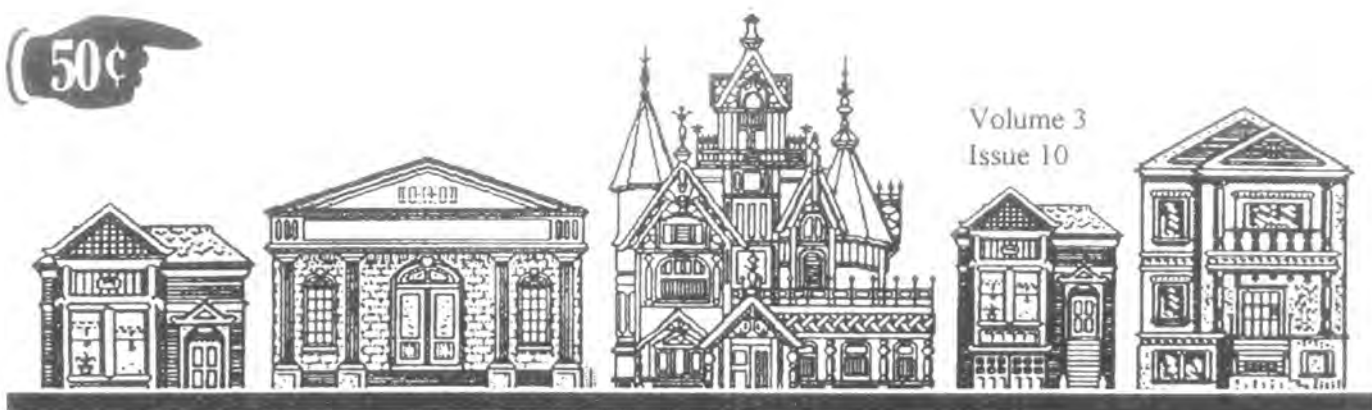


50¢

Volume 3
Issue 10



Old Huntsville

SURRENDER!

Peace comes to Huntsville as Confederate troops surrender on Monte Sano.



After four years of bloody conflict, the last of the notorious guerilla bands in Madison County prepared to give up. Some people called these men loyal sons of the South, while others called them blood-thirsty bushwhackers.

Now, from their hiding place on Monte Sano Mountain, they watched the Yankee troops scouring the countryside in search of the last remnants of the once proud Confederate Army.

Their leader, Reverend Milas Johnston, had earned the respect of his men and the hatred of the Union troops. A devout man of the cloth, Johnston had wielded the sword of vengeance, pausing only long enough to pray over the bodies of dead Yankees.

Here in his own words, Johnston tells of the final meeting with the hated blue-coats whom he had fought against for so long.

Also in this edition: "Fuller's Folly," The Underground Dance Hall

Peace Declared In Huntsville

Excerpts from the "Sword of Bushwhacker Johnston," a vivid, often poignant account of one man's struggle against the Union occupation of Huntsville and the surrounding areas.

by Rev. Milus E Johnston, better known as "Bushwhacker Johnston"

Lee has surrendered, Joseph Johnston has surrendered, and as far as we know, all have surrendered. Hence it looks very much like we have been beaten and all is lost. "Now, boys, hear me for the last time. Had I no one depending on me for a living and no one to care for but myself, and just one man to walk by my side and press Southern soil, just as long as we had strength to stand upon our feet we would fight those blue-coats hilt to hilt. But your unworthy commander has a family depending upon him for support. Therefore, for their sake we are going to surrender, and you who wish to go with us shall have the best terms possible to be made."

A large majority of those present agreed to surrender with us, while the rest refused the proposition. At once, we sent a dispatch to the Federal commander in Huntsville, which ran as follows:

"General Granger,

Dear Sir: We have concluded to surrender our command, provided you will give us a living chance. But we wish it distinctly understood that after we surrender, we are not to be marched through the streets of Huntsville, to be tantalized like so many monkeys, or court martialed, shot, or hung like so many dogs; or in other words, if we are forced to sell out, we intend to sell out at the very highest price. We repeat it, give us a living chance and we will surrender all the men we can get to come in."

General Granger replied, in substance, as follows:

"Major Johnston, Dear Sir: I will grant you, with pleasure, the same terms that were granted to General Lee and General Johnston.

Respectfully, Granger."

At the same time he proceeded to state the terms so plainly that they could not be misunderstood. The reader will understand that there had been so many threats against our command that we had no notion of surrendering until the terms were laid down in black and white.

After a few more dispatches had passed between the two parties, the terms of surrender were agreed upon, and General Granger appointed a man to receive the surrender, while we appointed a man to make it. Rather in "grand army" style, the reader will perceive. Colonel William Given was appointed by General Granger to receive the surrender. In the meantime, we had requested the general to allow none of his men to come south of the Memphis & Charleston railroad until after we had met him, giving as a reason



that it would tend to scatter our men and render it difficult to get them together to surrender. We shall have more to say about Colonel Given as we proceed, for there were things that occurred while we were with him that much astonished us. Wherever we touched the colonel, he proved to be all over a man; and we would add that he was the first blue-coat that had given us this evidence since the war began. We were to meet Colonel Given at Trough Spring on the side of the mountain, about half way between the base and the summit. And at the appointed time



Old Huntsville

"Yesterday's News Today"

Published by

Old Huntsville, Inc.
716 East Clinton Ave
Huntsville, Al 35801

205-534-0502

Publisher

Cathey Callaway Carney

Senior Editor

Billy Joe Cooley

Assistant Editor

Tom Carney

General Manager

Clarence Scott

Special Assignment

Stefanie Callaway

Sales

Clarence Scott

James Buckmaster

Guest Writer

Jim Harris

Distribution Manager

Tony Mason

All material contained within is copyright 1992 © and may not be copied or reproduced in any form without written permission of Old Huntsville, Inc.

All opinions and views expressed in this publication are probably our own.



away we went to become prisoners of war.

We arrived at the appointed place first, which was on the public road leading from Huntsville to Vienna (New Hope). We did not have to wait long until we heard the bluecoats coming. There was quite a crowd of them, and they had two brass bands. And to finish the thing up, well, they had brought along a ten gallon demijohn, which they said was full of old apple brandy. In the crowd were Dr. Patton, Squire Tabor, and old Ben Jolly, all staunch friends of Johnston and his boys, and they were present to make as fair weather for the bushwhackers as possible.

As they approached, the Federals were making the welkin ring with music. As soon as we heard them coming, we had a white rag hung high in the air. Then we beheld a Union flag with a white flag waving close by its side, advancing to meet us. Colonel Given and our appointed officer met first, after which this notorious bushwhacker advanced and was introduced to the colonel. As soon as the formal saluta-

tions were ended, the bushwhacker remarked, "Colonel, permit me to say that you are the first Federal, officer or private, whom I have met since the war began who treated me as if I had been anything above a four-footed animal."

The colonel replied, "I am sorry to

Rebels admitted they hid arms on the mountain rather than surrender them to Yankees

hear that, major."

"I know that is plain language, colonel," we rejoined, "but it is nevertheless the unvarnished truth."

In a few minutes Colonel Horner, who had fallen in behind us with his regiment, came marching up. As soon as the major laid eyes on him, he turned to Colonel Given, saying, "If we had met that man ten minutes before we met you, there would have been a fight, for we never intended to surrender to that fellow." And we found before we got through with him, that Given was not burdened with respect toward

Horner.

Soon they began to drink their apple water, and some of them became rather lively. Among other things, they urged the major to drink also: and they kept pressing him so that he became uneasy, lest they should try to pour it down him. At length he said, "Gentleman, if I were in the habit of drinking at all I would drink with you today, but you must excuse me for I do not drink with man, woman, nor child." Just at that moment, Dr. Debow said, "I am authorized to do Major Johnston's drinking." Which gave the major elbow room to slip out.

Thus things went on for some time, and the Federals, if no one else, seemed to enjoy themselves hugely. The agreement was that we were to be paroled on the ground and set at liberty. But presently it began to rain, and there was little chance to write paroles in the rain. Colonel Given then proposed that we march into town, where we could find shelter. But we objected. He continued to urge and we to object. At this crisis up stepped old Uncle Ben Jolly, and

Huntsville's Finest!



Regal

NISSAN - MERCEDES



Call 837-5752 ~ Bring In Ad and Receive \$200 Off Purchase of Nissan or Mercedes!



with his strong commanding voice called out, "Major, move into town with your men. It is true we cannot treat you as well as we would like to. But I've got plenty of meat and bread, and two large rooms covered with carpets where your men can lie crossed and piled. Besides, I've got the best Rebel gal in all America."

Then Colonel Given began to urge again, and under the pressure of both we yielded. When the latter was appointed to receive our surrender, he asked our courier some pointed questions. First: "Are not Johnston's men poor men?" "They are." Second: "Will they not need their horses in order to make a crop?"

"They will."

"Well, you tell the major to dismount his command and come into town on foot, for if I do not see their horses I will not have to report them."

This sounded strange coming from a Federal soldier. When Ben Jolly had finished, Colonel Given pitched in the second time. He was standing in the midst of his officers, when he called out, "Major, it is true your men laid down their arms, but let them shoulder them again and march right into town, and if I had my way, I would allow your men to keep their arms to kill some of those rascals who might give them trouble."

We leave the reader to draw his own conclusions, while we pass on. The time we are writing about was the middle of May, 1865, and what we have just mentioned occurred in the afternoon. As it continued to rain, we were finally compelled to go into the city. And as we entered the city, there were two roads, one entering the upper and the other the lower part of town. The arsenal where they intended to deposit our arms was in the lower part. Colonel Horner, who was in advance, took the right hand road, while Colonel Given took the left hand, leading to the arsenal. We had not advanced far into the town, when Horner sent a courier across a number of streets, ordering Given to take the right hand road. We were by the colonel's side when he received the order and saw his eye flash as he answered. "You tell Colonel Horner that I am in command here, and he will do well to attend to his own business."

In a few minutes we halted near the arsenal, when a number of citizens and soldiers gathered about us. And while our arms were being stored away, we could hear the soldiers and citizens making various remarks, when one of them exclaimed: "Well, those fellows did more execution than any set of men I ever heard of, to use such pokestalks for guns."

If we had been so minded, we could have made the secret plain to him. The fact was when we found out we had to surrender, we hid our best guns in caves for safe keeping. And we are of the opinion that there were no better arms of the kind in all the United States than those we hid away. On the other hand we doubt whether a sorrier set of guns could have been gathered up in all Dixie than those we surrendered.

Night came on very soon after our arms were stored away, and the next thing that concerned us most was a place of lodging. But the enemy put no special guard over us, but allowed us to stay with our old friends, while the citizens vied with each other in trying to make us comfortable.

The next morning when everything was in a bustle up and down the streets, our boys were gathering at the point at which they were to be paroled. When we reached Colonel Given's headquarters, he gave us a firm grip of the hand, as a pleasant smile spread over his face. He began business at once, and while writing the paroles, in stepped one of his aides and said, "Colonel, there is a U. S. horse out here."

Raising his head, the colonel replied, "You may go away from here, sir. There may be a U. S. horse out

*Make This
A Christmas To Remember!*

Hollis
Clothing

2212 Whitesburg Drive
534-4430



there, but I do not see him."

Perhaps an explanation would not be out of place here. When the United States government bought or captured a horse, it was branded with U. S. and ever afterwards it claimed to be Uncle Sam's property.

Colonel Given continued his writing, but it was not long before the same fellow came back and said, "Colonel, there are three or four U. S. horses out here." We saw at once the colonel was stirred, for he used such strong language in reply that we shall not repeat it. Among other things he said, "If I were to go out there perhaps I would find half a dozen U. S. horses, but I do not see them. Sir, you go away from here, and stay when you are gone." The fact was there were more than half a dozen U. S. horses there, but the terms of surrender were that our officers were to retain their horses as well as their sidearms. After so long time our command was paroled and released as citizens of the United States.

When the men of our command arrived at their respective homes, taking their horses with them, we settled

down to make a living, and to accept the situation as best we could. And although the Reconstruction period that followed proved something harassing, we tried to be loyal to our oath and make good citizens of the restored union. It is true that as a consequence of war, bitter feelings were stirred up in the minds and hearts of the opposing parties. But we were willing to forgive and to ask forgiveness; and after more than thirty-five years have passed by, we have not seen fit to change our mind.

The End

Fast Potato Digging!



Write Postal Card for Free Illustrated Circulars. Mention this paper. Address Monarch Manufacturing Co., 163 Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

HAPPY HOLIDAYS



HOUSE OF MANDARIN

Mandarin & Szechuan Cuisine
RESTAURANT
Lunch Served Daily 11 till 2,
Closed Monday!
Dinner: Tues - Thurs 5 - 10;
Fri. - Sat. 5-10
837-3877

3810 University Drive
Visit our new location at
Guntersville's Holiday Inn



JAZZ * BLUES * ROCK & ROLL



PUGS

PHIL'S UNIQUE GADGET
SHOPPE

FOR THE ULTIMATE
CHRISTMAS GIFTS
SOUND CONDITIONERS &
MENTAL FITNESS SYSTEMS
ROBOT KITS

EAR THERMOMETERS

SILENT ALARM CLOCKS

536-2432

812 Wellman

Famous

A \$65 Baseball Special

Huntsville's attention was directed to Atlanta, Georgia this year as the Atlanta Braves battled for the World Series championship. Few people realized that baseball could have also put our city on the map ... if things had worked out a little differently.

Baseball history in Huntsville, like much of our history, is full of irony and untold stories. Perhaps one of the best tales of baseball is one of a young man who grew up over in Georgia and made his way to Huntsville in pursuit of a career.

The young man was born near Royston, Georgia in 1886. At a young age he discovered the sport of baseball and immediately it became the passion in his life. This was in the days when every city, town and mill village had their own teams and professional players were almost unheard of.

At the age of nineteen the young man left home to pursue his new career. Walking and hitching rides on wagons he made his way across the Southland, looking for the "Big Time," or so he thought. According to one report of the day, there were so many baseball

teams that the scores were no longer listed in the newspaper.

The young man sought out every sandlot team in town trying out for a position but was repeatedly turned down. One team offered him a position as an unpaid player, but he had to furnish his own uniform and glove. The young man had a glove but did not have the money to buy the uniform.

The manager of a local team, a mill village team, listened to the young man and then burst out laughing. "Son, you better go on back home and get a real job. If you think you can make a living playing baseball, why, you're crazier than you look!"

Probably a large part of it had to do with the exorbitant salary he was asking ... \$65.00 a month.

Disappointed, he left Huntsville after only a few days and eventually ended up in Detroit where he landed a job with a local baseball team.

This team went on to become one of the best known teams in baseball history and the young man, Ty Cobb, became a legend in his own time.

The End

3 RADIO DISPATCHED WRECKERS • 3 TON TO 45 TON UNITS

One of North Alabama's Largest Independent Repair Shops

VANCE MORRIS MOTOR COMPANY

BODY AND MACHINE SHOP

WE REPAIR ANYTHING AUTOMOTIVE

Serving North Alabama for over 44 years

PH. (205) 539-1736

539-1737

534-3661

701 OAKWOOD AVENUE, N.W.

HUNTSVILLE, ALABAMA 36911

WRECKER SERVICE NIGHTS & WEEKENDS

A Family Funeral

by Thomas Frazier

It rained the day they buried my Grand-Daddy.

All the family was there, dressed in their store-bought clothes and smelling of Palmolive aftershave and Avon perfume.

His children stood at the gravesite, along with his grandchildren and great-grandchildren and in-laws and outlaws. He would have been proud of most of them, and ashamed of a few.

The tears came easily to the women folks. Casting subtle glances about them to make sure they were being observed, they let their bodies become racked with convulsions as the tears streaked the make-up they had applied an hour before. They clung to one another tightly, as if seeking refuge in their grief, and called one another brother and sister and cousin.

Over to the side stood the men, silent, feeling awkward at this strange display of emotion. With their hands jammed deeply into the pockets of the newly purchased clothes, they felt helpless while they watched the hired man shovel the wet red clay back into the grave from which it had come.

Finally it was over, the soil was back in place and the bright, garish

flowers stood like silent sentinels next to the newly engraved tombstone.

There was nothing else left to do.

The men stepped forward, now with a purpose, this was something they could do, and offered their worn, rumpled handkerchiefs to their wives and sisters and led them back to the waiting cars.

After the funeral the family gathered at the home of one of his daughters where they had cold-cuts and potato salad for lunch. The make-up was back in place now and the crying was over. The women all seemed to compete with one another as they talked about their children's schools and their husband's jobs.

Even the men seemed to have forgotten about Grand-Daddy as they squatted under a shade tree and talked about cars and jobs in Chicago and Mary Ellen's boy getting sent to jail.

No one paid much attention to me except to tell me to fetch them another soda pop or hand them the ash tray. I was only thirteen years old and pretty unimportant. I was too young to tell stories with the men and the women kept telling me to go on outside and play.

"Pull those new britches off," my aunt said, "and change into some old ones before you go outside to play."

I walked out to the barn and when I was sure no one could see me, I began to cry. At first it was softly, silently. And then, in an almost uncontrollable fury, my whole body was seized by the pent up emotions of that morning.

I cried for the memories that I had, and the memories that would never be.

He was my Grand-Daddy and no one cared.

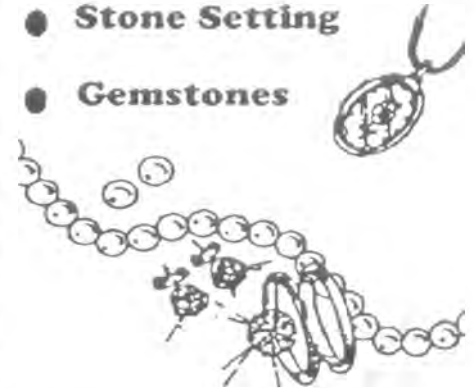
THE END

A politician's bumper stickers often last longer than his promises.

Rudy Mitchell, farmer

WE DO...

