertilizers that have nitrogen. Slow growth encourages flowering, while fast growth discourages it.

I held up on nitrogen, gave them phosphorus, and they flowered that year. Hope this helps.

Bill Harvey,
Huntsville

Dear Editors,
My husband and I recently attended the Trade Day on the Square, as we did last year. It seemed even better than last year and my question is, why only do it once a year? Why not every three months or so? I know attendance would continue to increase.

The Smitty's

Editor's note: We agree, maybe if enough people push for more frequent Trade Days it will happen.

Dear Editor,
Recently my grand-daughter brought me a copy of your magazine with the story of the Scottsboro boys in it.

I lived in Huntsville at that time, I knew the two girls involved and I, along with everyone else in Huntsville, knew the truth.

But we kept our mouths shut and let innocent people suffer.

Maybe our children and grandchildren can be more honest than we were.

Thanks for telling the truth.

Mrs. Emma Putnam

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On Writing

by Thomas Frazier

Most people think writing is easy. Buy a typewriter and a dictionary and you're on your way down the journalistic path to fame and fortune.

A few writers, if they are lucky and become well known, may get a review in some other publication, or possibly, receive a few letters complimenting a particular story. For a writer, that's the ultimate accolade.

But for most of us, it is a life of anomaly, sitting glued to a word processor day after day. Your throat becomes parched from too many cigarettes, your back is killing you and you are fighting a constant deadline. The commas become periods, and Joe Blow appears on your screen as Joe Bleu, while the copy editor stands behind you screaming, asking if you ever heard of "spell-check."

A writers life is a strange existence.

You see an old couple, possibly in their nineties, dancing at the Officers Club. Their joints are crippled by age and their heads are snow-white. They move slowly about the dance floor to the melody of an old-time waltz.

And you sit there, nursing another drink, marveling at the years and the love this couple must share. You go home late that night, its always late when a writer gets home, and try to recapture some of those feelings on a piece of paper before the hangover sets in. You don't think about the fact that a hundred thousand people will probably read the story; you just want other people to feel the same emotions you did that night.

Even the best of writers, deep down in their hearts, are never sure if they do this well.

And you wonder if it's worth it. Does anyone ever read these stories?

Several months ago I wrote a story about the closing of Bragg's Grocery on Hurricane Creek. It was a short nostalgic story dealing with people who used to trade at the old store. Most of the people I mentioned are long dead.

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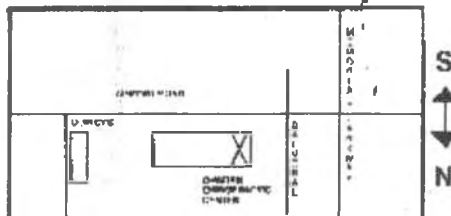
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I had almost forgotten about the story when late one afternoon a strange car pulled into my drive-way. An elderly, well-dressed lady got out and walked over to where I was standing.

After I introduced myself, she asked, "Please could you say something to my mother? It would mean a lot to her." The lady explained that in the story I had mentioned her father's name, who had been dead for almost fifty years.

Walking over to the car I opened the door and introduced myself to the old woman sitting there. Her face was wrinkled from almost a century of living and on her right hand was a wedding ring that must have been as old as its owner. In her other hand she clutched a copy of the story I had written.

Slowly she turned her head to look at me, and looking at the story, said in low, soft voice, "Someone remembered his name."

Yes, it's worth it.

Doughnuts

One cup of sugar, one cup of milk;
Two eggs beaten, fine as silk;
Salt and nutmeg (lemon will do),
of baking powder, teaspoons two.
Lightly stir the flour in,
Roll on pie board, not too thin;
Cut in diamonds, twists or rings.
Drop with care the doughy things
Into fat that briskly swells
Evenly the spongy cells.
Watch with care the time for turning,
Fry them brown, just short of burning;
Roll in sugar, serve when cool,
Price, a quarter for this rule.

Taken from "Heirlooms from the Kitchen,"
by Joan Hutson



The Film Co-op 1992/93 season of monthly "critics' choice" films begins Fri. and Sat., Oct. 9th and 10th, at a new location, the Council School.

The Film Co-op's fall/winter/spring series will begin the second weekend of October in a new location—the Council School, an Arts Council facility located directly behind the main public library. The Council School parking lot is accessible from St. Clair Ave. directly across the street from the back of the First Baptist Church. The outside of the school is well lit at night. The Film Co-op entrance is on the west side of the building, closest to the library.