- Engagement Rings
- Wedding Rings
- Expert Repair
- Stone Setting
- Gemstones



- Diamond Jewelry
- Custom Setting
- Class Rings
- Lapidary Work

880-7026

**TANNER'S
JEWELRY**

7540-D-Memorial Parkway
Financing Available
Layaways Welcome





A BALL OF FIRE

February, 1895. A vivid ball of fire, three times as large as the sun and equally as brilliant, shot through the heavens last night, at 11:05 o'clock.

The brilliant ball turned the city as bright as noonday and made many declare that its passage was attended by a rumbling noise and a slight shock, as of an earthquake.

Everyone who was awake at that hour saw the swift-moving meteor. It was of marvelous brilliance and passed close to the earth seeming to almost touch the housetops.

It was seen by every policeman on duty in the city and, in a few minutes after its flight, they were making sensational reports of it to the police station.


At the office it was seen by every one in the building. There was a vivid flash as of a powerful stroke of lightning. The whole earth was brilliantly lighted and the heavens were ablaze with splendor.

The meteor came out of the northwest and travelled toward the southeast. It shed a swath of light that extended in every direction as far as the eye could see and for several seconds the city was lighted as brightly as at the hour of noon.

The first impression was that it was a vivid flash of lightning, but a glance into the heavens dispelled that idea. The light was caused by a huge ball that seemed to have stolen the blinding light of the sun. The ball had disappeared before anyone could get an idea of its size or nature.

In three minutes after the passing of the great light the telephone began to ring and inquiries commenced to pour in from all over the city, who had seen the ball of fire. All gave the same account of it, saying that it looked like the sun out on a midnight tear.

It was at first thought to be a local brilliant, but this was disproved before



*Heirlooms
From The
Past*

Hand Engraving
Antique & Estate Jewelry
Large Diamonds & Pearls
Jewelry Repair

**ALEXANDER'S
JEWELRY**
COIN INVESTORS
536-3321

five minutes had passed. At the train dispatcher's office, three minutes after the meteor passed, the telegraph operators all along the line of the East Tennessee and Georgia Pacific began to send in reports of the night light.

The same sight was witnessed in Decatur, the meteor passing over that place, going in a southeasterly direction, at 12:05, making the town as light as day.

The night watchmen claimed the ball of fire was so near the earth that it melted the snow on the roofs of store buildings; that the water poured off the roof of the post office block in streams into the alley.

Jack Creecy, the night operator at the depot, it is said, was so terrified that he hastily extinguished the lights, seized his revolver, and jumping into the middle of the room, made ready to defend himself against what he supposed must be a gang of robbers with ball and shot before he realized his mistake.

THE END

*"The Sword of
Bushwhacker Johnston"
on sale now at
Shaver's Bookstore
2362 Whitesburg Drive*

Notes From New Hope

Jere Giles had his foot cut off while his sister was cutting firewood. A laborer under the employ of Henry Edwards lost three fingers on his right hand in an untimely accident. Uncle Ben Kennamer's leg was amputated after an unfortunate illness. The bodies of two unidentified persons were found by the Sunday school class while participating in their annual fishing expedition on the banks of the beautiful Paint Rock river.

Otherwise all is fine.

from 1898 newspaper

A New Business in Huntsville

Miss Molly Deckchard has opened an ice cream parlor at her residence near the railroad depot. She will be available for business at all polite hours.

from 1899 newspaper

READY HANDS

"Good help is hard to find"



533-2555

House Sitting
Person Sitting
Pet Sitting
Errands
House Cleaning
Meals Prepared
Hour/Day Rates

HUNTSVILLE CLASSIFIED ADS FROM 1898

T.H. Wade has added a complete line of furniture to his Undertaking business located at No. 8, Commercial Row.

Ready made clothing and underwear. If you want the best for the less, call on A. Campbell, at 5, Commercial Row.

Two For The Price Of One
Phinney Undertaking Establishment.

Donegans Barber Shop

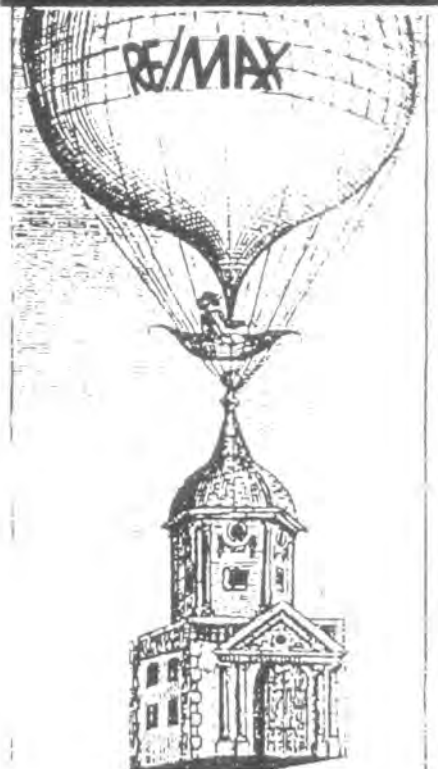
I have a nice newly appointed Barber Shop on Holmes Ave., where I will be glad to see all of my friends and customers. I offer clean towels and sharp razors.

S. Boyd

Purveyors of worn out clothes located at the corner of Church and Holmes. Anything may be purchased with cash.

HOLIDAY GREETINGS

Thank You For
Making Me Your
Relocation Specialist



ANGIE JONES

REMAX ~ HUNTSVILLE

HUNTSVILLE'S
RELOCATION
SPECIALIST

1-800-239-4749

533-3313 • 882-0748

106 Jefferson

For Fine Coffees, Teas & Accessories

Coffee Shop Hours

Tuesday-Friday 8:00 - 5:00

Saturday 10:00 - 3:00

- Coffee sold in 1 pound, 1/2 pound, and 1/4 pound bags with labels
- Gift bags and boxes are available.



the kaffeeklatsch

Roasters of Fine Coffee Since 1977

Phone 539-1636

All coffees are roasted and flavored on the premises.

If you would like to purchase a specific coffee, please call in advance and we will try to have it ready when you arrive.

Thank You for your business!
- Grant & Kathy Heath



billy joe cooley

For the political buffs, the Hot News from our sources in D.C. is that the Clinton staff is talking to someone in Huntsville about a possible job. The unnamed person's wife was recently spotted in Parisian's inquiring about a special-order gown for the Inaugural Ball.

WHILE YOU'RE reading this, Johnny Tona is getting his famous Family Billiard parlor down the parkway to Marketsquare (Heart of Huntsville Mall), next door to Charlie's Country/Western Theater. Two of the last customers in the old location were Grissom's Cameron Williams and his Reno, Nevada, guest, Olin Lee Hershberger. At the next table was soccer referee Timothy Montoya and his son, John, a high schooler at Gurley.

One of the happiest mornings of my life was when I was four and our family was facing a bleak Christmas, as were many families during the depression years. We had no money for gifts or holiday fruits. But the little Presbyterian church in our community sent us

a basket of fruit, along with a toy gasoline truck with "Gulf" on the side. So, when the call comes from the "Forgotten Family" people this season, please be generous so the unfortunate families may enjoy a special holiday. The same generosity should apply to The Salvation Army kettle, Toys for Tots, Christmas Charities and other charitable institutions. You can help see that there are no "Forgotten Families."

Robert Lane, who works with Comcast, reminds us that the Disney Channel will again provide a weekend of freebie movies this season. We have that channel and enjoy the clean shows. The top listening experiences during this highly-commercialized season can be found on DCR (Digital Cable Radio), where Channel 10 has become all-holiday music for the season's duration. That channel is usually reserved for easy listening. I'm glad we called Comcast for the demonstration.

Our buddies at a local popular watering spot tell us that a prominent attorney lost his wife the other night. It seems as if he had a little too much to drink and went home, thinking his wife was already there. The fact that his wife didn't get home until three that morning didn't seem to faze him, as he was in no condition to complain.

PRETTY KRIS HALL has left Channel 19 for other pastures and a replacement will be announced any day now.

That was a humdinger "Friendship Luncheon" put on by Arnold Hornbuckle the other day at Britling Buffet. James and Ruth Record were there, as were a hundred other legends, celebrities and salt-of-the-earth types. The newer ones included Charles and

Virginia Faulkner (NASA retired), pretty Mary Walsh and Claudia Bucher of United Way, and financial wizard Steve Thornton of Morgan Keegan. The dynamic musical duo, Bob and Leo Larkin, played classy country for the two-hour to-do. Across the way was a gang of hard workers from Russell's Auto Electric place, headed by Spencer Cox, Mike McCormick, Mark Lamar, Eric Johnson and Mark Wood. Their co-working pals John Meadows, Mike Drexler and Robert Clark arrived late, but made up for it.

MISS EUNICE will close her restaurant for a while next month as she mends from her new knee-cap, but don't give up. The surgeons have promised that she'll be marching in the parades soon afterwards. Meanwhile, our paths crossed there the other day with Mike Esslinger of Nashville, who was a former hospital worker type here. He was across the table from the telephone company's Billy Thompson. At the next table were Charlie Grainger and daughter Carla. She graduates today from Auburn. With them were the newly elected district attorney, Tim Morgan and wife Ann. "We have plenty biscuits," said Miss Eunice. Morgan replied "Thanks, but no mo."

Some great movies, and a few near-feats, are playing at the Cobb Theaters this season. We give high marks for the heart-grabbing animated musical "Aladdin." It's about a wisecracking street-smart teen who uses a genie to save a sultan's throne. The action thriller of the year has got to be "Under Siege." This is a must-see for all of us thrill buffs. Others we've enjoyed this season are "Home Alone 2," "Passenger 57" and the greatest of them all, "A River Runs Through



HUNTSVILLE'S OWN IRISH PUB

HOLIDAYS ARE MORE FUN AT
FINNEGAN'S IRISH PUB

And Enjoy Your Heritage
South Parkway
(Next to Joe Davis Stadium)



It... Chase Ludwig is 3, but knows how to wrap his ma and pa, Kathy and Scott, around his finger when they go shopping. He proved it the other day.

Some valuable coupons appear in this issue of "Old Huntsville." Rolo's and El Mejicano. If you like our magazine, let the advertisers know. It's important that they know the value of their advertising dollars. Thanks.

Zachary Wilson, 3 and his dad, Anthony, are sporting fancy haircuts this week...

Kevin Streit calls from his Las Vegas office to let us know he's back from Europe, or some such place. At the same tourist conclave was Judy Ryals of Huntsville. "I was there when the palace caught fire, so I got out before they could blame me," said Kevin.

Shotgun Evans, operator of Boot Scooters Lounge in the Carriage Inn, is bouncing back from the flu. No, he didn't take a shot for it. Musician Rich has been sitting in with the band on weekends there and he's one of the best.

Huntsville's favorite guitar-picker, Tony Mason, has got a Christmas gig you would not believe. He flies to Germany one day, plays at a party the following day, and flies home the next. This is his second overseas gig this year. Of course, he took along that pretty wife, Robin.

Clues for Christmas

When Dutch children know that St. Nicholas is in town, they leave their shoes beside the fireplace filled with hay for his horse, hoping to get treats in return. Kids often receive candy and small gifts, with the big present saved for January 5. The Dutch call gifts "surprises," and go to great lengths to disguise them. A tiny present may be wrapped inside a huge box or in a cabbage or pudding. A large gift may be hidden in the trash dumpster or refrigerator, with clues to its whereabouts elaborately gift-wrapped and placed in special places.

HOBNOBBING AT MISS EUNICE'S



Eunice's Restaurant, an institution in our town for more than forty years, has always been the kind of place where the customers, both the lowly and the great, wait tables and pour coffee.

It's also where you may find yourself seated at the same table with a Unites States senator and an auto mechanic, with perhaps a congressman or governor refilling your coffee cup.

One morning several years ago, barber Floyd Hardin and scribe Billy Joe Cooley walked in and ordered coffee with sausage and biscuits.

Much to their surprise, it was former Gov. Big Jim Folsom who strolled over to their table and poured their java. They soon learned the act was just part of the norm.

Mayors, judges, numerous congressmen (some even from out of state) and movie and singing stars

(some of them legends) are not exempt from such duty. Whoever gets up to pour his or her own coffee, has to do likewise for the house.

But, on that morning years ago, Billy Joe, being the social gad-fly that he is, was really enjoying Big Jim's service. Floyd, however, just sat there, fidgeting nervously.

Shortly, he pulled money from his pocket and handed it to Miss Eunice. "Let's get outa here," he said.

"What's the matter, Floyd. This is kinda neat."

"Billy," Floyd says, "I'm a church-going man and if my preacher ever walks in here and catches these politicians waiting on me hand and foot, well, there ain't no way I'm going to convince him that I don't need to repent all over again."

THOMAS FRAZIER

Your package to a perfect
New Year's Eve Party



Michael's
RAMADA INN

Call Now for Reservations

881-6120

Ancient New Year Customs

If you were Russian, you would have beaten all the corners of your house with sticks to drive out Satan at New Year's Eve. If you were a Druid in old England, you would have gathered mistletoe to give as gifts to all your neighbors. If you were Scottish, you would leave your home open all New Year's Eve to greet your friends, and the first to get there after midnight would have determined your luck for the year.

If your first visitor was a dark-haired man, you would have welcomed him with open arms. However, if your first visitor were a woman, a redhead or a person with a squint, his or her first step over your threshold would por-

tend bad luck for the year. Some homeowners even got into the habit of paying dark-haired men to arrive early at their homes.

New Year's Eve is one event that is carried out all over the world, in one form or the other. Gift giving, visiting friends, driving out evil spirits and foretelling events of the coming year are just a few of the customs that occur year after year.

It has been suggested that the excessive drinking associated with some New Year's Eve parties is a relic of the deliberate disruption and chaos practiced by primitive peoples at the end of each year. If things weren't topsy-turvy, how could they make a new start with the beginning of the year?

All of the racket we make at the year end - banging of pots and pans, blowing of party horns, ringing of bells, firing of guns in some places - was originally meant to scare away the low and vilest of spirits. The culmination of the activities, it is thought, was the

celebration of new birth with feasts and the restoration of order. Even the ancient Greeks carried a baby around in a basket as a symbol of the new year, long before we ever thought of parading a youngster with the year printed on his diaper.

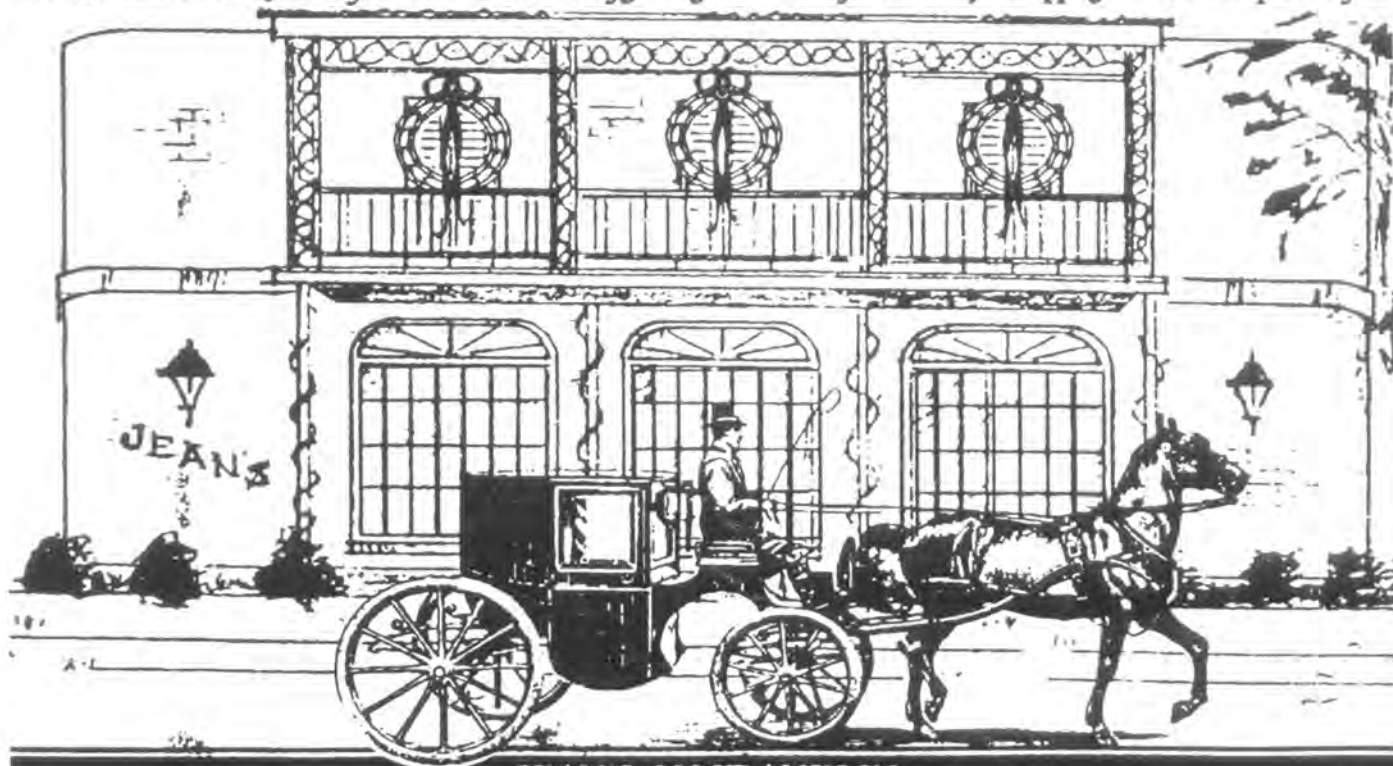
In the U.S., there are as many customs as there are cities. One that is popular is to put a shiny dime in the pot of black-eyed peas, and whoever is lucky enough to dish it out will have luck all year long. Lucky, that is, if you don't crack a tooth.

So this year, as you're celebrating the old year going out and the new one coming in - just think. In a hundred years or so someone like you may be wondering what weird things people did in the 1990's to help welcome the new year.