Films will be shown in the gymnasium. Chairs available at the Council School are metal folding chairs, but moviegoers are free to bring their own lawn chair or canvas chair. Popcorn, candy, sodas, and other beverages will be available for sale as usual. It will be a fun, less formal setting.

Films will start at 8:30 pm, but moviegoers are welcome to arrive for refreshments and socializing as early as 7:30 pm. For more info, call 539-FILM.

THE SCHEDULE:

FRI. & SAT., OCT. 9 & 10: *Night on Earth*, 1992 Director Jim Jarmusch (*Down by Law*, *Mystery Train*) explores life from the unique perspective of the backseat of a taxicab in five serio-comic vignettes.

FRI. & SAT., NOV. 13 & 14: *Antonia and Jane*, 1991 Quirky, funny account of the lifelong friendship between two opposite types.

FRI. & SAT., DEC. 11 & 12: *Monster in a Box*, 1992 Story teller extraordinaire Spalding Gray (*Swimming to Cambodia*) in top form.

FRI. & SAT., JAN. 8 & 9: *American Dream*, 1989 Oscar-winning documentary about labor strike at Hormel plant in Minnesota.

FRI., JAN. 29: *The Black Maria Film Festival*, 1993 From its New Jersey headquarters, complete with director, John Columbus, to introduce the program, it's the Film Co-op's fourth annual presentation of this nationwide touring festival, an evening of prize-winning independent animation, drama, documentary, and experimental filmmaking.

FRI. & SAT., FEB. 12 & 13: *Naked Lunch*, 1991 David Cronenberg's surrealistic adaptation of William Burroughs' cult novel.

FRI. & SAT., MAR 12 & 13: *Paris Is Burning*, 1990 Award-winning documentary about the elaborate drag costume balls of Harlem.

FRI. & SAT., APR 9 & 10: *Volere, Volare*, 1992 Italian mix of live action and animation with Chaplinesque writer/director/star Maurizio Nichetti playing a cartoon engineer whose left hand is—changing.

FRI. & SAT., MAY 7 & 8: *First Film Co-op Mini-Festival of Shorts* An as-yet-to-be selected program of three or four contemporary short, interesting, cutting edge films, probably including some animation.



Mam'selle

Douglas Smoot
Celebration

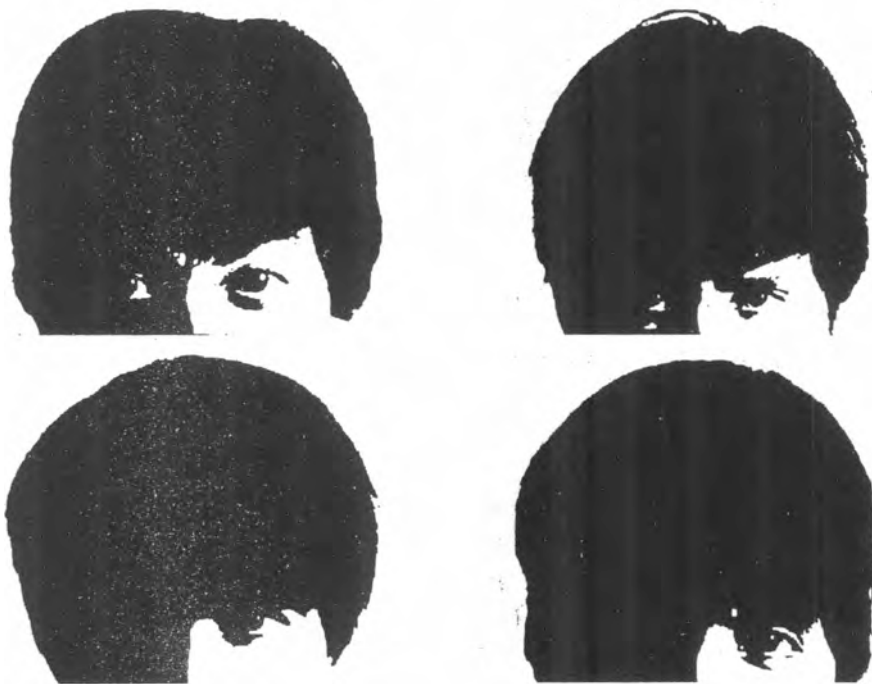
"Mam'selle" is a fine 16" X 20" B&W limited first edition lithograph. This collectors item signed by the artist is offered for \$25 plus \$4.50 shipping and sales tax. Please send check or money order made to Douglas Smoot.