COME IN FOR GREAT CHRISTMAS VALUES!

We at Jean's wish to extend to you our warmest Holiday greetings and thank you so much for shopping with us these past 30 years!



JEAN'S ON FRANKLIN

801 Franklin Street SE - 539-4871 or 539-4873

Let Us Help You Make A List For Santa!



OLD TYME
FOLK
REMEDIES

For a dry cough, do the following: scrub 3 potatoes, boil them with the skin on, save the water and sweeten with honey. Use 1 tablespoon of the sweetened water for cough.

Burned tongue? A few drops of vanilla extract will soothe it.

Garlic helps arthritis - rub a freshly cut clove over the painful area, and take 2 garlic pills a day, one after breakfast and one after dinner.

If you don't like garlic, mix one teaspoon of honey with a teaspoon of apple cider vinegar in a glass of cold water. Do this for at least three weeks, one in the morning and one in the evening.

For hemorrhoids, eat a large boiled leek every day for an afternoon snack. Eat 3 raw almonds every day, chewing each one at least 50 times.

Pimples - eat brown rice regularly.

Blackheads - rub lemon juice over blackheads at night. In the morning rinse off the juice with cool water. You'll see good results after several days.

Garlic oil patted on psoriasis patches will help clear it up.



Precious Cargo
5000 Whitesburg Drive S • 880-0255

Christmas Confections

Sweet Spicy Nuts

- 1 cup sugar
- 1 1/2 tbl ground cinnamon
- 1 tsp ground cloves
- 1 tsp salt
- 1 tsp ground ginger
- 1/2 tsp ground nutmeg
- 1 egg white
- 1 tbl cold water
- 1 pound pecans or other whole shelled nuts

Preheat oven to 250, grease a large jelly-roll pan. Mix together thoroughly all dry ingredients. Beat egg white with cold water until frothy but not stiff. Add spiced sugar mixture; stir well. Add nuts; stir well to coat.

Spread nuts on pan; place in oven. Bake for 1 hour, stirring to separate every 15 to 20 minutes. Remove from oven when dry and toasty. Cool and store in an airtight container.

European Vinegar Taffy

- 2 cups sugar
- 1/2 cup vinegar
- Pinch of salt
- 1/8 tsp cream of tartar
- 2 tbl butter

Combine all ingredients and boil to hard ball stage. Pour into a well-buttered pan and cool. Pull the taffy until it becomes white and porous. Then cut into 1" pieces. This lemon-crystal taffy, which was brittle and had just a hint of lemon, was devoured in Europe by sweet lovers.

Dilworth Lumber Company
for
Martin Senour Paints
415 Church Street
539-4123



GURLEY, FUGITIVE IN GRAY

by John Crow

Something was up. You could feel it in the humid, late summer air. Union General Don Carlos Buell's Yankee soldiers could feel it. The Rebel horsemen under General Nathan Forrest could feel it. There was an ominous sense of impending tragedy afoot. Something was up.

The year was 1862. That dreadful saga that was the American Civil War was a little over one year old. In the east, the Union army under General George McClellan had been stopped cold in its drive toward the Confederate capital at Richmond, Virginia. In the west, the Union army under General U.S. Grant had steamrolled its way through western Tennessee by taking Forts Henry and Donelson. It had lost some of its steam after being terribly

bloodied at Shiloh, but had gone on to take Corinth and Iuka, Mississippi, from the equally bloodied Confederates. Now Grant's army was stalled. It was spread out over Western Tennessee and Northern Mississippi in several garrisons, thanks to Grant's cautious superior, General Halleck. That left the middle.

Yankee operations in Middle Tennessee were under the command of General Don Carlos Buell. Buell had left his headquarters in Nashville and personally led part of his "Army of the Ohio" to help Grant at Shiloh. After that battle, he ordered one of his army commanders, Ormsby Mitchel, to strike south from Middle Tennessee into North Alabama.

The target for Federal operations in

North Alabama was originally the Memphis & Charleston Railroad. This line was one of the vital supply arteries for the South, connecting east and west with north and south within the Confederacy. It was also vital to an invading Yankee army if it was going to eat. So General Mitchel plunged southward.

In early April of 1862, Mitchel's army marched from Fayetteville, Tennessee, and stormed into Huntsville. He captured the railway station, the roundhouse, locomotives, rolling stock, Confederate soldiers on leave, a fledgling foundry, and anything else in town he wanted. Once Huntsville was secure, he sent elements west to take Decatur and east as far as Bridgeport.

Now the focus of operations shifted. Mitchel believed that given enough men he could take Chattanooga, Tennessee. Whoever controlled Chattanooga would control East Tennessee, but even more important, the door to Atlanta would be open. Buell thought it was a good idea. Buell's superior, Halleck, thought it was a good idea. The War Department thought it was a good idea and started clamoring for action.

Buell marched the rest of his army from Mississippi through Tusculumbia, Florence, and eventually headquartered in Huntsville. Before it was over, Buell had assembled some 55,000 men and had more in Iuka, Mississippi, where he had come from, if he needed them. Oh yes, it was a good idea. All he had to do was keep the rail lines open, the bridges repaired, stockpile supplies at Stevenson, Alabama, and it was on to Chattanooga. Then disaster struck.

Buell's captured prize, the Memphis & Charleston Railroad, was fast becoming a millstone around his neck. To keep his army going, he needed some 300 tons of food and forage daily. Assuming he had the necessary engines and rolling stock, this would be a tall order for the railroad even in peacetime. But this was war and disaster for Don Carlos Buell had two names: John Hunt Morgan and Nathan Bedford Forrest.

The Rebel raider Morgan had been causing general havoc up in Kentucky but now he dipped down into West Tennessee destroying tunnels, burning

bridges, and tearing up track, effectively blocking Buell's supply line to Louisville, Kentucky. Well, the lines to Nashville were still open. Enter Forrest.

While Morgan might be causing general havoc, it would be Forrest that would play sheer hell with the Yankees in Middle Tennessee and North Alabama. Not content with just destroying sections of the railroad, Forrest would capture garrisoned towns full of Yankees. He would supply his men with Yankee guns and cannon, and feed them Yankee food. What he couldn't use, he would burn. He would attack repair parties, trains, and even the sawmills pressed into service by the Federals. Now Buell was bogged down. His demoralized army was spread all over Middle Tennessee and North Alabama guarding the railroad. There would be no march on Chattanooga that year.

Forrest was no stranger to the area where Buell was trying to operate. He was born in Chapel Hill, a small town in Middle Tennessee. He was also familiar with North Alabama. Earlier in the year in February, he had spent a three-week furlough in Huntsville.

Several companies of his best men had been recruited from Huntsville and Madison County. Men like Captain D. C. Kelley, a Methodist preacher who could preach the gospel and fight Yankees with equal fervor. There was also another lad that Forrest had his eye on, young Frank Gurley. Gurley hailed from the small town near Huntsville that bore the name of his ancestors who had settled in the area. Forrest had mentioned Gurley in some of his earlier reports commenting on his courage

LIKE HUNGRY ANIMALS
ON THE PROWL, THEY
MOVED OUT LOOKING FOR
FEDERALS ON WHICH TO
FEED.

and intelligence in battle. It had been a busy year for these men, but now something was up. You could feel it in the late summer heat.

Everywhere Confederate armies began to stir. Like hungry animals on the prowl, they moved out looking for Federals on which to feed. In the East, Bobby Lee's Army of Northern Virginia would find and crush Pope's Union

army at the Second Battle of Bull Run, then head north into Maryland. In the West, Rebel General's Van Dorn and Price would harass Grant and attempt to retake Corinth, Mississippi. That left the middle.

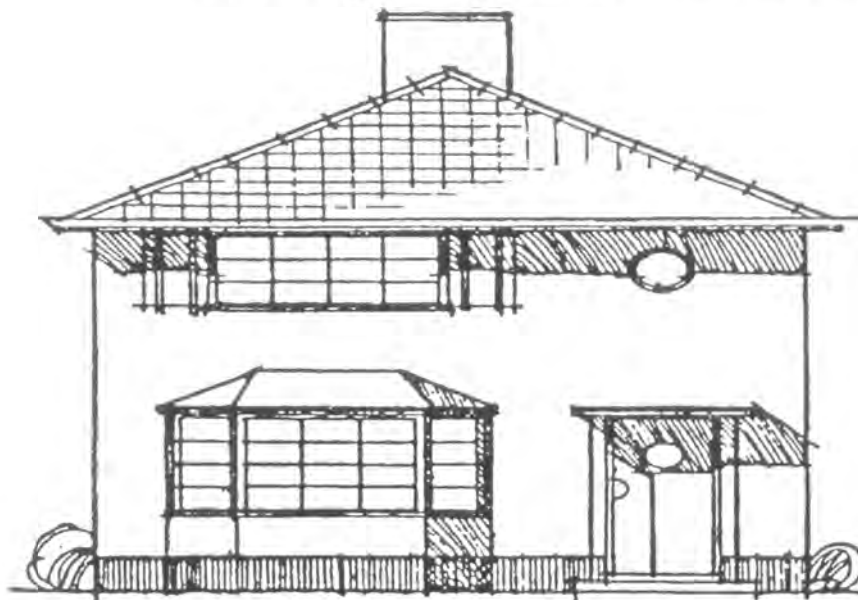
While Morgan and Forrest tied down Buell's union army in North Alabama and Middle Tennessee, Confederate General Braxton Bragg consolidated his Army of Tennessee and crept northward. Crossing the Tennessee River at Chattanooga, he embarked on what would be his invasion of Kentucky.

These momentous events would, of course, affect the lives of thousands of individuals, North and South. He didn't know it yet, but for Frank B. Gurley, Bragg's invasion of Kentucky would trigger a series of circumstances that would bring untold misery into his young life.

As Bragg's Rebel army cautiously crept northward through east Tennessee, Buell was inundated with alarming reports from his scouts. Fearful that Bragg might be moving on Nashville, Buell began moving his army out of North Alabama consoli-

ALLIANCE BUILDING CORP.

Wishing all of our customers a Merry Christmas



complete remodeling

residential

commercial

new construction

concrete

roofing

536-7670

3313 Memorial Pkwy S.

• FRONT •

The Fret Shop

Warm Sincere Holiday Greetings!

*A wide variety of
Guitars, Banjos, &
Mandolins*

*Layaway now
for Christmas!*

*Guitar - Violin
lessons available
for all ages*

SALES • RENTALS • REPAIRS
502 Pratt Avenue • (2 Blocks East Of 5 Points)
539-8709 OR 539-1760

dating it and keeping it between Nashville and the Confederate army. Buell was to move his headquarters from Huntsville to Decherd, Tennessee, where he could keep a closer watch on the unfolding events.

As the Union army moved north, one of Buell's brigade commanders, General Robert Latimer McCook was also on the move. McCook was one of the 17 fighting McCooks from Ohio. His father, his uncle, nine other brothers, and numerous cousins were to serve the Union cause, either in the Army or the Navy. McCook didn't know it yet, but he had an unfortunate date with destiny. In this case, destiny's name was Frank B. Gurley.

Gurley had been detailed by Forrest to recruit from North Alabama additional men for what was eventually to become the 4th Alabama Cavalry. Operating under the collective noses of the enemy, Gurley had succeeded in raising a company of stalwarts. Meeting up with another company of fresh recruits near New Market, Alabama, Gurley and his men headed out to find Forrest. As fate would have it, he also

found General McCook.

While following Buell's earlier advance along the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, General Robert McCook had taken ill and was confined to an ambulance. McCook in his ambulance and with a small cavalry escort was scouting in the New Market area on his way to Decherd. When his party stumbled into Gurley's party, all hell broke loose.

Upon seeing Yankee soldiers, Gurley ordered his men to charge. To the outnumbered Yankees, it must have been a fearsome sight as this rough crew of horsemen rode them down. Gurley's recruits hadn't had time to be properly outfitted and were dressed in a motley assortment of homespun civilian clothes and armed with shotguns, pistols, and whatever else they brought from home. In truth, they looked more like common outlaws than Confederate soldiers.

The Union horsemen broke and ran, being hotly pursued by the Rebels. As Gurley rode after the escort, he passed the ambulance. Glancing over, he saw a figure in Yankee blue whipping the horses to a higher speed. Gurley fired

at the figure as he passed it. Robert McCook fell mortally wounded in the abdomen.

When Gurley returned from the chase, he discovered who he had shot. The Confederates took the mortally wounded officer to a nearby farmhouse so that he might be more comfortable. Gurley spent some time talking to the man before he died the next day. Apparently, McCook believed Gurley and his men to be legitimate soldiers for he never said anything to the contrary before he died. Unfortunately for Gurley, the North didn't see it that way.

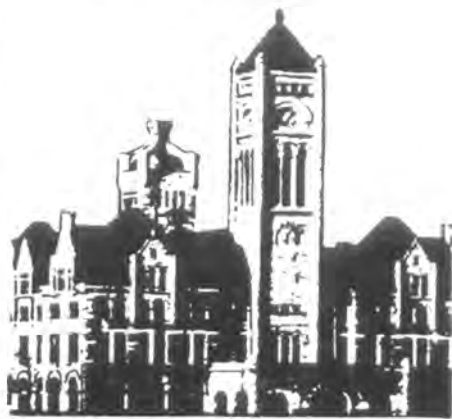
The word that got back to the Federal officials was that McCook's men were attacked by a band of ruthless guerrillas. Furthermore, Robert Latimer McCook had been cruelly murdered while he lay in the captured ambulance bed. Now a different kind of hell broke loose as outraged Union soldiers scoured the countryside looking for Gurley and his men. The farmhouse that had given General McCook succor while he lay dying was burned to the ground. A Rebel lieutenant on furlough was found and shot. Old men and boys for miles around were arrested. The Yanks had blood in their eyes.

It was a moot point, I suppose. While it was true that Forrest had given Gurley a commission to raise troops, technically it was illegal since under Confederate law only Jeff Davis

union station

A Grand Heritage Hotel

1001 Broadway + Nashville, TN 37203
615-726-1001 USA 615-726-1001



could grant that authority. In reality Gurley was acting as a Confederate soldier doing his duty as he saw it in a country at war.

Gurley was commissioned as Captain, Company C, 4th (Russell's) Alabama Cavalry later that year and went on to ride with and fight many more battles for General Forrest.

After the fighting at Chickamauga, illness and exhaustion forced him to go home on leave. At this time Madison County was again under Federal occupation, and on the Yankee books Gurley was still an outlaw-at-large.

In October of 1863, Gurley was arrested at his home. Jailed in Huntsville and then Nashville, he was found guilty of murder on January 11, 1864, and sentenced to hang by the neck until dead. When Confederate authorities got wind of this, they threatened to hang Yankee prisoners in retaliation. This probably contributed to the fact that his execution date was continually postponed. In January of 1865, apparently by mistake, he was exchanged. After the close of the war, Gurley returned to his Madison County home to try and pick up the pieces and start a new life. But it was not yet to be.

A nationwide manhunt was launched late in 1865 to find the "murderer" of Robert McCook. Now Frank Gurley found himself once again to be a fugitive from Yankee justice. Once again he was arrested at his home, and once again he was scheduled for a date with the hangman's noose. Strangely, two days later, his proceedings were postponed by none other than Andrew Johnson. Living in jail, not knowing if each day was to be his last, Gurley was finally released in April of 1866.

His ordeal finally over, Gurley at last was able to get on with his life. Every year he would host reunions for his old regiment at his Madison County home. He would go on to other adventures during the Reconstruction before he died in 1920, but that, as they say, is another story.

THE END

There is no job so simple it can't be done incorrectly.

Dave Hawkins, Manager

Cow for sale

Owing to ill health I will sell, at my residence, one crushed-raspberry colored cow, aged six years old. She is a good milker, and is not afraid of anything. She is a cow of undaunted courage and gives milk frequently.

To a man who does not fear death in any form she would be a great boon. She is very much attached to her home at present, by means of a trace chain, but she will be sold to anyone who will agree to treat her right.

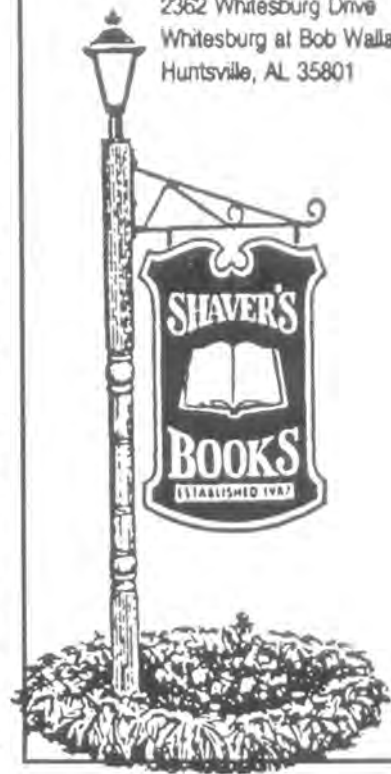
She is one-fourth shorthorn and three-fourths hyena. Purchaser need not be identified. I will also throw in a double-barrel shotgun, which goes with her. In May she generally goes away for a week or two and returns with a tall, red calf with long, wobbly legs. Her name is Rose, and I would prefer to sell her to a non-resident.

You may keep this in your paper till you sell the cow. We are all pretty well, and hope your paper is self-sustaining.

from 1896 Huntsville newspaper

SHAVER'S BOOKSTORE

2362 Whitesburg Drive
Whitesburg at Bob Wallace
Huntsville, AL 35801



In politics the choice is constantly between two evils.

John Rader, Retired



FAST! SAFE! RELIABLE • NO JOB TOO SMALL!
THERE IN MINUTES TO SOLVE ANY HOME REPAIR PROBLEM
CALL NOW! 536-2398 FOR FREE ESTIMATE!