"Mam'selle" Douglas Smoot, 3010 University Dr. Huntsville, Al 35816

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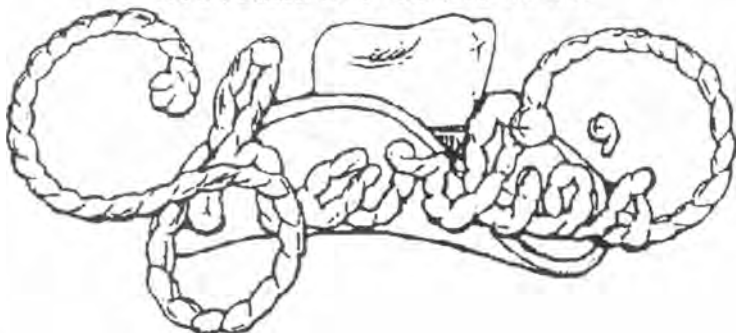


If You Miss The Beatles, The Secret of a Don't Miss Scrumptious "1964" Fruit Cake



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Even back in the 1920's and 30's Mama was a crusader! Her pet interests outside the home were vigilantly defending the WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION (WCTU) and teaching Sunday School. She was steadfast in her belief that whiskey was the root of all evil and with her help the WCTU could evangelize the world. We were constantly reminded of all the evils of John Barley-corn and daily enlightened about the educator and lecturer Frances Elizabeth Willard. Knowing Mama, she would never do anything to jeopardize her standing in the organization or cast a reflection of impropriety on her family. Promoting Christian advocacy seemed to be her battle-cry.

I always knew that Mama baked the best fruit cake in town and to prove it I never passed up an opportunity to sample other folks' cake during the holidays. I deliberately tested out the "neighborhood rounds" each year and there was no doubt about it, Mama had something in her cake that didn't compare with any others. I just couldn't figure it out - neither could anyone else. I remember once a neighbor asked if she used some secret ingredient. Mama just smiled without commenting and quickly changed the subject.

Of all the aromas that came from our kitchen nothing ever topped the smell from the oven on a cold November day. No one had to tell me - I knew it the minute I came home from school and opened the front door. My nostrils inhaled the spicy air and sent my salivary glands into orbit. My sister and I would crave the first piece but Mama's answer was always the same - "It's not cold yet and besides it needs to 'set up' for a few days to mellow."

Preparations had begun days before. It was my job to crack the nuts, pick out the meat and clean out all that bitter stuff hid between the



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Pomanders

Spicy, wonderfully scented pomanders have been around since medieval times. They were often hung around the neck or round the waist and their sweets scents were inhaled to ward off infection. Many were used in homes and castles to ward off musty smells. Fruit pomanders are easy to make, can be used year round as table decorations or just placed in bowls around the home to make your rooms smell wonderful. Basically what you do is choose your fruit, stick whole cloves into it and dry for a length of time.

Fruit pomanders can be made with oranges, lemons, limes and even apples. All the fruit should be of best quality, free from blemishes. Choose thin-skinned citrus fruits rather than thick-skinned, and use shiny green apples.

Make up your orris root mixture before you start to stick the cloves into the fruit. For each fruit you will need about 3 tablespoons of the orris root, available at health stores, and 3 tablespoons ground spices. Apples work well with cinnamon or cloves, and ground cardamom goes well with limes and lemons. Other spice you may experiment with are nutmeg, allspice and coriander.

Choose cloves that are strong and of good quality with large heads. You need about 25 per fruit, or 1 ounce. You will need a thin knitting needle for piercing holes in the fruit, a bowl for mixing the spices, and a small brown paper bag for each fruit.

Gently squeeze the fruit with your hands, to soften the skin. If you are going to hang the fruit with a ribbon, leave a cross shape around the fruit free of cloves so that the ribbon will fit snugly around the finished pomander. Mark with tape before inserting the cloves.