Tony Mason
A NAME YOU CAN TRUST

A Marvelous Mind Reader



Experiments That Would Seem to Indicate the Transference of Thought--Some of the Marvels of an Evening of Mystery

Huntsville, 1896--A most astonishing and inexplicable exhibition of mind reading was given at the editorial rooms last Sunday evening in the presence of a few newspaper men and other invited guests. The operator was Prof. E. Laska, a professional parlor entertainer, who has been in Huntsville for several weeks and appeared before select parties at a number of private residences.

Good parlor entertainers are much in demand for social functions in the North, but the vocation is as yet something of a novelty in this part of the country. Prof. Laska's programme is not confined entirely to mind reading, but is a *divertissement*, including sleight of hand and palmistry and phrenologi-

cal readings by his partner Mrs. Ames. Altogether they furnish a unique and most interesting entertainment.

Prof. Laska was kind enough to volunteer to repeat his best feats in the presence of our editorial Glass' staff, and hence the gathering Sunday evening.

The professor is a slender, nervous man, with coal black hair and a restless black eye. He is a Russian by birth but speaks good English. His age might be 30. The seance began with an exhibition of prestidigitation which was chiefly remarkable for its extreme finish and the entire absence of apparatus. Standing within arms reach of the little circle of spectators, the performer succeeded


in mystifying everybody present. It was sleight of hand, pure and simple, without any of the accessories usually indispensable to parlor magic and was interesting because of the astonishing dexterity displayed.

Then followed the real event of the evening--the mind reading. The first experiment was the finding of a hidden article. One of the company led Prof. Laska into an adjoining room and there securely blindfolded him. Meantime another member of the party unhooked his watch and by common consent hid it in the hat of a gentleman present. The hat was placed on the head of its owner and Laska brought in. Taking the fingertips of the one who had hidden the watch, he walked without hesitation to the gentleman under whose hat it was placed. After fumbling over his body for a few moments he raised the hat and drew forth the timepiece. Not more than two minutes elapsed from the moment he entered the room until the watch was found. There was not the slightest opportunity for collusion.

The next feat was more complex. Laska was taken from the room and during his absence one handkerchief was tied around the arm of a gentleman in the circle and another to the back of a chair. Both were then untied and hidden under a tablecloth. This procedure was not prearranged, but decided upon after Laska left the room. when led in as before, he took the hand of the gentleman who had manipulated the handkerchiefs and found them both after less than a minute's indecision. Then without stopping for an instant he tied them exactly

Cont. on page 24

Rolo's CAFE



883-7656

NOTICE !

**10 % off your bill
if you mention this
ad before 1-12-93.
Not good in combi-
nation with other
COUPONS.**

- Daily Hot Meals & Vegetables
- Smoked Pork
- Smoked Ribs
- Charbroiled Steaks
- Best Cheeseburger in town

505 Airport Road . Open 7 Days A Week 6:30 AM - 9:00 PM

Buried Treasure

FACT OR FICTION ?



by Charles Rice

A fortune in antique gold coins lies awaiting a lucky finder about thirty miles west of Huntsville. At least, there is if you can believe an old local legend. The fascinating tale of lost treasure does have some verifiable facts to it. The story dates back to the War Between the States, a time of tragedy and turmoil in the Tennessee Valley, as indeed across the entire Southland. Just how much truth there is in the tale, we leave it up to you to decide. The story takes place in Hog Hollow, a small valley not many miles below the town of Riverton, known in those days as Chickasaw. In October 1984, Mr. Cecil Hayes, who had grown up hearing the tale, recalled it for the Cherokee News of Cherokee, Alabama.

"This is all part of an old legend dating back to the Civil War," wrote Hayes, "and is kept alive in this region by an occasional repetition." The story tells of a keg of U. S. gold coins--\$5.00 half-eagles, \$10.00 eagles, and \$20 double eagles. Just one of the coins would be worth at least hundreds, if not thousands, to collectors today. "Local tradition tells that the Rosses were Quakers who came from Oklahoma to

Alabama and settled in the hill country in the early 1840s," recalled Hayes. "They bought vast tracts of timberland in a beautiful pastoral valley, surrounded by wooded hills and divided by a winding mountain brook, later known as 'Ross Branch'." Well, the Rosses might have been Quakers -- though later actions hardly seem to show that, but it is hardly likely they came from Oklahoma. The 'Sooner State' did not become a territory until 1890, and was not admitted as a State until 1907. Present day Oklahoma was simply the domain of the Indians in the 1840s.

As to the "vast tracts of timberland," the U. S. Agricultural Census of 1860 does list the Ross family as owning 165 acres -- quite a sizable farm, though perhaps not one deserving the word "vast."

"They cleared the land, sold the valuable timber and built a large two-story house, barns, and other outbuildings," continued Mr. Hayes. "They planted their crops and orchards and vineyards. The Rosses were good farmers and hard-working people, and after a time their farm was one of the most

beautiful and well-kept farms in the county." This much of the tale is probably true and shows what people of the time thought of the Ross family. They were obviously very respectable citizens and their neighbors remembered them as such. "The Rosses became wealthy in a region where many other people had failed to make a living," said Hayes. "Through careful and selective breeding, they produced the finest of livestock. Their sheep and cattle and horses were all thoroughbreds. And they raised such vast herds of hogs that their beautiful valley took on the rather odious name of Hog Hollow. Most of their rich produce went downriver by steamboat to markets such as New Orleans."

Here again, we see truth mixed with the understandable exaggeration of time. The 1860 Agricultural Census shows the Rosses owning 16 sheep and 12 pigs, certainly enough to attract attention. However, in that last year of peace, John Ross owned only one horse and two mules. And the horse can hardly have been a thoroughbred, since the combined value of all Ross' livestock - including a milk cow and six

other cattle -- was just \$300. The old legend tells us that the family consisted of "the father, John; the mother, Mae, and two big boys, Jacob and James. There was also a daughter, Rebecca, said to have been severely retarded, and a half-breed Indian boy, as hired help." Once again, the U. S. Census reports come to the rescue. They show us that John Ross was born in Georgia (not Oklahoma) in the year 1818. His wife, Martha, was a year or two older and a native of South Carolina. Most likely, the two had met either in Georgia or in Alabama, where all their children were born. The oldest child was James, born in 1840. Next was a daughter, Martha J., evidently born around 1842 (the census reports differ). Martha might be the daughter remembered as Rebecca. Then came Frances in 1843, who either died in childhood or had married before the census of 1860. John B. came along in 1846, followed by Mary M. in 1850, Jacob in 1852, and Martin W. in 1859. Considering the passage of more than a hundred years, the names of the Ross family have been remembered fairly well. The Indian boy does not appear in the census returns, but then sometimes Indians simply were not listed -- they didn't pay taxes! The Rosses were a quiet family, remembered Cecil Hayes, and kept pretty much to themselves. "When the family went to Riverton or Cherokee for supplies, they made their purchases in silence and silently departed." It was this that probably caused people to speculate about the Ross family. In the absence of knowledge, people perhaps began to make up stories about their reclusive neighbors. Since the Rosses seemed to spend so little, some folks naturally must have imagined they had a lot put away somewhere. "As the income of the Ross family increased (so the old story tells us), they began tossing money into a new nail keg kept in one corner of the large living room," wrote Hayes. "The money was all in gold, five, 10 and 20 dollar gold pieces." "This continued until one day it was discovered that the keg was nearly full. Then they took the golden treasure out and hid it, presumably some where about the farm. And where they put it, there it remains to this day." Why didn't the Rosses retrieve the treasure? The Civil War caught up with them in

the form of the invading Union Army.

The Rosses seem to have sat out the War Between the States, determined to take no part in the fierce struggle between North and South. Possibly this was the reason their neighbors considered them to be Quakers. However, the war eventually did come to the Muscle Shoals area, and no one was exempt from the death and destruction that came with it. One bright spring day, Union foragers came into Hog Howlow seeking the Ross' fabled pigs and sheep. In rather un-Quakerlike fashion, the Ross men objected to this blatant thievery. A gunfight broke out, with the outnumbered civilians naturally getting the worse of it.

"Some say two Union soldiers were killed," wrote Hayes, "but the Ross family were all killed. Then the house and all the other buildings were set on fire. The girl, Rebecca [Martha?], by some unexplained miracle, escaped

both the barrage and fire. Days later she was found in the woods.

That the gunfight did happen seems evident. Certain it is that John Ross no longer appears in the U. S. Census of 1870. Furthermore, while the tombstones on five of the six graves in the Ross family cemetery are now broken and illegible, the sixth is still intact. It reads: "James J. Ross, Son of John & M. A. Ross, Oct. 11, 1840 - May 29, 1864." The latter date presumably records the day of the fatal encounter with the Yankee raiders. But what of the treasure? Was such a keg of gold possible? Unfortunately, it seems highly unlikely that John Ross was ever wealthy enough to have accumulated so large a fortune. His real estate -- 80 percent of it in untouched woodlands -- was valued at only \$200 in the 1850 Census. It had risen in value to \$1500 by 1860. Ross' personal estate in 1860 was listed at a modest \$500. Ross was not a slave

PURPLE PEANUT

FASHIONABLE CLOTHING FOR CHILDREN



*For The
Holidays!*



614 Madison Street • 534-5767

owner, quite likely not believing in the outdated and questionable practice. He did raise enough cotton in 1860 to make seven 400-pound bales. Still, this hardly qualified him as a planter. Then is the treasure tale only a harmless old legend? Well, maybe yes, and maybe no. Once the truth is sifted out, what remains is a half-forgotten story of an American tragedy. The Ross family were honest, hardworking farmers -- peaceable people who paid their taxes, bothered no one, and obeyed the laws. They weren't rich, but they certainly were comfortable. Quite likely, they did hide away their money -- perhaps not in the gold coins of legend, but probably in the more common silver and copper. And then one day the Yankees came to their valley and ended it all.

"Some people today believe the old Ross story was just a kind of local fairy tale, a myth," recalled Cecil Hayes. "But my grandfather, John Carrithers, who was born in 1854, believed every word of it. He spent most of his life searching for the hidden treasure. With our modern equipment, he might have been more successful."

Like John Carrithers, we all have our dreams. So why not get out your metal detector and head for Hog Hollow. Just be sure to get the landowner's permission first! (There are laws against trespassing.) Who knows, you just might discover John Ross' legendary keg of gold. Most likely you won't. But then again ... just maybe you will!

The End



SETTEES AND OPERA CHAIRS.

The Newest and Best Styles for SUNDAY SCHOOLS, CHURCHES, OPERA HOUSES, LODGEROOMS, HALLS, OFFICES, &c.
Harwood Chair Seat Co.,
26 Washington St., Boston.

Send for catalogue and state requirements.

KEMP'S MANURE SPREADER



PULVERIZER and CART COMBINED.

Ground Agricultural Invention of the Age! Saves 50 per cent. of labor. Doubles the value of the Manure. Spreads evenly all kinds of manure, broadcast or in drill, in one-fourth time required by hand. Illustrated Catalogues free. KEMP & COMPANY, NEW YORK, N. Y.

DEAD AT FIFTY-ONE

by Jim Harris

*His life came to an end
When it should have just
begun.
But here he is all dressed in black
Dead at the age of fifty-one.*

*His children are grown and on
their own.
For them he fought and won.
But here he is all dressed in black
Dead at the age of fifty-one.*

*He and his wife were free as the
breeze
And should have been having
fun.
But here he is all dressed in black
Dead at the age of fifty-one.*

*Smoked cigarettes most of his
life.*

MAKING YOUR DREAMS COME TRUE SINCE 1835

"LET US LEND YOU OUR STRENGTH"



First Alabama Bank

MEMBER FDIC

DID YOU KNOW ?

Of all the presidents to have visited Huntsville, Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederacy, received the biggest welcome. Over seventy percent of the city's population turned out to greet him.

In the mid sixties, with the Cold War at its height, a major espionage scare was averted at Redstone Arsenal when it was discovered that the "spy" who had entered Werner Von Braun's office was actually the night janitor looking for a comfortable place to eat his dinner. The thermos that he had accidentally left behind was sent to Washington to be checked for listening devices.

During War World Two, Huntsville had two Medal of Honor winners.

The stone masonry used to construct the Church of Visitation (Catholic) downtown was part of the Union defenses at Ditto Landing.

The city of Huntsville still owned mules and wagons up until 1946 when

they were sold for the sum of \$200.00.

In 1928, when Montgomery Wards department store opened downtown, police had to be called out to control the crowds.

Pinhook Creek was actually the site of a gold strike in 1887. Unfortunately the vein quickly played out.

Mullins Restaurant was the first restaurant in Huntsville to have curb service. Hamburgers were 10 cents apiece, tip not included.

The last bordello did not close in Huntsville until 1949.

Moonshine in Huntsville now costs more than the liquor bought in stores.

The huge cedar trees lining Whiteburg Dr. were planted to commemorate the World War One dead.

The largest fish ever caught in the Tennessee River was a 117 pound catfish.

The city's oldest continuing business is Laughlin Service Funeral Home which opened in 1868. It is probably the only funeral home in the south to have buried veterans from every war this country has fought.



HOUSEHOLD TIPS BY

EARLENE

Remember... Cleanliness is next to Godliness

Bury an extra set of keys to your house inside a plastic film canister in a spot in your yard that all the family is aware of.

2 apples a day will help lower high blood pressure.

If you have a favorite vase that leaks because of a crack, coat the inside of the vase with a thick layer of warmed paraffin.

Try this one. If you have a china cup that has hairline cracks, simmer the cup in milk for 30 to 45 minutes. If the crack is not too large, the protein in the milk will seal it.

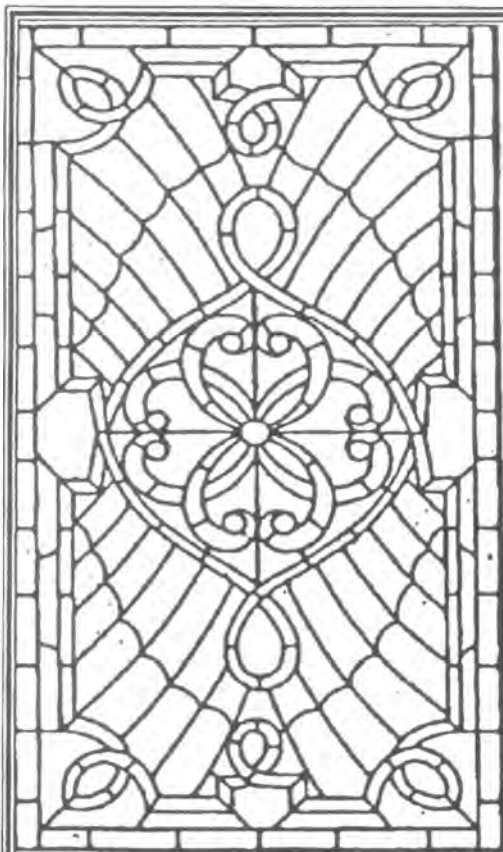
Reuse your vacuum cleaner bags - take out the used bag, cut off the bottom and empty it. Staple the bag back together and reuse.

If you have loose or buckled linoleum, place a sheet of aluminum foil over the area. Run a hot iron across the top. Put a couple of heavy books or a cement block on top til the glue is redried.

Glue pieces of old carpet to bottoms of chairs - they will slide easier and won't mark your floors.

When you move heavy furniture, slip old heavy socks over their legs.

If you really want to know the value of money, try to borrow some.



LUMPKIN STAINED GLASS

HAND BLOWN CHRISTMAS BALLS BY WAYNE LUMPKIN

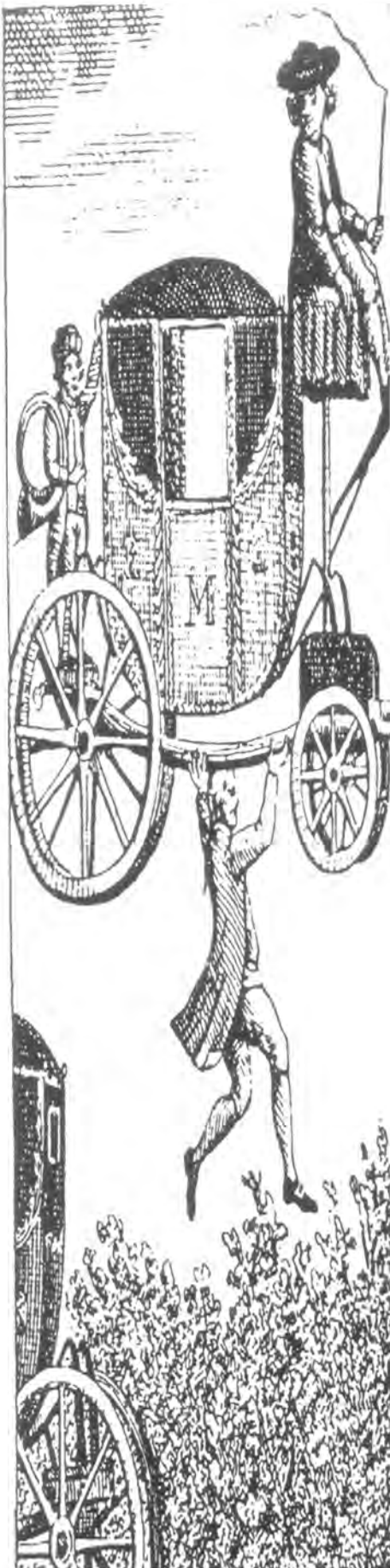
PAPER WEIGHTS & HAND BLOWN VASES

CUSTOM STAINED GLASS

BEVELED GLASS, REPAIRS AND SUPPLIES

116 OAKWOOD AVE

539-0532-534-4252



Up-Side Down Hill

by Don Wynn

One cool Alabama summer night a long time ago, my whole family was settin' on the porch counting the shooting stars. We were laughing and telling stories while we watched the sky. The stars were winking at us and my Daddy was too!

"Did I ever tell you about up-side down hill?"

"NO!"

"What's up-side down hill?"

"Where is it?" We jumped ahead just knowing that it must be a magical, mystical place.

"I thought sure that I already told you about it."

"No! No! You haven't. What is it?"

"Yeah, Daddy! What is up-side

down hill?"