Space so that there is a space in between each clove, equal to the size of another clove. Begin at the top, work down in a straight line to the base of the fruit. Begin at the top again, working down. You may allow an inch or so between each line. If you can pierce the skin with a clove, this is preferable, otherwise use the knitting needle. Continue til the fruit is covered with cloves. Pat the orris root/spice mixture into the pomander, covering

wrinkles of the pecans. Mama cut the fruit into tiny bits. First dried figs, dates, orange peel, lemon peel, and citron. I never did like citron and didn't want it in there be she assured me that no real Southern fruitcake was complete without citron. After that came the raisins, both white and dark, and candied pineapple and cherries. When the sticky fruit was finally cut up it filled a huge pan. Then came the flour sifted in a little at a time. It took hours to prepare and each piece had to be separated. Finally quarts of nuts of all kinds were added along with flavoring. She steam-cooked it in a huge dishpan that she could hardly get into the oven. It must have weighed a good fifty pounds - certainly no ordinary cake.

Finally the anticipated day arrived and we were given our first piece. After picking out the citron I relished every last crumb. We always left out a generous slice for Santa on Christmas eve. In all those years it never occurred to me to push a chair into the pantry, climb up to the top shelf and see just what was in an old wrinkled brown bag. I just accepted and reluctantly obeyed the house rule "OFF LIMITS" warning. I knew if I didn't the

penalty would be severe. I had already felt the sting of the peachtree limb and I wasn't going to push my curiosity to the limit or be an accomplice to any part of it.

I was grown before I found out that Mama did indeed use a secret ingredient and it came out of that same old brown paper bag that was kept high out of reach. I asked her once what was in there and she told me it was of no concern of mine - just something to be used for medicinal purposes only and reminded me to be sure and stay away from the top shelf of her pantry. To my knowledge Mama never revealed to anyone the deep secret of her scrumptious fruit cake. Like the song goes, "A spoonful of sugar makes the medicine go down" so if the sugar and medicine are both in a fruitcake - well that's even better - just give me another dose! I guess I had my fair share of whiskey once a year and Mama's reputation and membership in the WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION remained intact.

by Helen H. Miller
Excerpt from "To Live and Die in Dixie"

every part of the surface. Place your pomander into a brown paper sack, with any leftover spice mixture. Leave in a cool, dry, airy room checking every other day to make sure that the fruit remains completely covered with the orris root mixture.

Drying the fruit can take anywhere from 1 to 3 months, depending on the type of fruit and weather and atmosphere. You will know when the fruits are dry when they have shrunk, are brown in appearance and sound hollow when tapped.

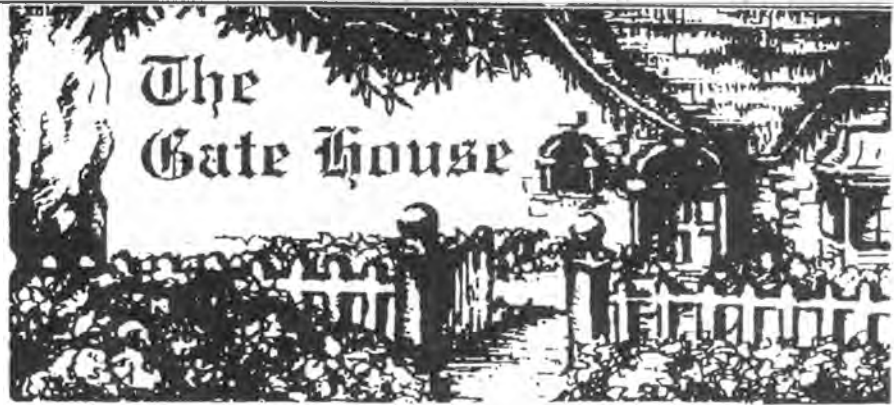
If you are going to use them for a table arrangement, just put them in a bowl. You may hang them with ribbons, or put into a colored net bag for scenting drawers. Pomanders can be decorated for special occasions. Limes, for instance, can be adorned with red, green, gold and silver and hung in rows along old beams or from the mantelpiece at Christmas. They can be put into a piece of lace or crochet and fastened by ribbon at the top.

These pomanders should last about a year. To renew their scent, rub the pomander with two tablespoons of orris root mixture to which you have added two drops of scented oil. Seal in a plastic bag and leave for 2 weeks.

Classic Orange Pomander

Large orange
1 ounce cloves
1 tbl ground cinnamon
1/2 tbl ground cloves
1/2 tbl orris root powder

Mix all spices and orris root. Make the pomander as above.



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Fresh Lemon Pomander

Lemon
25 whole cloves
1/2 orris root powder
1 tbl ground cinnamon
1 tbl ground allspice
1 tbl ground nutmeg

Mix all spices and orris root. Make as above

Green Apple Pomander

Use Granny Smith or Golden Delicious apples.

For each apple:
25 whole cloves
1/2 tbl orris root powder
1/2 tbl ground allspice
1/2 tbl ground cloves
1/2 tbl ground cinnamon

Why She Smiles Sweetly

Sparkling eyes, quick beating heart, and the rosy blush of pleasure on the cheeks, makes the strong man happy when he meets his lady love. That's the kind of a man whose very touch thrills because it is full of energy, vigorous nerve power and vitality. Tobacco makes strong men impotent, weak and skinny. No-To-Bac sold by druggists everywhere. Guaranteed to cure. Book titled, "Don't Tobacco Spit or Smoke Your Life Away," free with purchase.

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by Rev. Milus Eddings Johnston
ex-Lt. Col., C. S. A.

The name of "Bushwhacker" Johnston was well-known across North Alabama during the tragic War Between the States. To the Southern soldiers and citizens, he was a hero. To his enemies, he was a dangerous opponent to be shot on sight. Rev. Milus E. "Bushwhacker" Johnston, Methodist Episcopal Church (South), was a humble servant of the Lord until the Union Army invaded his homeland. Then he was hounded relentlessly by the men in blue. They arrested him "whenever they got in seeing, hearing, or smelling distance of him," wrote Johnston. More importantly, they burned his family out of house and home. His patience finally exhausted, Johnston decided to fight back. *"Boys," he said on crossing the Tennessee River into the Confederate lines, "I have come to the conclusion that God never yet made a man to be slobbered on always by dogs; hence I'm going to give those fellows a turn -- the best turn I can get into the hopper!"*

And give them a turn he did! Milus Johnston joined Col. Lemuel G. Mead's Partisan Rangers, a daring band that operated behind the Union lines in *Madison, Jackson, and Marshall Counties of Alabama, and Lincoln, Franklin, and Grundy Counties of Tennessee*. Comissioned captain of Company E, he was soon leading his men in harassing the Union forces around Huntsville. By early 1865, Mead's Battalion had grown so strong that it was divided into two battalions: the 25th Alabama Cavalry and the 27th Tennessee Cavalry. Johnston became lieutenant colonel of the 25th Alabama.

Come with us back to the 1860's and ride with the man the Yankees claimed prayed over his soldiers with the following words: *"Good Lord, enable my boys to take better aim next time that they may kill and not cripple!"*

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Timeless Health tips from Food

Celery Concentrate

Chop celery with leaves; place in covered pot. Add pinch of salt, cover with boiling water and steep for ten minutes. Serve piping hot with a salted wafer; effective as an agent in correction of super-acidity, or biliousness.

Iodine Broth

Mix two teacups of celery concentrate, two cups of clear tomato juice, one small can of high-grade minced clams with juice. Bring to a boil rapidly, serve piping hot with rye crisp. This can be used whenever iodine need is indicated, or as a broth at regular meals.

A Delightful Pep Drink

Use the juice of one large orange, one-half grapefruit, one-half lemon, one teaspoon of cured honey, one raw egg yolk, and a few chips of ice. Shake thoroughly, serve in tall glasses. A little water may be added, if desired. This drink will be found a valuable agent where loss of pep is evident. Should be used as a meal, or taken as a pep drink on hour before the meal, or two and one-half hours after. A maximum effect is secured if three ounces of blackberry juice is used with the drink.

To Increase Iron in the Blood

Spinach concentrate: Select one peck of fresh garden spinach, if not available use high quality canned spinach. Place in large cooking utensil for which you have a tight fitting lid. Add one teaspoon of salt and one teacup of cold water. Bring to boil, boil for twenty minutes, keep pot covered. Squeeze juice from bulk, using potato ricer. To preserve juice, when cool pour in fruit jar and place on the ice.

How and when to serve: Serve one small teacup each day. Should be hot, use one hour before the meal, or two and a half hours after eating. For children, use one-half teacup per day.

Blood Building Vegetable Broth

One pound of spinach. One small bunch of celery with leaves. Four medium sized carrots with leaves. Two

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medium sized beets with leaves. One-half dozen dried olives. Skin from four medium sized potatoes. Two teaspoons salt. Four cups cold water.

Scrub all vegetables thoroughly, chop medium fine, include all leaves, add salt and water, simmer slowly in covered utensil for three-quarters of an hour. Squeeze juice from bulk, using potato ricer. Serve hot.

When to serve: This broth is a valuable agent in the treatment of heavy colds, or fever diseases. To get the best effect, serve one-half teacup every half hour for the first 4 hours.