"Pleeceease telllll us! Pleeceease!"

Daddy took a deep breath before he started his story

"Just a few places in the whole world like up-side down hill. Can't be explained. Nobody knows why it happens - they just know that it does happen."

"What happens, Daddy?"

"I think there is another one in China or Russia maybe. I forget where. Anyway, up-side down hill is sure a strange place. It's the strangest place I ever saw."

"People have come here from all over to study it. Smart people. Real smart people. Still don't know what causes it."

"You can see it real good if you have a marble with you. You can feel it if you're in a car, too! Folks say that you should never take water to up-side down hill. They say that it's enough trouble when it rains."

"What it is? What can you feel?" we screamed at once.

"Damndest thing! Gravity just don't work! Never did and never will! Mother Nature has just gone crazy on upside-down hill."

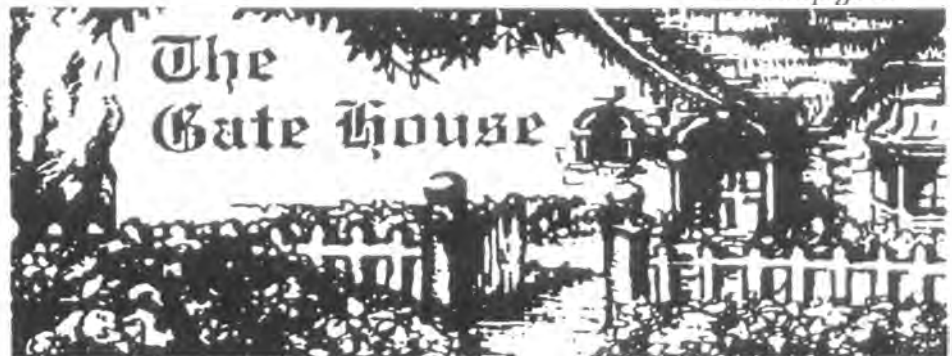
"What? Naw! Can't be true."

"It is an I seen it myself too."

"I dropped a ball on up-side down hill once. That crazy ball wobbled around for a speck then it rolled all the way to the very top of the hill as ginger as you please. Damndest thing I ever saw. Sure was!"

"That old car that we were in

cont. on page 25



The Gate House

CARRYING FURNITURE, ACCESSORIES, GIFTS, AND ORIGINAL ARTWORK

The shopping place to make your home a more interesting place to live.

305 Bank Street, NE Decatur, AL 35601 • 205-353-4003 (In the old Brock & Spight Building)

Cont. from page 18

as they had been originally.

Laska then announced that he would stick a pin in a dot made with a lead pencil anywhere in the room. The dot was made on the margin of a pen and ink drawing on the wall. Laska, when readmitted, went straight to the drawing, but stuck the pin some little distance, say 8 inches, from the dot itself. While not entirely successful this was, nevertheless, a remarkable experiment, bearing in mind the infinite number of places where the dot could have been made.

His last feat was the finding of a small mark made in a book. At the unspoken and wholly mental command of the person who made the mark he turned the pages backward and forward until the place was found. This was the experiment performed by the late Washington Irving Bishop at the Lamb's Club in New York, when he dropped dead at its conclusion.

Everybody present at the office admitted that they had undoubtedly witnessed an exhibition of genuine psychic phenomena. No loophole had been left for pre-arrangement or confederates, and to make assurance doubly sure, none of the guests were invited until after the Professor's arrival. No one of the party had ever met him before, and the spectators were all well and intimately known to one another. Laska's work is superior to that of Bishop, Brown or Cumberson, the world's three most famous mind readers, in his lack of hesitation and the promptitude with which he becomes in rapport with his subjects. The results are apparently inexplicable, except on the theory of intercommunication of mind and mind.

The End

North Alabama Aluminum Products Inc.

Wishes all of our customers
a Merry Christmas and a
Happy New Year

414 Stevens Ave.
539-4012

MISTLETOE LORE

Have you ever seen mistletoe on an oak tree? You won't - it's pretty rare. Once a year, according to the Roman historian Pliny, the Druids led two pure-white bulls into the forest seeking an oak tree bearing mistletoe. It was not often found. Oak mistletoe was a symbol of protection from all dangers, mental as well as physical. Its medicinal properties were so highly esteemed that it was given the name "All-Heal," and was considered a sure remedy for all diseases.

Even today in many parts of Europe, a mistletoe branch is credited with all sorts of miraculous powers. It supposedly can extinguish fires, pre-

vent lightning from striking houses, induce prophetic dreams, ward off witches, prevent nightmares and insure bountiful crops.

Our custom of kissing beneath a sprig of mistletoe probably started with early agricultural festivals, but the link between kissing and mistletoe was formulated in Old England by the Kissing Bough, a crown-shaped decoration popular long before the Christmas tree became fashionable. It was hung from a center beam on the ceiling, high enough for a couple to stand or stoop for a kiss beneath it. One tradition warned that a single girl who was crazy enough to kiss under the Kissing Bough during Christmastide would not be married in the following year.

The American custom of kissing under the mistletoe began with early English settlers. The plant grows from New Jersey westward to Missouri, southward to Florida and New Mexico.

The End

Ayers Farm



Fresh cut Frazier
Fir Christmas Trees.
Best prices in town.
Great selection.
All sizes

Fruit Baskets for
all Occasions packed
daily. Hand made
wreaths, all sizes,
made to order.

108 Cook Ave. 534-5667

Huntsville's First Choice for fresh produce

rolled up that old hill, too! It really felt peculiar! Had to put the brake on to keep from rolling uphill. Set the safety brake too!"

"Every time it rains, a man that lives up there has to go out to push the water off the top. It just kinda pools there at the top. If he didn't go out there and clear the top of that hill, we'd probably wind up with a lake up there. Some folks say that a lake on up-side down hill could mess up the balance of the whole world. There ain't no telling what would happen if that man stopped clearing the water off up-side down hill."

"Take us! Let's go!"

"Not now. Not tonight! Are you boys sure that I haven't already taken you to up-side down hill?"

"No! No - you haven't! Let's go right now!"

"Not tonight. Maybe some other time when it's light out."

Days passed - maybe even weeks. Every day, we rushed Daddy when he pulled the car into the yard after work. "Let's go today! Let's go to up-side down hill." Each day there were more and more of our friends at our house when Daddy got home.

Everybody wanted to hear the story first hand! They didn't believe us but they believed Daddy.

In the hot summer afternoons, we sat around and dreamed about up-side down hill. Wonder filled all of us. Huntsville was the "Heart of Dixie," the "Watercress Capital of the World," the "Rocket City" and now the home of "up-side down hill."

"When it snows on up-side down hill, which way would you slide?" Questions, questions - and more questions!

One late afternoon near the end of that summer, Daddy finally broke down and took the whole bunch of us boys to up-side down hill. We filled our old car up with boys, laughter and excitement!

"How far is it? When we gonna get there?"

"Not long now boys. Set still and hold your horses."

After a few more courses of "How much farther?", we finally arrived at a wide gravel spot on old Big Cove Road. "This is it!" Daddy said.

We emptied that old car in a flash. Boys were running everywhere - dropping balls and marbles all along the road. Whooping and hollering and screeching.

When all of those balls and marbles started wobbling, the screeching really got started! After a speck, everything started to roll up that old hill. Faster and faster. We had to chase them to keep 'em from rolling all the way to the top.

We played and ran on that hill until long after the sun was down. Daddy stood at the side of the road talking to the old man that kept water off the hill. Finally, we loaded up and slept all the way back to our house!

After all of these years, I've kinda lost the location of up-side down hill but I'm sure that you can feel it as you drive along Big Cove Road.

(Editor's note: We found it - located in front of the home of Mr. and Mrs. David Nunn, 1705 Big Cove Road. Try it - you won't believe it! But be careful of the traffic.)

S & S
SEWING MACHINE CO.
INC.

COMMERCIAL SEWING
MACHINES

SALES AND SERVICE
ELNA SEWING
MACHINES

205-536-5196

110 WASHINGTON ST. N.

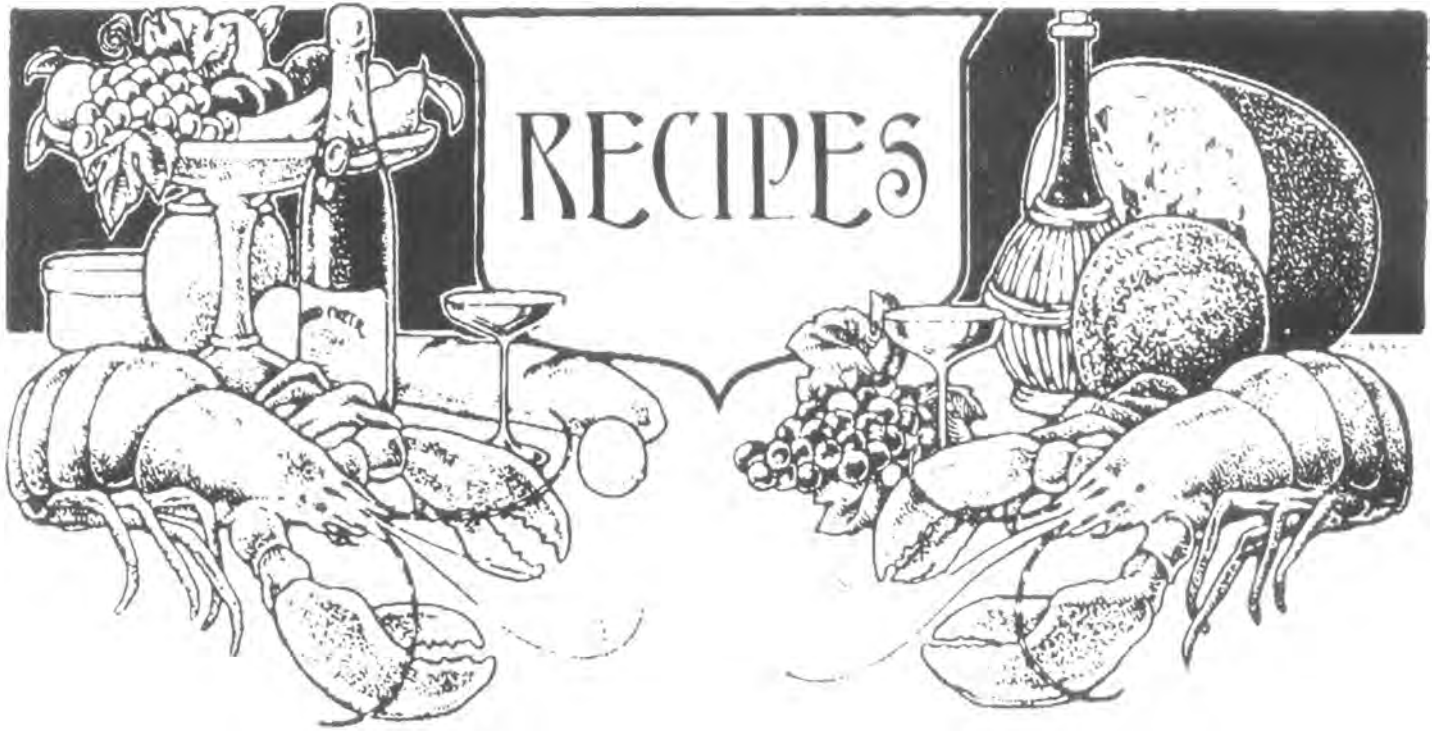
Glenn Brooks and
Associates
Private Investigator
539-4172
30 years experience

Merry Christmas



First American Center

David's Jewelry 539-0861 Caravan Rugs 536-8852
 20-20 Eye Care 536-4489 First American Federal 539-5761
 Alice's Deli 536-0523 Southtrust Bank 551-4247
 Ultra Clean Cleaners 539-5288 Warden's Barber Shop 539-4247
 (Located on the corner of Governor's Drive & Parkway)



SOME FAVORITE DESSERTS FROM THE 1800'S

Taken from "Southern Cooking,"
by Mrs. Henrietta Stanley Dull

APPLE CRYSTALS

2 cups sugar
2 large firm apples
1 cup water
granulated sugar to roll when drying

Peel, core, quarter and cut into slices about one-half inch thick; this gives rather crescent shaped slices. Put sugar and water on to boil. Drop one dozen pieces at a time into the syrup and boil gently until clear, transparent and tender when tested with a straw. Remove and place on a platter to drain and dry slightly. Repeat until all are used, not crowding the syrup. Let apples stand for twenty-four hours, drain again and roll in granulated sugar. Repeat the rolling three times at intervals of twenty-four hours.

(Editor's note - this may be even better with a dash of cinnamon and/or nutmeg added to the granulated sugar.)

FRUIT FUDGE

2 cups sugar
1/3 cup hot water
1/2 cup chopped nuts
1 tsp vanilla
2/3 cup corn syrup
1/2 cup raisins
pinch of salt
whites of two eggs

Boil sugar, syrup and water together until it forms a hard ball when dropped in water, add salt and vanilla. Pour slowly over stiffly beaten whites, add nuts and raisins, pour into a buttered pan to harden. The last mixing must be done quickly to prevent graining. Cut into blocks when cool.

UNCOOKED FONDANT

3 cups of 4X sugar (confectioners)
2 egg whites
1/2 tsp fruit juice or flavoring

Beat egg whites slightly, add sugar gradually, beating until stiff; add flavoring or fruit juice; knead with the hand until mixed. Since the sizes of eggs vary, more or less sugar may be required.

HEARTY AND HEALTHY BAKE POTATOES

Peel and cut potatoes as for French frying. Boil in salt water until they are just tender. Drain well, pour into a large flat baking pan, sprinkle with flour, dot with butter and pepper. Place in a hot oven to brown and when browned sufficiently turn gently (use a batter cake turner), and sprinkle with flour again. Add more butter if necessary. Brown and turn until all are slightly browned. Place on platter and serve.

These potatoes are similar to French fried but are not greasy. Use just enough butter to season, and the flour is used to make the potatoes brown.

Continued on page 30

Christmas was the brainchild
of credit card companies.
Diane Miller,
housewife

Hear no evil, see no evil,
speak no evil. You'll never be
invited to another party.

Lisa Heiden, Social Gadfly

An Unrepentant Rebel

Long lost letter sheds light on bitter feelings at end of war

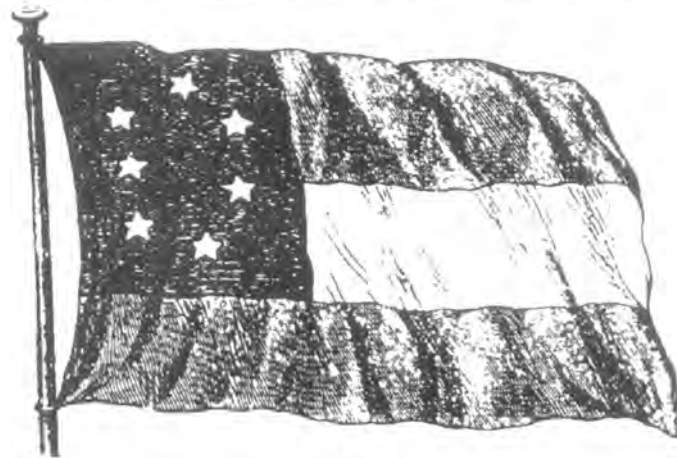
Near Decatur
November 15, 1865

"Dear Cousin Sallie:

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

"I wrote you in '61, indeed it seems a long time since we have heard from you; true I wrote your Father a line or two a year ago, and committed it to the care of the most reasonable man I found in all the Yankee army. I received his reply in January. It had been inspected and came to me by flag of truce from across the river. I do not remember anything I wrote your Father, but the circumstances under which it was written can never be forgotten. Heaven grant I may never pass another such day. Could you have looked in upon us but for a moment, you would have thought it impossible for life and reason to survive the torture to which mind and body were that day subjected. But that day had an end, and in safety we welcomed the much needed repose that night along brought us. But the act of dating my letter brings forcibly to my mind the fact that this day one year ago was the most miserable of all my life. The Yankee troops were then passing us on their way.

"Their orders were positive to Burn and Destroy Everything on their march, and well they executed this most Christian order of his most Christian majesty. All day and all night one continual stream of wagons and guards poured by. As darkness came on the work of burning commenced. On every side, as far as the eye could reach, the lurid flames of burning buildings lit up the heavens and dissipated the darkness of night. I could stand out on the verandah, and for two or three miles watch them as they came on. I could



mark when they reached the residence of each and every friend on the road. I could see the first building fired, and then the torch carried round and round until I knew that everything on the premises was wrapped in flames; then hear the wild shout they raised, as torch


in hand, they started for the next house. The night was cold, but I never once left my post. With my sister and others I stood from dark until daylight, and watched their onward progress. Calmly I calculated the distance they travelled in a given time; how long it took to fire

Great Spirits

Quality Wines & Beverages
For All Occasions

Selection of Beer
& Liquors Also

3022 MEMORIAL PKWY SW
881 4496



WISHING YOU A MERRY CHRISTMAS



such a number of buildings, and ascertained almost to the very minute when the torch would be set to our own house. As the flames rolled on I could hear, or fancy that I heard, above the oaths, the yells, the eternal gab of the Yankee army, the screams of the frightened neighbors as the fire swallowed up the labors of a life time. Thus the night rolled on. The Academy, the Church, in two or three hundred yards of us, were laid in ashes. The torch was several times brought to fire our house, but each time it was extinguished.

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

"That, too, has all passed and lives only in memory; but no one, I hope, will ever expect me to love Yankees. They tell us the war has ended, and some cry lustily, "Peace, peace." I have peered into the deep gloom that surrounds us and can scarce see a glimmer of that welcome visitant. The shadow of a great sorrow has darkened our land. He, who a short time since, was the pride of our Confederacy, the pure statesman, the Christian gentleman, the accomplished scholar, our beloved President Jefferson Davis, now ekes out a miserable existence in a Yankee Bastille. In proportion as his sufferings increase, our sympathy for him and hatred of his oppressors increase also. One thing in the past few weeks has cheered us a little and that is the return to his home of A.H. Stephens from his long confinement in a Yankee prison. He comes back to us with his head as white as the eternal snows of winter, and we hope, before a great while, to know all that he suffered while there...