To Improve Bowel Action

The first thing in the morning drink a full glass of hot water, five minutes later drink a full glass of fruit juice, composed of equal parts of orange and grapefruit juice. Five minutes later, drink a second glass of hot water, and in extreme cases, follow that with a second glass of fruit juice. Thousands of cases have found great benefit by using this intestinal flush three times a week.

A half grapefruit eaten before going to bed, without sugar, is valuable in overcoming foul breath and sluggish elimination.

A good practice daily is to use one magnesium fruit one-half hour before breakfast each morning.

To induce perspiration in the event of heavy colds, and provide for tissue relaxation, scrub a lemon thoroughly, bake until soft, and then crush, strain the juice, add a little hot water to the juice, and sip slowly.

In cases of fever, scrub a grapefruit thoroughly, squeeze the juice from it, and then chop the grapefruit skin and pulp. Place in earthen crock and cover with boiling water, steep for five minutes, strain and add the juice thus derived to the original juice from the grapefruit itself. Sip piping hot, and bundle up on the couch.

from "The Business of Living" 1878

A Very Polite Horse

(from 1890 Newspaper)

One of the mounted police officers in this town has a horse which he leaves in the station stable while he answers to the roll call at noon and again at 6 o'clock p.m. The officer fastens his horse to the post forming one corner at the head of another horse's stall and as soon as the animal is tied the other picks up a mouthful of hay, forces it through the iron grating between the two, and waits until his guest has eaten it. Then he repeats the operation and continues his hospitality until the officer returns for his horse. He began to do this without any suggestion from the men, and he does it twice a day, much to the satisfaction of his visitor. His performance has attracted considerable attention in the neighborhood, and his politeness has won him many friends.



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PROGRESSES

"Electric funerals" are the very latest thing in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. The trolley wire leads to the cemetery and the enterprising company which has the street railway franchise has constructed a special funeral car and rents it to mourners who desire to bury the departed according to the ultra modern ideas of this electric age.

This comes as near to "galvanizing the corpse" as modern science can and it is a step in advance of St. Louis' electric hospital car. In that city an ambulance car makes its regular trips, picks up candidates for the surgical ward in the city hospital and conveys them with neatness and dispatch to the operating table.

It remains for Chicago to adapt St. Louis' electric hospital car, fit up an electric car for the coroner, borrow Harrisburg's electric funeral car, hook them all up together and be at the head of the procession.

When the victim is dug up from under the car he can be taken into the hospital car. If he dies the coroner can ring up six passengers to serve as a jury, hold his inquest and pass his legalized corpse back into the funeral car without causing the company to lose a single nickel through a moment's delay.

from 1895 Newspaper

A Leather Carpet

A new use has been found for old boots and shoes. They are made over into a novel kind of house carpet.

The shoes are thrown into an immense tank, into which steam and dissolving compounds are run, thereby causing the old shoes to take a thick, liquid form.

Certain proportions of tallow, borax and glue are then introduced, and the pulp is run into the moulds.

The moulds are shaped after the plan of a regular sand mould and have the form of flowers, leaves, figures or geometrical designs.

The pulp is run into these moulds and the figure hardens in the cold air. These casts are arranged in the proper figure or design, when a cementing process begins. The cement is a compound made from leather pulp and glue, and it is run between the figures. The figures soften a little with the compound, and the whole hardens together.

In the casting of each figure a different colored pulp is used - red pulp for red roses, white pulp for white flowers, green for leaves and so on. Thus elaborate designs may be carried out. Then comes the pressing by the use of rollers and polishing with varnish.

The result is a nice looking floor covering, the cost of which is less than straw matting and less than oil cloth; in fact, an economical and durable carpeting.

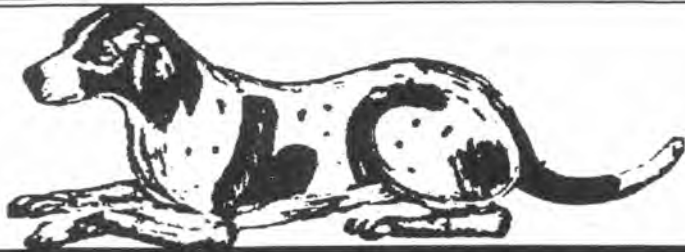
taken from 1893 Newspaper

READY HANDS

"Good help is hard to find"



533-2555



A DOG STORY

As long as animals are on this earth, the two-legged will tell wondrous and almost unbelievable stories about the four-legged.