"We are not sorry for anything we have done down here, are not repenting, are not whipped or subjugated, or anything of that kind. True, we were with numbers overpowered,

but we battled upon our own soil, and for that soil we contended for every principle of honor and justice, and for the most sacred rights - for the sanctity of home, for self government, for the truths of God's word. The North fought for no principle and no right - her sole aim was to subjugate the South.

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

This letter bore no signature.

R.G. NAYMAN CO. INC.
RG N
 GENERAL CONTRACTORS

General Contractors
 Residential &
 Commercial
 Specializing In
 Fire Damage Repairs

*'A contractor
 you can trust!'*

533-9016

Affordable Elegance



Mention this ad and

RECEIVE

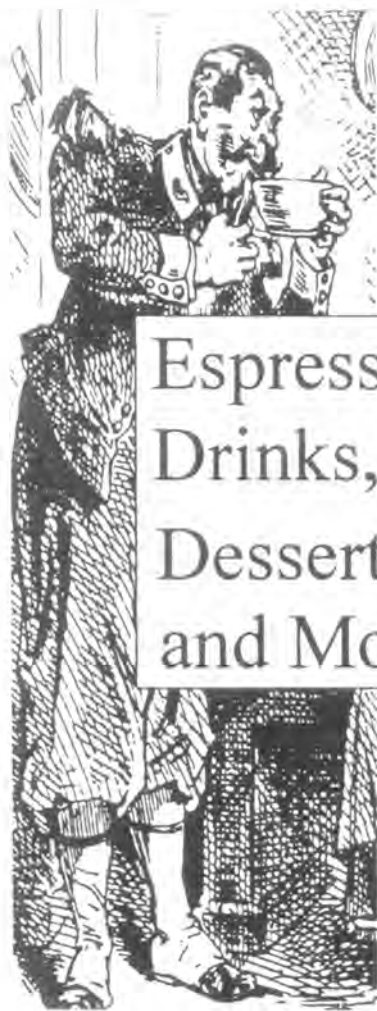
20% off

Beautiful afghans

Located at the corner
 of Whitesburg and Airport
 Road

880-1002

Delight someone on your Christmas list with a picture or a print. We also have Fentone Glass, Santas, calendars, cats and many other items.



**Espresso
Drinks,
Desserts,
and More**

Anyone who is familiar with gourmet coffee can not dispute that Seattle, San Francisco, New York City, and New Orleans are hubs of coffee interest and now Huntsville has its own claim to fame in coffee circles. Five Points area coffee consultants and writers, Shea Sturdivant and Steve Terracin have recently written an exciting new book called Espresso! Drinks, Desserts and More. The husband and wife team were pleased to learn that in the nine months since the book's publishing date, it is already in a second printing. We had a chance to look over the book recently and thought it exciting enough to share some of the things we found especially interesting.

In the forty odd pages of "Introduction" in this user friendly book, the authors give a little history of espresso and insight into the selection of espresso equipment. The information is fascinating and explains that although espresso is a type of strong, dark roasted coffee beverage, it is also a "system"

that includes the right coffee beans, grind, equipment and dedication of the person making the espresso.

The system is explained as you are walked through coffee bean selection, blending, grinding, and storage. All stages of the process are explained clearly and simply in an absorbing, practical, and straightforward manner. For example, if you do not have an espresso machine, the authors encourage you to substitute any dark roasted coffees in the seventy recipes that are provided for our taste and enjoyment.

There is nothing more Southern than a breakfast of ham and red-eye gravy. This book gives that traditional Southern breakfast a new twist by adding espresso to the menu. Shea and Steve's "Traditional Southern Ham with Red-eye Gravy" recipe made us think of Mama's cooking and this is no accident. Many of the hot and cold drinks, sauces, entrees, and desserts have a rich southern flair, both in taste and ingredients.

The variety of recipes range from "Jack Daniels Rib Sauce," "Special Chili," "Party Meatballs," "Beef Bourguignonne," and "Sausage Gumbo" to "Tiramisu," "Amaretto Espresso Cake," "Mocha Espresso Balls," "Frozen Chocolate Cappuccino Mousse," and "Espresso Truffles." These are only a few of the taste treats in this cookbook ... just wait until you get to the drink section!

"Mocha Yogurt" is a cold and creamy espresso drink which they say "tastes like a decadent dessert." Drinks like "Minty Lemon Espresso," "Espresso Spiced Apple," and "The Jumpy Money," (a sensational blend of banana, cream of coconut, ice cream, rum and espresso) go far beyond the classic, simple espresso drink.

After several book signings in other states, Shea and Steve are teaming up with John Shaver of Shaver's Bookstore, 2362 Whitesburg Dr. at Bob Wallace Ave. on Saturday, December 5, from 2:00 - 5:00 p.m. for a book signing. Shea and Steve will also have some of their delicious espresso drinks on hand for you to taste, so if you want a refreshing drink along with some excellent conversation about coffee, stop by Shaver's Bookstore and meet these two wonderful devotees of the marvelous coffee bean.

**OLD
HUNTSVILLE
TRIVIA**

1804 Isaac and Joseph Criner settle near what today is known as New Market. They are the first settlers in Madison County.

1807 Religion comes to Madison County when Methodist Robert Bell holds the first camp meeting in Alabama at Indian Springs.

1809 John Carter, newly appointed justice of the peace, has his hands full trying to find people to serve in public office. No one is interested.

1809 In preparation for land sales, Thomas Freeman is hired to survey land in Madison County. Folks later claimed he should have been a politician, for when Freeman finished his "public duty," he had become the largest landowner in the county.

1811 Huntsville citizens are in an uproar about the dead animals being discarded into Indian Creek. They manage to get an ordinance passed, making it the first water pollution bill in Alabama.

1812 Records show 916 families living in Madison County, along with 1,744 slaves.

1813 General Andrew Jackson builds a stockade camp in Huntsville to house Indian prisoners. Some of the prisoners were sent from as far away as Florida.

1817 While the rest of the state is still fighting Indians and wearing buckskins, Huntsville has become a cultural art center, with a private art gallery and

Cont. on next page



a statutory valued at \$75,000.

1819 Samuel Kenney becomes the first man in Huntsville to be tried for bigamy. He was tied to a stake on the courthouse grounds where he received thirty-nine lashes. As far as is known, he never repeated his "mistake."

1819 Prices of land in Huntsville have gone sky high. Leroy Pope is condemned for charging the city \$350.00 for a lot on which to build a new jail.

1825 Doctors begin to advertise in Huntsville. Dr. Turner's charges included: riding per mile 25 cents each way; at night 50 cents; bloodletting, 50 cents; pull tooth, 50 cents; and cancer, \$10.00. Doctors today would do good to take a cue from him; he also advertised, no cure, no pay.

When you're young, you adjust your hair to the current hair styles. When you get older, you adjust your hair style to the existing hair.
Mildred Jamison, Retired

IT'LL OUTLAST YOU!

Want to save a favorite newspaper clipping? Dissolve a tablet of milk of magnesia in a quart of club soda overnight. Pour into a large shallow pan and put in your clipping, patting to cover completely with the liquid. Let soak for one hour, remove and pat dry. Don't touch it again until it is completely dry. Estimated life - 200 years.

Golf is a lot like taxes. You drive hard to get to the green, and then wind up in the hole.

Cont. from page 26

BROILED SWEET POTATOES

Peel and cut cold baked sweet potatoes in half-inch slices. Roll in flour, fry in bacon drippings or butter until flour is browned and potatoes hot through. Have just enough grease to make them brown and turn easily. Serve with bacon or chops.

FILLED MUSHROOMS

Select as many large, cup shaped mushrooms as needed, remove stems, peel and put in shallow pan, cup side up. Take the stems and enough imperfect mushrooms, chop fine and season with salt and pepper; fill the mushroom cups; put a teaspoon of butter into each cup; put into hot oven and cook for 10 minutes or til done; place on rounds of toast, garnish with parsley and serve hot.

CARROTS AND TURNIPS

2 cups peeled and diced carrots
2 cups peeled and diced white turnips

Boil carrots and turnips separately until tender in salt water to which a little sugar has been added. Drain, mix together, season with melted butter or white sauce.

FIELD PEAS A LA GEORGIA

Prepare and cook peas using half the amount of water. When half cooked and water almost evaporated add a can of tomatoes, 1 small onion, and half a clove of garlic. Continue cooking until about 1 cup of liquid or sauce is left.

from "Southern Cooking"
Mrs. S. R. Dull

"Where your Holiday travel wish comes true"



MONTE MCGEE'S
ALADDIN

Travel Agency

882-0233 1900 Golf Road SW

HOW REFINED ARE YOU?

About a hundred years ago, the acid test of your refinement and culture was how you behaved during the dinner hour. If you were a well-bred diner in 1890, you would:

Keep the hands off the table until you were served. It was considered very rude to take knife and fork in hand and commence to bang on the table in an impatient manner.

Never introduce disgusting or sickening topics for dinner conversation.

Never cut bread, always break it with your hands, and spread butter on each piece right before eating.

Be sure to spend at least an hour at the table.

Never explain why certain foods don't agree with you.

Never clean your fingers by putting them in your mouth, or wiping them on the tablecloth.

Not encourage the family cat or dog to join you on the tabletop.

Never make a scene if you happen to remove bugs, hair or other objects from your food.

Never clean your bones - it would appear as if you had left hungry and would be an insult to your hostess.

From 1892 book
of etiquette

I'm a good home provider -
I'm providing homes for all of
my ex-wives.
John Druggers, Divorced

A UNIQUE DINING EXPERIENCE

Cafe III



DINNER SPECIAL

Buy one get one 1/2 price

GALLERY SHOPPING CENTER * 4925 UNIVERSITY DR.
PHONE 721-9156

FOOD LORE

In the winter of 1860, when a hard-to-please guest kept sending oversized French fries back to the kitchen in an elegant restaurant because they were too large, the chef decided he would be harassed no more. To needle his guest, he cut the potatoes in sliver-thin slices and dumped them all in a boiling pot of oil. He fried them, removed them to a plate and served the guest. The crispy, greasy chips were a big hit with the gentleman, and so were born the classic potato chips. They were originally called "Saratoga Chips" in honor of the town the restaurant was located in - Saratoga Springs, New York.

Parsley will strengthen your teeth. Pour one quart of boiling water over one cup of parsley. Let stand for 15 minutes, strain and refrigerate the water. Drink three cups per day.

If you accidentally swallow a fish bone, swallow the white of a raw egg. If that doesn't seem to work, see a doctor immediately.

First Lady Eleanor Roosevelt attributed her amazing memory to a simple habit. She said she ate a daily dose of three raw garlic cloves dipped in honey.

To keep feet toasty this winter, sprinkle some cayenne pepper in your socks (old skier's trick).

To ease the pain of party hangovers this season, take a quarter lemon and rub the wedge on each armpit.



NEEDLECRAFT INC.

7500 S. MEMORIAL PKW
SUITE 116
MAIN ST. SOUTH SHOPPING CENTER
HUNTSVILLE
883-4778

KNITTING, CROCHET, TATting, CROSS
STITCH, LATCH HOOK RUGS
APPLETON PERSIAN YARN FROM
ENGLAND

WIDE VARIETY OF NAME BRAND
YARNS AVAILABLE
SWEATER, AFGHAN REPAIRS
AUTHORIZED DEALER OF STUDIO &
SINGER KNITTING MACHINES

**THE AREA'S MOST COMPLETE
NEEDLECRAFT STORE !**

LOCAL GOSSIP

FROM 1899

One of the best known men about town, who is reported ill with La Grippe, is really laid up from the effects of injuries received in a fight at a gambling house. The melee occurred several nights ago, and the gentleman in question was badly beaten over the head with a chair. It was thought at first that his skull was fractured, but this did not prove to be the case. One of the others present was a traveling man from Augusta, and the balance, as far as I can ascertain, were mere card sharks.

I referred not long ago to the open liaison of a beautiful young society woman, who is encumbered with a hubby somewhat her senior, and a young clerk in a downtown business house. About two days ago somebody notified a male relative of the frisky matron, and he came to Huntsville at once to see the lay of the land. He called on the clerk and notified him that he would fill him full of holes if he continued his compromising attentions and is supposed to have read the riot act to the madame. As to this, of course, nobody knows, but his visit has certainly had a restraining influence upon the couple, and they have refrained from scandalizing the public since. I obtained this bit of gossip direct from a friend to whom it was confided by the gay lothario, and it is undoubtedly authentic.

A young man who poses as a leader of local society and who is as a matter of fact about as contemptible a cad as one could find in a year's travel, boasted at the Huntsville Hotel the other night of his intimacy with several women who move in the right circles, mentioning them by name. A gentlemen present mentioned the matter to the brother of one of the ladies, and he promptly went on the warpath. When cornered the

young puppy denied everything and declared the informant was a liar. This stirred up the man who carried the news, and he also started out looking for gore. The sassiety gent has been laying low ever since and hasn't been found. It is a wonder, by the way, that this fellow hasn't had the top of his head blown off long ago. He makes use of the names of women in a manner that would mean certain death in some communities.

A very shocking story is going the rounds at present relative to an elderly physician who is well known to almost anybody in town. If false, it is a horrible calumny and if true the old villain ought to be lynched. I have no intention of rehearsing the story and merely mention it because the matter is exciting much comment, and there may be some after developments.

Decatur--The fact of an indictment for larceny after trust against D. L. Ray, an attorney here, has just come to light. Some time ago Mr. John Carter gave \$60 over to Mr. Ray to pay for him on a loan. It is now alleged that Mr. Ray, instead of making the payment, stuck the money in his pocket.

Last Sunday the stewards of the Methodist church were, I am told, taken to task by the presiding elder for tendering their resignations from the board. The reasons they advanced for their action indicated nothing more serious at the bottom of the affair than obstinacy and a bit of anger because things were not run to suit them. Their resignations were not accepted. They promised to be good.

I understand that a very warm reception is awaiting a certain drummer when he next turns up at New Market. As the story goes, he engaged in a flirtation with a well known married lady, and chancing to see her pass while he was eating his dinner, he wrote a very tender little note on the back of a business card and sent it to her by one of the servants. The lady's husband was out of town at the time, but when he returned she gave him the missive. Meantime the drummer had left town. The husband swears that he will thrash him within an inch of his life when he reappears. Moral: don't write notes.

THAT'S ALL!

Reasons I Love Huntsville

by Cathey Carney

A sign in front of the Winn Dixie store saying, "We hire senior citizens."

A man standing in the check-out line at Star Market and finding out that he is 37 cents short. The manager said to just pay it next time.

A small elderly grey-haired schoolmarm driving a 1966 Ford with a bumper sticker on the back that reads "Proud to be an American."

Two young people in love walking downtown late at night without fear of being mugged.

A 220 pound burley, bewhiskered policeman that stops his patrol car for a small kitten playing on the side of the road.



Huntsville's Most Trusted Name In Real Estate!

Office 882-2114 • FAX 880-1567

CHRISTMAS CHEER



putting out the flame. Repeat, add the sugar and stir til dissolved. Serve warm in small mugs in which you have put a few raisins and almonds.

ENJOY!

The Wassail Bowl

Have some good Christmas Cheer this year! Following are several very good recipes for nog, grog and wassail. Make and enjoy!

Bishop's Wine Cup

- 2 quarts apple cider
- 4 cinnamon sticks
- 6 whole cloves
- 1 orange, quartered but not peeled
- 1/2 tsp nutmeg (fresh or ground)
- 1 liter bottle port wine

Pour the apple cider into metal pot. Add next three ingredients. Sprinkle in nutmeg. Simmer for 30 minutes.

Stir in the wine. Heat until steaming but don't boil. Serve from metal pot.

Irish Cream Nog

- 6 eggs
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 3 cups milk
- 1 1/2 cups Irish cream liqueur
- ground nutmeg
- 1/4 cup heavy cream, whipped

Beat eggs til foamy at medium speed of mixer. Add sugar, beat 5 minutes or til thick and yellow. Reduce speed to low, add milk, liqueur and 1/2 tsp nutmeg, beat until combined. Chill thoroughly. To serve, stir in whipped cream and sprinkle on additional nutmeg.

Hot Buttered Rum

- 1 cup brown sugar
- 2 cups confectioners sugar
- 1/2 pound butter
- 1 pint vanilla ice cream, softened

- 1/2 tsp each cinnamon, nutmeg and allspice
- dash mace
- rum
- boiling water

This must be made ahead of serving time. Cream the butter, spices and sugars; blend with softened ice cream and mix well. Pack into covered container and store in freezer. To serve: Put a generous spoonful into a mug. Add 2 ounces rum and mix well. Add boiling water to fill. Adjust ice cream mix to taste. Serve immediately and drink slow!

Swedish Grogg

(This one's for Christmas Eve!)

- 1 dozen blanched almonds, halved
- 1 pound raisins
- 3/4 pound prunes
- peel of 1 orange, quartered
- 1 dozen whole cloves
- 2 sticks cinnamon
- 1 piece ginger root
- 1 dozen cardamon pods
- 1 quart water
- 1 4-liter bottle port wine
- 1 750-ml bottle brandy
- 1 750-ml bottle grain alcohol
- 3/4 cup sugar

Combine first 9 ingredients in a large pot and simmer, covered, for 45 minutes.

Add wine. Cover tightly, heat but don't boil. Remove from heat; add grain alcohol and brandy. Cover again; heat to just below boiling. Cool, covered for 5 to 10 minutes. Light a long-stemmed match and, carefully, hold over the grogg until surface lights. Recover after a couple of seconds,



Much Matter of Interest

Mr. Calvin Rice, one of Huntsville's worthy citizens, got his leg badly mashed while unloading some lumber at the Dallas Mills.