No doubt the four-legged return the compliment, but we never know whether the tales are creditable to us or whether they reveal the true character of man.

Here is a story of a dog from Atlanta. No one is obliged to believe it, but read on.

A gentleman by the name of Niles had a dog to go into a fox's hole, as it appears to be the way of this dog to do, in order to have it out with the fox. The owner of the dog stood listening to the noise of war inside, chuckling in anticipation of the triumphant return of his terrier.

All, however, did not go as planned. Three and twenty days passed and the dog had not reappeared. It began to be pretty evident that the fox had the best of it.

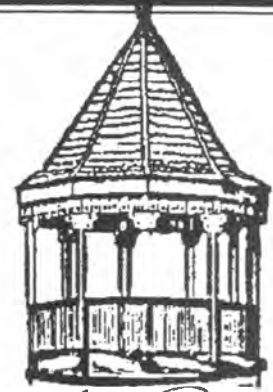
But on the twenty-fourth day the owner watching against hope at the hole, saw something very fox-like and it instantly snapped at the watcher.

But the rest of the creature was the terrier all right enough, and that portion immediately wagged its tail. The recipient of these mixed demonstrations stared at the thing, rather aghast.

Later on he convened a council of his friends to pronounce upon it. Some said the fox had eaten the dog. Others argued that the dog had eaten the fox and not digested him.

The best explanation seems to have been that the dog and the fox had eaten one another down to a certain point, and that this singular hybrid was the result. The owner calls it a fox-terrier.

taken from 1895 Newspaper



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How to tell Linen from Cotton

In buying handkerchiefs it is always an advantage to know whether the "strictly all linen" is really from the flax plant or not. To distinguish between cotton and linen it is only necessary to moisten the tip of the finger and press it to the suspected handkerchief. If it wets through at once it is linen, while if any cotton enters into its manufacture it will take several seconds to wet through the threads. Also in linen the threads are usually uneven and coarser than the cotton.

from 1895 Newspaper



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Earthbound

(editor's note) The following was sent to us by Millie McDonald, formerly of Mobile and now living in Jackson, Tennessee.

Azaleas are some of the most popular plants in the South, although, with proper care, they can be grown in the North as well. This is an ideal time to plant these bushes.

There are three sizes of Azaleas, small (miniature), medium and large. One can tell the size of the Azalea by the size of the leaf. For example, small leaves are indicative of small or miniature plants, medium leaves are medium plants, etc. Some of the very large Azaleas are the "Pride of Mobile" azalea.

The small or miniature plants are usually planted in groups for a better effect.

Azaleas are available in many colors and shades from white to purple, pink and deep reds. They are an excellent background plant and usually bloom in February to March, the blooms are very showy and last anywhere from a week to 8 weeks.

After blooming, the Azaleas should be pruned and all old blooms should be washed off with a strong pressure water hose. This is to prevent disease caused by the dead blooms.

The Azaleas should then be mulched with leaves, or pine straw and fertilized with Azalea fertilizer, as they prefer highly acidic soil. The mulch should not be too thick.

About two weeks after the first pruning, the Azaleas should be pruned and shaped once more. This will produce a healthier plant.

Because Azalea plants' roots grow so near the surface of the ground, some mulch should always cover the base of the plant. The mulch prevents the plant from drying out in the summer and keeps the plant warm in the winter.

Azaleas are not subject to many diseases, and like the shade. However, there is one black worm that loves Azaleas - they are commonly called "army worms" because they work in large numbers. These army worms work at night, stripping the plant of its leaves overnight.

If the plant becomes infected with army worms, it is an easy matter to restore the plant. For several nights,

Continued on page 46

What a Girl Does All Day

A matron rouses her daughter of sixteen at 7 a.m. every morning, summer or winter.

Half an hour later she must be at breakfast, serving her brothers and sisters, after seeing that they are properly dressed for school.

Rid of the young folks, she must make her bed and clean and dust the whole of the rooms of the house by 10 a.m.

On three days in the week she sets out for the dressmaker's and learns the business until 12:30.

On the other three days she practices on the piano and learns French. Twice a week the hour from 12 to 1 is devoted to music lessons.

At 1:30 dinner is finished, and the girl must herself put away and lock up all the remains, after which she is allowed to read some entertaining book or play piquet or dominoes with her father.

At 2:30 she must do plain sewing till 4 o'clock. The whole family then takes coffee and walks for an hour and a half.

By 6 her father pounces upon the hapless girl and gives her a subject in history, geography or literature on which to write a theme in the space of an hour, without book or other assistance.

Next the young lady must prepare tea, to which the family sit down at 7 o'clock punctually.

After that she may take up her embroidery or crochet, and the family read aloud in turns until close upon 9 o'clock, when the poor eldest daughter is sent to bed.

taken from 1889 Newspaper





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dust the plants with "Seven Dust" and the army worms will die.

Azaleas can be planted anytime during the year, although fall is better. During the first year they require more watering until they accept their new environment.



A Cure for Idiocy

In Washington County, Georgia, some years ago there lived a half-witted boy. One night a crowd of boys undertook to make him the butt of a practical joke. They made up a party to visit the watermelon patch of a neighbor. Among them was this half-witted boy, and he was to make up one of the party who should go into the patch after the melons. The gentleman who was owner of the patch was told of the intended visit, and of the part he was expected to play. And did he play it.

During the visit someone opened fire on the raiders. This boy fell at the first fire. Upon investigation, it was found that the ball went in at the back of the head and ranged forward, the ball lodging near the front. He was injured badly but recovered.

Later on in life the same boy got into a difficulty and was knocked on the head with a hammer. From this wound the brains oozed out, as from the first, in the back of the head. From this he recovered and it was found he had a much stronger mind that at first. He married an older widow and is now living happily.

from 1890 Newspaper



Window boxes are becoming more and more popular as you will notice while driving around your neighborhood. You don't have to look forward to only a box of soil, however, as your windowboxes can be just as beautiful in the fall and winter as they are in the summer.

Here are some ideas of combinations of cool weather plants to use in your scheme.

For a rich tapestry of color, use chrysanthemums. You can find them everywhere now, and when used in combination with different types of ivy, are beautiful. How about trying some herbs, like rosemary or thyme, for added leaf texture and interest.

For a light effect, use dusty miller mixed with the white pansy, and add variegated ivy for the front of the box. Use your imagination!

When it really gets to being cold at night, your ivy will probably make it through the winter, but evergreens will for sure.

Plant small heather, or dwarf conifers. Tuck some ivy in among the larger plants to trail down the front of your boxes.

What I've tried over the years, and had success with, is just taking some cuttings from my magnolia trees and just sticking them into the soil. The large leaves add much interest to the boxes, especially when I have ivy or other smaller plants mixed in. And the magnolia will stay green for some time, even though it won't root. How about using some of your holly cuttings, with their bright red berries?

Rummage around some fields in your area - you may find some small plants, roots and all, that can make it through the winter and would look wonderful in your windowboxes.

How about some dwarf azaleas? Pansies and geraniums will bloom until it freezes - now use your imagination and make sure they're well mulched. Good Luck!

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Honour for a Beloved Pet

A Labrador was buried near our city the other day with all the solemnity and honour accorded human beings. The funeral took place from the Tracy residence, at the corner of Mockingbird and Gates streets, and the body was followed to the grave by nearly a score of mourners who seemed to be sincere in their emulation of the grief of Mrs. Tracy.

The dog was a favorite in the neighborhood. He used to play in the streets with children, and he had a manner of greeting friends that left a warm place in many hearts.

When he died and Mrs. Tracy decided that he should have a regular burial, her friends sent offerings of flowers, which were heaped upon the bier in profusion.

The services in the house were conducted in every way befitting the dog's reputation and character for gentleness and honesty. Hymns were sung and a pretty eulogy in which his many admirable qualities were elaborated upon was read by a friend of his mistress.

Then the remains were carried to a newly-made grave back of the barn, placed in a rosewood casket and duly lowered with as much tenderness as if a human body was being buried.

The grave was quickly filled with earth and a little mound raised above it, which was strewn with choice flowers of every shade and hue. Mrs. Tracy will erect a headstone to mark the grave, and it will contain an enduring record of the virtues of her pet Labrador.

from 1898 Newspaper





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Towed Many Miles By A Fish

The latest fish story is told by a local fisherman who recently visited the Florida shores to deep sea fish. He says that early on Thursday morning last, while trolling out of Fort Walton, in a fourteen-foot dory, a swordfish twelve feet long became tangled in the buoy line and carried the boat a number of miles out in the Gulf. He says that he was not picked up until Saturday morning, until which time he was without food or water.

from 1920 Newspaper

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