We have been compelled to leave out much matter of interest this week. The city council has decided to remove the hydrants from the southeast and southwest corner of the square. We think this is a bad move, instead of moving any, the city should have more of them. Public hydrants are a necessity.

from 1909 Huntsville paper

The "Underground" Dance-Hall

Just a few miles up Pulaski Pike, well within the city limits, is a cave that was once heralded as the most popular nightclub in this area.

The early history of Shelta Cave is lost in the clouds of history, but some of the earliest stories tell of Confederate soldiers hiding in the cave to escape searching Union soldiers. One rumor that persists to this day concerns a bloody hand to hand battle supposedly fought in the depths of the cavern on the shores of a vast underground lake.

Like any other large cave it has legends woven around it concerning buried treasure, ghosts and eerie noises. These remained just legends with no basis in fact until 1888 when a Mr. Bolen James sold the land to a Mr. Henry Fuller.

Not much is known about the early life of Mr. Fuller but judging from his actions he must have been a born entrepreneur.

Immediately after taking possession of the cave he hired a team of carpenters to install steps down into the main chamber. Next he assembled a crew of craftsmen to install a dance floor in one of the great rooms with large stand-up bars at each end. He made no secret of the fact that he intended to open the grandest, fanciest and most unusual dance hall in Alabama.

Huntsville had seen its share of weird wacky ideas; but a dance hall in a cave? Even for Huntsville's standards that was too much. Town people began to call the yet un-completed dance hall "Fuller's Folly."

As is true in many a new business, Fuller soon found himself facing a slight problem... too many lofty ideas and not enough money. Reluctantly he let himself be talked into forming a corporation called, appropriately enough, Shelta

Cave Corp. With this new influx of money from investors came new ideals and it wasn't long before Fuller heard of a new attraction in Nashville that he thought would be perfect for the business.

There had been much talk in Huntsville about a new invention called "electric lights," but while most people dismissed it as just another crazy idea Fuller was determined to light his dance floor with the "marvel of modern tech-

"No wonder those fish are blind, with all that likker in that cave"

nology." Within days of Fuller's visit to Nashville, workmen arrived to begin stringing wire throughout the cave.

Although few people realize it today, when Fuller pulled the switch on his new lighting system, he earned himself (and the dance hall) a place in Huntsville's history as having the first electric light bulbs in Madison County.

Even this was not enough for Fuller, for as he cast his eyes upon the vast underground lake he began to see another possibility for potential profits. Within the week neighbors watched in amazement as workmen unloaded three large boats from a wagon and awk-

wardly maneuvered them down the steps.

The citizens of Huntsville must have had a good chuckle when he announced his intentions of providing "Underground Boat Rides." And, as if that was not enough, he purchased hundreds of Japanese lanterns to hang overhead!

Finally the day of the "Grand Opening" arrived, and true to Fuller's predictions, crowds thronged the cave to see the marvel of electric lighting, ride the boats and dance to the sound of a newly hired band. With the admission price of one dollar, Fuller should have been able to make a profit but unfortunately he was too deeply in debt. Also, the town people, after making one or two visits to the entertainment mecca, quickly lost interest.

Desperate for money, Fuller began to travel throughout the South promoting Huntsville and Shelta Cave as a convention center. Evidently he had some success as the "Huntsville Mercury" in 1889 ran an article about a gathering of the press association.

"The entertainment of the Press Association by the citizens of Huntsville closed today with a grand barbe-

cont. on page 37

David A. Green M. D., F.A.A.P.
 401 Lowell Drive, Suite 12
 Humana Professional Building
 Huntsville • 539-3513



Rainbow
PEDIATRICS

MOST POPULAR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS IN 1892

GENTLEMEN

1. Pocket Watch
2. "Crow" pocket knife
3. Expensive snuff box
4. Suspenders
5. Shirt studs
6. Fine cigars and tobacco
7. Silk muffler
8. Automatic fire starters (matches)
9. Moustache scissors

LADIES

1. Fine perfume
2. Oriental spices
3. Cotton Dry Goods
4. Silk hosiery
5. French vases
6. Diaries
7. Pearl inlaid writing desk
8. Gold locket
9. Manicure sets



Garibaldi MEXICAN RESTAURANT



Open 7 Days A Week
Open 11:00-10:00 Monday-Thursday
Friday & Saturday 11:00 - 10:30
Sunday 11:00 - 9:00

WE PREPARE OUR FOOD DAILY!
LUNCH SPECIALS Monday thru Saturday
11:00 a.m.-2:30 p.m. - \$3.95 to \$4.50
DINNER SPECIALS Nightly

- Combination Dinners
- Vegetarian Dishes
- A La Carte • Salads
- Specialties of The House

*Merry Christmas
and Happy Holidays*



Mexican Food Is Best
When Prepared By
Mexican Cooks

Our Dishes Are Like No Other
A TRULY MEXICAN EXPERIENCE
1107 Old Blue Spring Road, Huntsville
(205) 851-7394

NEWS OF THE ABSURD

A young woman vacationing on the French Riviera was killed when she was struck in the chest by a rib of a runaway beach umbrella while she lay sunbathing. The umbrella had been picked up and propelled by a strong gust of wind.

When an off-duty police officer was in his basement one evening a rat jumped onto his arm. He fired at it with his pistol and missed the rat, but wounded his arm. Ten Detroit policemen responded to the call of a shooting at the man's house. The rat escaped unharmed.

When a carpet shampooer was arrested for exhibitionism he explained that it was not his fault. The shampooing machine had broken loose, hitting him in the groin and unzipping his zipper.

A man living in England hid in a 21-inch wide hole under his living room floor, which was covered by a carpet and a sofa. Wanted for an assault charge, he stayed under the floor from 1974 until 1982. While under the floor, he lost 98 pounds as well as his front teeth and had grown a long scraggly beard. He said upon his discovery in 1982 that

he "was thinking of what his wife and the kids were going through. It was terrible lying there listening to them talking and playing but unable to let them know I was there." Over the years he came out of his hiding place occasionally and was introduced to his own children as their mother's friend "Michael."

TIP FOR LADIES ONLY

If you are single and would like to meet new people, go places where you will meet men who are most like you. This is old fashioned advice, but has merit. Most of us underestimate how much we have been shaped by our upbringing. And most of us will be the happiest with someone who shares our life experiences and our values.

*General John,
I'll leave the weeping to
the women.*

*We understand each
other,
you and I.*

*We are of the same blood.
What we cannot change,
we accept
Death limits all of us.*

*But still, Grandfather,
There are times
I'd like to share
some wine with you.*

John Crow

"Your Complete Christmas Shoppe"



The Christmas Shoppe

*Unique ornaments, gifts,
collectables, antiques, wreaths,
center pieces, artificial trees*

*Located on Highway 72, across from
Home Depot*

cont. from page 35

cue in Shelta Caverns and nearly one hundred delegates and their ladies were in attendance.

"The affair was gotten up in a delightful manner and the beauties of the place were fully investigated by the astonished guests."

According to rumor, Fuller, or one of his cohorts, in another effort to stimulate business, (and keep down overhead) actually operated a moonshine still in one of the dark corners of the cave. Years later when it was discovered that Shelta Cave was the home of a rare species of blind shrimp, one local wag laughed and said, "Hell, that licker made a lot of people almost blind, I reckon some of it could have spilled into the lake!"

Another story of the day concerns a duel fought over a lady's honor at the edge of the dance floor. The gentlemen, each slightly intoxicated, were pursuing the same girl at the same time when they happened to accidentally meet at the dance. Harsh words were exchanged and to everyone's horror, they pulled pistols from underneath their coats. Both fired, and both missed. Fortunately they let themselves be led away before real harm could be done. The only casualty of the duel was a member of the band who was slightly injured by a falling stalactite.

As almost any nightclub owner can tell you, crowds are fickle, and within a few years the dance hall was facing financial ruin. This time, even Fuller's salesmanship could not save it. On June, 28, 1897 the cave was sold at a sheriff's sale on the steps of the courthouse to settle a judgement.

Although there is no documentation to support it, natives of Huntsville that remember the 1920s and 1930s swear there was once a speak-easy located in the cave. Other sources claim that moonshine was produced in the cave at intervals all the way up to World War Two. Another persistent rumor claims the cave was used as a liquor and beer warehouse during prohibition.

In 1968, after being neglected for years, the cave was purchased by the National Speleological Society. An iron gate has been placed over the entrance to prevent accidents.

the end

The Doctor Sez

by Dr. Annelie Owens

When was the last time you checked your medicine chest? When did you last inventory the items you have stored in your chest and examine them for age and condition to determine the need to retain or discard? Outdated prescription and over-the-counter medications should be discarded. Old medicine can lose its potency and sometimes become toxic. In the event of a serious emergency your medicine chest may be your first line of defense, and your only source to provide temporary relief, if it is properly stocked. Your medicine chest should be checked annually to assure that you and your family are adequately protected.

Your medicine chest should contain the basic necessities. These include preparations to ease pain, fever and inflammation, cold and cough remedies, and helpful items for cuts, scrapes and skin problems. Such items should include acetaminophen and aspirin for pain, fever and inflammation. For cuts and scrapes - hydrogen peroxide (preferred over alcohol), antibiotic creams, cotton-tip swabs, gauze pads and an assortment of adhesive bandages. Petroleum jelly, moisturizing creams, anti-fungal agents for skin problems and mild hydrocortisone cream for allergic rashes and poison ivy.

For coughs and colds - decongestants, antihistamines and cough medicines.

When using over-the-counter medications, read all labels carefully for side effects and proper dosages. If you are taking prescription medicines, do not mix them with over-the-counter drugs without checking with your doctor. Aspirin does relieve inflammation, pain and fever, but dosage should be watched closely. Normally, two aspirin may be taken every four hours and not more than four times a day unless advised otherwise by your doctor. Over-the-

counter pills known as ibuprofen, can ease pain and inflammation but can have the same irritating effects on the stomach and intestinal tract as aspirin, plus a harmful effect on the kidneys. Elderly users should be especially careful to always take these painkillers with food or liquid antacids. Antihistamines can cause drowsiness. Don't drive when you are using them. Also decongestant nose drops can be addicting. Store medicines properly. Most require a dry, secure place stored at room temperature. Some drugs require that they be stored under refrigeration. Never share your prescription drugs with others, or accept their drugs for your personal use. What is helpful to you may be harmful to others - and vice versa. Keep diet pills out of your medicine chest. They are bad news for those with heart problems or hypertension. All prescription drugs over one year old should be discarded.

OLD FASHIONED SWEETS

- 1 pound blanched almonds
- 1 pound confectioners sugar
- 3 tbl cold water
- 1/2 tsp almond extract
- 1 tsp rose water
- food coloring
- whole cloves
- 8 oz dipping chocolate (optional)

Grind the almonds and mix them with the sugar, water, almond extract and rose water. Knead the mixture until it becomes firm and smooth. You can add more water if necessary. Wrap in wax paper and store in a cool place.

Color part of the marzipan, but leave most of it white. Mold it into shapes of vegetables, animals, whatever strikes your fancy. Make "potatoes" by rolling the marzipan into the proper potato shape, using a tooth pick to make the depressions, and making eyes with slivered almonds. Roll in dry cocoa. You can use whole cloves to make stems for pears or apples. Let your imagination go wild!

Golden Candy Caramels

- 1/2 pound butter
- 2 cups sugar
- 1 cup light corn syrup
- 1 can sweetened condensed milk
- 1 tsp vanilla extract
- 2 cups broken nut meats

Melt butter in 2-quart pan and add rest of the ingredients. Stir constantly and cook to 240 on a candy thermometer.

Remove from the heat and add nuts. Pour into 8-inch square pan. Cool and cut into squares. Wrap individually in waxed paper, then wrap with pretty colored cellophane paper.

Toffee Cookies

- 24 2" graham cracker squares
- 1 cup butter
- 1 cup light brown sugar
- 1 cup coarsely chopped walnuts

Preheat oven to 350. Cover bottom of a 15 1/2 x 10 1/2 inch jelly roll pan with layer of whole graham crackers touching each other.

In a pan over medium heat, melt butter, stir in brown sugar and bring to a boil to form caramel syrup.

Pour over the graham crackers. Sprinkle with the chopped nuts. Bake for 10 minutes. Remove from the oven and cool 2 to 5 minutes, or until cookies begin to harden. Cut into halves or quarters while still warm. Cool completely. Store in airtight container.



The best way to keep up on the world is with these newsletters

N P R

For news coverage that goes from A to Z, the most important letters in the alphabet are NPR. Tune to Morning Edition with Bob Edwards, All Things Considered, and Weekend Edition. Together they make NPR the most important news letters in America.

National Public Radio

WLPN

89.3 FM STEREO

AMERICA'S GOATMAN



With an iron-wheeled wagon overloaded with pots, pans, car tags, lanterns, five gallon pails and bails of hay hanging from the sides, he clattered into towns all over the country. Resembling a leaky life raft more than an elegant ship of state, he and his goats managed to entwine themselves in the folk lore of rural America. People soon found themselves forgetting he was named Chess McCartney and attached the title of Goat Man to this itinerant traveler.

Wherever he went, he found himself surrounded by crowds with varying emotions; sympathy, curiosity or ridicule. He welcomed everybody, answered questions, posed for pictures, and gave personal opinions and observations on topics of a variety of subjects. Those who stayed simply to ridicule soon found their host to be as sharp witted and tongued as their ridi-

cule, and they inevitably found themselves leaving red-faced in embarrassment.

His rig was not equipped with safety belts as he claimed that they were not needed while traveling outside. He had running water when it rained, and heat every summer. He had no plumbing or electrical bills to bother with. In fact, visitors arriving at night would often find him reading his Bible by the light of a kerosene lantern in the back of his wagon, surrounded by the young kids who also occupied his "maternity ward." His power supply also provided goat milk and replacements anywhere on his excursions. This feat he claimed had not been duplicated through any mechanical power source perfected by man. He owned the world's largest TV set, with all of the outdoors for a screen. Live programs ran daily with an unlimited cast of characters. His way of

life was a continuous travelogue with the ability to stop the action at any point for a more thorough study of objects or views that were of most interest. There were no re-runs or tube breakdowns.

The Goat Man's wagon, at one time having seen service as a railroad car, was not designed for speed, but as he so aptly put it: "If you have no definite place to go, and no specific time to be there, speed ceases to be an important factor." He had goats such as Billy Blue Horns who traveled with him for as much as 30 years. Wherever he went, he was greeted by people from all walks of life. Some were critical, some sympathetic to his cause and travels. All were welcomed by the Goat Man and given the opportunity to help finance his ventures in life, and his hobby of building churches as he preached from his ever-handy Bible. Most of this financing came through the sale of novelties such as needle-threads, picture postcards of him and his goats, and stories of his adventures ranging from the time he shot a grizzly bear on the Continental Divide, to the time he fought off a band of desperados in Texas. Whether you bought something or not, he would thank you for visiting and ask you to come back.

The Goat Man claimed that he never had to beg or steal to exist. "The Lord provides the perfect medicine, a mixture of sunshine and water, and provides the goats with plenty of vegetation." They in turn provided plenty of milk, a product he was fond of drinking fresh in front of his startled onlookers.

One of his favorite sayings was that "everyone is my friend, and they like to visit me wherever I am, making it unnecessary to use a mortgaged car, burning credit card gas and traveling on borrowed time to visit you for a few



ATHENIAN BAKERY

GREEK SPECIALTIES

603 Jordan Lane
(Next To Sunilco's Sub)

830-1492



Holiday Cookles, Desserts, Pastries, Breads and Baskets
Fresh-baked from fresh ingredients
Visit our second location in Main Street South



minutes, and then to rush at unsafe speed to make it in time for dinner or an appointment that someone else will break anyhow."

Whenever anyone bought a doodad or postcard, the Goat Man was quick to thank them for their financial assistance as his goats "worked hard and they liked to live high."

The Goat Man's wandering days began in Southeastern Iowa where he had always been known as something of an eccentric. Beginning in 1915 when at the age of 14 he ran off to New York City where he sold newspapers, married a 24 year old Spanish maiden and served as a target for her knife throwing act for two years, until the early thirties when he finally went on the road for good, he had a wanderlust that, fired by reading Robinson Crusoe, could not be slacked. Needing a gimmick, he had his wife sew some goat-skin clothes for himself and their young son, Albert Gene. He then designed two goat-skin covered wagons and together the three set off for parts unknown. Later, he claims that his wife grew tired of the rigors of the road, left him and Gene and returned to Iowa. Gene ended up living part time with her family and the Goat Man was left on his own to continue his journey. A journey that would last until 1987 and cover a total of seven decades if the years of traveling without goats are counted. The Goat Man's wandering days came to an end due to a tragic incident on Signal Mtn. outside of Chattanooga, Tennessee when he was mugged late one night. He awoke to find a gash in his head that required 27 stitches to close. To his horror and sadness, eight of his goats lay dead, their throats horribly slashed as he lay unconscious. After a short stay in the hospital he managed to make it down to Conyers, Georgia where, one morning, he awoke to find two of his goats missing. One was never found though it was rumored to have been eaten. The remains of the other was found where it had been tethered to the local railroad tracks just prior to the arrival of the morning train. This proved to be too much for the Goat Man. He had never harmed anyone in his life, and this barbarity was too much for him. He moved back down to Jeffersonville which had been his base of operations since 1942,

Rugby's

*Good Friends
Good Food
Good Fun!*



4820 University Drive NW 895-0795

parked the wagon and never took it on the road again. Instead, he took to hoboing and hitchhiking around the country with his ever present cane, ball cap and wing-tip shoes. It was this period of time during which he was no longer on the road which gave rise to one of the most persistent rumors about the Goat Man. People all over the country and even a few newspapers mourned his death in a tragic accident in which an 18 wheel truck ran into him and his goats on a rain-slickened highway and killed all of them. While not true, the rumor persists to this day in spite of the fact that he is alive and well. According to him, he gave the goats away to either a zoo in Florida or Disney World. He says that they took care of him all those years on the road, and he wanted to make sure they were taken care of in their old age. These days, the Goat Man is no longer on the road. After his house burned to the ground in 1978, he bought a dilapidated school bus and called that home until 1987. He was a constant sight wandering Highway 80, the old Macon to Savannah highway, as he combed the countryside looking for old cans and junk to sell. He cooked either over an open campfire in front of the bus or on the cracked pot-bellied stove which has, through constant use, left a thick, grimy layer of black on everything to be seen in the bus. 1985 saw the final hurrah for the Goat Man as he disap-

peared for three months only to turn up in Los Angeles. He had gone there in search of Morgan Fairchild. He wanted to marry her, take her back to Jeffersonville, Georgia and set up housekeeping in the bus. Instead, he was mugged, lost two \$100 bonds and ended up in the hospital. Upon returning to Georgia, he travelled for a couple of more years before being placed in a nursing home where he resides happily today. While no longer on the road, he still keeps busy with his friends and particularly with his new-found girlfriend, a retired nurse. They can often be seen hand in hand wandering the nursing home or else having a date in the cafeteria. When asked when he plans on ending his travels, he simply replies, "By golly bud, when I die, I guess!"

From the book, America's Goat Man, the Story of Chess McCartney, available for \$14.95 plus \$1.50 postage from Little River Press, P.O. Box 8481 Gadsden, Al 35902.





Pandor Saniball's Traveling African Safari

by Michael Boyer

"Come see the powerful African lions and giant elephants of the Congo," proclaimed the banner of Pando Saniball's Traveling African Safari in 1898 just outside the city. City officials had encouraged Saniball to locate outside the city limits for fear from local residents of the possible escape of his exotic array of "beasts from abroad."

Locating in a field on Austin Pinson's rolling property, Saniball found the perfect spot for his five-day African extravaganza. If people were afraid of escaping animals, it did not prevent droves of local citizens from venturing "into the country," which was only four miles from the center of town.

One of the centerpieces of the "World," as it was promoted with huge painted canvas stretched with cane poles across the entrance to the yellow and green striped tent. Inside was a large and massive mammal whose "dark thick skin was folded and crinkled at all the

joints, but taut around the mases," as one local reporter noted. In a tent nearby was the black and white striped zebra, graceful and docile as it munched on field hay.

Across the midway were the "Tropical Birds from Afar" with an enormous variety of exotic and multi-colored birds, all singing and gawking in their native tongues. Next to the jungle fowl were the "Primitive Primates" including Chapee the Chuckling Chimpanzee who delighted in patting children's heads and letting loose a loud nasal chuckle.

And such was unique about Saniball's Safari that all the animals were friendly and uncaged, but all under the careful eye of their "Watchful Handler." This allowed educational interaction between spectator and handler. For it was Saniball's desire that "all should come to know and learn the peaceful ways of nature's beauty."

But some spectators at the 1898 safari were troubled by the addition of

a "queer little attraction" that lended a "sideshow atmosphere" to the traveling safari. At the end of the midway was a darkened tent whose canvas banner proclaimed, "Come See The Medusa!" The curious who entered saw a rather sad lady with a painted face and what appeared to be a headful of snakes. A local reporter described how "a rather dour and sullen little barker would stand on a soapbox nearby and proclaim in monotone that 'The Medusa is a third sister of the original Gorgon sisters who deceived the land of Greece in the time before Ulysses and Agamemnon. And like her Gorgon sisters, she has the power to turn those who look straight into her eyes into stone. However, I have devised a rather ingenious method whereby to view the Medusa only through mirrors--thus, seen, she is harmless,' at which point the curious little man tapped at the image of the Medusa with his cane to show that a mirror was separating the crowd from the Medusa, though one suspects it was only glass. At the sound of the tapping, the array of flacid snakes on her head began to writhe and shake and a hissing sound could be heard from behind. This sent the crowd of children and adults scrambling for the exit, save for the curious. A rather vicious little sideshow," concluded the reporter's observation.

The news of this diversion in Saniball's Traveling Safari raised the ire of local citizens who insisted to county officials that the traveling show not be allowed to return. Parents were concerned over the effect on their children, who seemed later more curious and questioning over the Medusa than of the beautiful animals that were really the original mainstay of the safari. Some complained that the poor woman portraying the Medusa was being cruelly exploited.

It is unknown if Saniball's Safari ever returned to this area, though he continued to travel the South for years. A reporter from Atlanta came across the safari accidentally while visiting friends in Memphis in 1907. He spoke to the easy-going, bearded promoter and asked Saniball whatever happened to the Medusa act that was once part of his traveling safari. Saniball replied, "It was not my idea, actually,

to promote the Medusa or cruelly exploit any human being on this earth. The young girl was destitute and from a small town; I told her she was free to create an act and charge separate admission as a sideshow. She acted of her own free will. The young girl, who I will not name, did quite well during the stopover in Atlanta. As she moved on, however, her fortunes waned and she quit the act. She came to see me, again destitute, and apologized for causing any embarrassment to my show. I told her to worry not, for Saniball never holds grudges nor tempts any person. I helped find her respectable work here in the South and she is now happily married and doing quite well."

The kind and generous Pandor Saniball was never heard of again, though his traveling safari and all its gentle animals were remembered by a generation of young children, including the daughter of the Medusa, who told us this story.

ALABAMA

BALLOON COMPANY



881-9188

7920 Logan Drive

Delicious Mexican Food in a Friendly Mexican Atmosphere



2713 PATTON RD.
534-2371

EL MEJICANO RESTAURANT & LOUNGE

TUESDAY 5 P.M. TO CLOSE

Buy one at Regular
Get Second 1/2 Price (Equal or Lesser Value)

WEDNESDAY 5 P.M. TO 8 P.M.
ALL YOU CAN EAT BUFFET \$6.99

THURSDAY 5 P.M. TO CLOSE
FAJITAS FOR TWO \$12.95

EXPIRES 12-31-92
CLOSED MONDAY

Delicious Mexican Food in a Friendly Mexican Atmosphere



2713 PATTON RD.
534-2371

EL MEJICANO RESTAURANT & LOUNGE

FRIDAY AND SAT. 5 P.M. TO 9 P.M.

FREE SOPAPILLA
WITH DINNER BUFFET
CHILD'S BUFFET-1 ITEM RICE BEANS \$3.00

SUN.-OPEN TO CLOSE
1 FREE CHILD'S PLATE (AGE 10 or UNDER)
WITH EVERY ADULT PURCHASE OF 5.50 OR MORE
(CHILD'S PLATE 1 TACO RICE & BEANS OR
HAMBURGER & FRIES

EXPIRES 12-31-92
CLOSED MONDAY

Quips and Anecdotes

"Everyone will admit that the railroad and the locomotive are, in this age of the world, the main means by which prosperous towns and communities are built up, and by which old towns are protected from decay." -- 1858 Daily Atlanta Intelligence

"Democratic institutions exist by reason of their virtue. If ever they perish, it will be when you have forgotten the past, become indifferent to the present, and utterly reckless as to the future." -- Thomas Watson, Georgia statesman, 1915

"Our people show their democratic impulses by each allowing his neighbor to attend to his own business, and our ladies are allowed to attend to their own domestic and household affairs without being ruled out of respectable society." -- Green Haygood,

Wedding Chapel



125 S. CENTRAL
Knoxville, Tn.
1-615-525-7176



A Mad Melee at the Huntsville Hotel

Bassett, the Aluminum Man, Gets His Head Punched
A Bevy of Beautiful Ladies En Deshabille Watch the Fray and Cheer
Mr. Jones When He Emerges Victorious

Huntsville, Al... February 29, 1896

A conjugal row on the third floor of the Huntsville Hotel the other night resulted finally in a hot and exciting fight between the beligerent hubby and a gentleman who rushed gallantly to his wife's defense. The battle was long and fierce and was witnessed by half a hundred guests who jammed the corridor, for the most part in their *robes de nuit*.

It was some time after midnight that the roomers on the floor were aroused from their slumbers by the noise of a violent scuffle and by the terrified, piercing screams of a woman. Everyone in hearing rushed upon the scene to learn what the matter was. In a little while, a

white-gowned crowd in picturesque disarray had gathered about the open door of the apartment of Mr. and Mrs. J.W. Bassett. Mr. Bassett was in his shirt-sleeves; the blade of a knife shone in his hand. He was standing above his wife, who in half undress, cowered screaming in a corner with the blood trickling down her face and throat and staining her garments with crimson smears. Mr. Bassett was in a state of wild fury, and struck his wife repeatedly. His fists left marks on soft flesh; one of her eyes grew black beneath a blow and swelled almost to closing.

For some time the crowd stood in a stupor of amazement and made no

effort to interfere. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Jones sleeping across the hall were awakened by all the racket. Mrs. Jones rushed out. She caught the bleeding woman in her arms. "You coward," her husband heard her say to Mr. Bassett, "if I were only a man, I would knock your head off." Such a remark from as amiable and usually unruffled little woman as Mrs. Jones brought Mr. Jones bouncing at double-quick into the hall. The heroism of the part he was about to play did not, it must be acknowledged, make itself evident in his make-up. He wore his night-shirt rammed hastily down into a pair of trousers. He was barefooted and bare-headed, but there was dangerous light in his eyes. Mr. Jones is an athlete. "Give me room," he cried. The crowd drew back, and he rushed upon Mr. Bassett like a tiger.

Mr. Bassett is a large, powerful man, quite a deal heavier than his new antagonist. Mr. Jones grabbed him by the wrist and wrenched the knife from his hand. The weapon dropped to the floor and in falling cut through the outer fleshy portion of Mr. Jones' bare right foot to the bone. A hammer-and-tongs fisticuff ensued. Some of the



We Specialize In Copying
OLD PHOTOGRAPHS

895-0495

BOB GATHANY

PHOTOGRAPHER

- 4951 CENTURY STREET -

Bring This Ad In And Recieve 10% Offl

LEGAL SERVICES
OF NORTH-CENTRAL ALABAMA
(LEGAL AID)

We've moved to :
Martin Luther King Service Center
2000-C Vernon Avenue
Phone: 536-9645

-DIRECTIONS TO NEW OFFICE LOCATION-

West on Clinton Avenue (past Memorial Pkwy overpass).

Turn Left onto Seminole Drive.

Drive for one-half (1/2) a block.

Turn left onto Vernon Drive.

Drive for one block.

The new office is on the right.

spectators, catching the heady contagion of the fight, started to help Mr. Jones out. Mrs. Jones waved them back. "Leave them alone," she said with a splendid confidence in her husband's prowess, "Bobby will whip him sure." As it turned out, her prophecy was right. Mr. Bassett fought madly for a time, then seeing the odds were too strong against him, grabbed up his coat and hat and hastily left the hotel. As he passed out, the score or more of women present looking like so many angels in their snowy draperies, set up a loud hissing and clapping of hands. Mr. Bassett left the scene of conflict in great haste, apparently headed for Chattanooga, according to a reliable source.

His wife is still confined to her room from her injuries. She was cut

slightly about the bosom. Her face was badly bruised. She is a pretty, petite and stylish blonde who has made many friends during her stay at the hotel. The cause of the difficulty between herself and her husband was a petty private spat, which angered him. Mr. Bassett is the senior member of the Atlanta firm of Bassett Bros., local representatives of the Pittsburg Reduction Company, the largest manufacturers of aluminum articles in the world.

Mr. Jones is employed at the Gurley sawmill. As a result of his fight he is lame from a badly swollen foot. The incision of the knife has healed poorly, and a dangerous complication is liable to arise from the wound.

QUICK HEALTH CHECK FOR YOUR CAT

Check the Weight: When you place your hands on the cat's sides, you should feel ribs but they shouldn't stick out. Ideally all cats should have a small waist. Cats that are overweight will have pouches of fat in the groin area.

Check the coat and skin: Part your cat's fur near the head and along the spine. Look for flakes, scales or cuts. Check for fleas along the base of the tail, on the stomach. Black specks that turn red when wet are signs of fleas.

Check the eyes and ears: Take a close look at your cat's eyes and know what is normal for him. Place your thumb lightly under the eye and gently pull down the skin until you see the soft tissue surrounding the eye. The tissue should be a pink color, but not bright pink, swollen or white. Unusually droopy eyes or a milky discharge may mean irritation, and if just one eye is not right, there may be something in it.

To examine your cat's ears, use a pen light to see into the ear canal. Look for ear wax, especially dark wax that may indicate ear mites. Check for normal pink color - ears should be clean.

Check the teeth and gums: Gently lift your cat's lips away from the teeth. Press your finger over an upper fang, then take your finger away. If the white imprint does not return to pink or the gums appear yellow, consult your vet.

Other - Check your cat for bumps. Be aware of changes in texture, color or growth of bumps. To check feet, press on the pads to expose the claws, check for wounds, cracks in the pads, torn claws, cuts in the web and cysts between the toes.

With head to toe health checks occasionally, your cat will stay in great shape!

THE VIOLIN

BY THOMAS FRAZIER

The night was cold and blustery, with a touch of snow in the air. It was a night unfit for mortal or beast, so when the old man with the beat-up violin case walked in and sat down in front of the wood burning stove to get warm, no one paid much attention. On a night like this, everyone was welcome to share the warmth of the old bar.

It was a week before Christmas and everyone was feeling low. Joe and Laura, sitting at the table in the corner, were depressed. No money, no gifts to give their relatives, it didn't look like it would be a very cheerful Christmas. Benny, who had just lost his job, was sitting at the bar, carefully trying to nurse one beer to make it last as long as he could. Even Kathey, the bartender, was lost in thought, wondering how she would buy presents for her children and pay rent at the same time.

The old man might have sat there forever without anyone paying any attention to him if he had not picked up his violin and begun playing. Softly and quietly, so low that it took the customers a few moments to realize where the music was coming from, he began. It was obvious to everyone that the old man and his violin had seen many years together, maybe a concert stage or maybe even a symphony orchestra.

Softly and hauntingly the music poured forth, filling the room and finding its way into every dark corner and crevice. With his head bowed and his fingers dancing softly on the strings, the old man and the instrument seemed as one. It was the music of the gods--music that would make an angel cry.

The customers stared at the old man as his music began to envelope them with its warm, haunting melo-



dies. The music seemed to gently beckon to them until finally, unable to resist, they were caught up in its magical melodies and transported to a time and place where everything was perfect and the only tears shed were of joy. Riding on a crescendo of love and passion, the violin carried the customers to a place where time had no meaning and Christmas was in your heart forever.

Maybe it was because of the tears in the patrons' eyes, but for whatever the reason, no one saw the old man leave...

...Just a short story about an old man, his violin, and Jay's Lounge ... a completely meaningless story ... unless you had been there.

THE END

SECURE
YOUR
ASSETS
WITH
MULLINS
INSURANCE



534~1814

Memories Of Lincoln Mill Village

by Jim Harris

In 1918 William Lincoln Barrell of Lowell, Maryland purchased Abington Mill and transformed it into a large textile center named Lincoln Mill village. Mr Philip Peeler served as general manager from 1934 to 1957. The mill stopped operation in 1957. It later became known as the HIC building which served as manufacturing and office space for many aerospace contractors. It burned in 1980.

An addition to the mill, which was constructed from concrete, still stands behind the shopping center on the south side of Oakwood Avenue between Meridian Street on the west and the railroad tracks on the east.

The school was built in 1929 and became the central core of the community until 1956 when the village was annexed into the city of Huntsville. Edward W. Anderson served as principle for 27 years.

The old part of the village which consist of Front Street, Lawrence Street and Davidson Street was built in the early to mid twenties.

Part of the above information was copied from the historical marker that stands in front of the school.

Now for some unusual facts about the village:

All village houses had electric lights, one in each room, running (cold) water in the kitchen and a toilet with a commode that flushed. That's all the toilet had. It was a toilet, not a bathroom.

The water came from a well on mill property and, as I recall, located under the mill.

Plumbing services were free.

Villagers didn't have to buy toilet tissue, (It was just paper in those simpler times) it was delivered free of charge, twice a week, thrown into the yard or on the porch.

Rent was cheap. Two figures I heard are 75 cents per room per month and \$1.35 per month.

Remember the Lum and Abner radio show and its "Jottem Down Store?" Lincoln had its own Jottem Down Store. The name came from the owner's bookkeeping system. You buy groceries on credit and he'd jot'em down on a piece of paper.

The intersection of Meridian Street and the railroad tracks was called Miller's Crossing. The Past Time Cafe, which featured dancing in the back, was located there.

The Home Coming Queen was selected according to how many votes she sold. That's right. Girls running for the honor solicited votes from everyone who had a penny. The girl who had the most money at the end of the contest won. I met the 1947/48 queen recently. Her name is Elizabeth (Tiny) Daniels Davis.

Pinhook Creek once caught fire. A gas line broke and leaked into the creek which someone ignited. Some kids thought the world was coming to an end because the water was burning.

And then there is the most unusual fact that I ever heard of which was common to the times actually, not just the village, and it demonstrates to what extent one would go to help a neighbor. My older brother was sickly as an infant. My mother was a small woman and didn't have enough milk to nurse him. Two neighbors also had nursing babies and they nursed my brother because mama couldn't. When was the last time you saw that kind of caring?

THE END



Headaches?

A many faceted problem..

- Stress Headaches
- Migraine Headaches
- Sinus Headaches
- Visual Headaches

Free Examination with X-Ray.

All other services at regular fees
Licensed Massage Therapist on staff

All Insurance Welcome
533-3768

Dr. Buford W. Bagwell

Chiropractor

711 Franklin St.

Located in Medical District

OLD TOWN LTD.
HUNTSVILLE'S MOST
UNIQUE GIFT SHOP
JEWELRY, WORKS OF ART,
RARE BOOKS
GIFT BASKETS, ANTIQUES,
COLLECTABLES

820 Wellman. NE 533-7002

Wishing You An
Old Fashioned
Christmas!



Dilworth Lumber Co.

415 Church Street

539-4123

Serving Huntsville for almost 100 years